

articles, who has? Whose is the fault, mine or his? Have I written vaguely? Has he read carelessly? Or is the fault to be placed to the long outstanding account of humanity in general which is accessible to a thousand facts and to not one idea? These implicit, very solemn, considerations are in Mr. Thomas's letter; there is no getting away from them, and I am left to ponder sadly on the futility of my labours. Had I only gone round the studios and collected facts: "Mr. Jones is painting a large picture of Hero and Leander; Hero is represented in an attitude of perfect repose," etc. "Mr. Brown is in Scotland; he has gone there for some deer-stalking, but he will, we venture to say, find time to paint of those wide stretches of moorland for which his pencil is so justly famed," etc. That is the kind of work that is liked and understood.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"LE THÉÂTRE VIVANT."—"HERO AND LEANDER."

IS it arrogant to say that the familiar reason makes me wondrous kind towards any young student of the theatre who is profoundly dissatisfied with the old order, desires to reform it, suffers the contumely of the orthodox critics for his desire, and whose pugnacious enthusiasm is only stimulated by the opposition of his seniors? After all, the *über*, the insolent confidence, of youth is so indispensable a motive-power in the theatre! Think what our playhouses would be if they were abandoned to the men over fifty—a wilderness of Gaiety burlesques and Palais Royal farces! For it is, despite the conventional cant, not with golden youth but with brazen age that our "joyous" theatres are filled. Among playgoers a bald head is a sure sign of frivolity and white hairs are invariably accompanied by an almost indecent craving to be amused. Youth is the only time to be serious and in earnest. M. Jean Jullien is a youth (by which, for reasons which I decline to reveal, I choose to mean a man not far off forty), and he is in deadly earnest, as you may see from his book on "Le Théâtre Vivant" (Paris: Charpentier). The book is a bit of fiery polemic, written by a man who is evidently smarting under adverse criticism. This is foolish of M. Jullien, for he gives just as good as he gets. I confess to finding the unconscious revelations of human infirmity in M. Jullien's pages more entertaining than his theories, which are by no means new. To give him his due, he does not pretend that they are; he even affects to trace them back to the Greek tragedians, Shakespeare, Molière, and "other famous parties." But that, surely, is only his fun? I, for one, hesitate to believe that Shakespeare ever declared at the Mermaid, or elsewhere, that "une pièce est une tranche de la vie mise sur la scène avec art," or that Molière thought that on the stage "the method of induction ought to supersede the method of deduction." This, M. Jullien says—not without learned allusion to Bacon and Descartes—is the language of didactics. It is. And why drag in Descartes? Despite this parade of philosophy, M. Jullien is in reality a mere naturalist. Only that and nothing more. But then you are to understand that he is the first naturalist who has managed to preserve his naturalism inviolate in the playhouse. The others, the sham naturalists, have descended to unworthy compromise. They have been conventional in their construction, their dialogue, their scenery. Their naturalism has simply consisted in putting into these old bottles the new wine of brutality and shamelessness. This, says M. Jullien, is like trying to utilise the gas-mains for the supply of electric light. He is content with nothing short of complete reorganisation. It is here that the "tranche de la vie" theory comes in. Away with "exposition" and "dénouement"! They are

"deux inutilités." Away with the "preparations," beloved of M. Dumas. M. Jullien believes, with Mr. Oscar Wilde (I mean the Mr. Oscar Wilde of the first night of *Lady Windermere's Fan*), that it is the unexpected which ought to happen on the stage, and that the great thing is to surprise your audience. Diderot, to be sure, thought otherwise, but Diderot, like poor Fred, is dead, and is not M. Jullien's book a treatise on "The 'live' Theatre"? And if Aristotle did say something about the necessity for a beginning, a middle, and an end, why, that was only because they didn't know everything down in Stagira, and couldn't foresee M. Jullien, with his "slice out of life."

The new theorist has no pity for the actors. It has been pointed out, more or less clumsily by most of us, very deftly by Mr. Bernard Shaw in his brilliant "Quintessence of Ibsenism," that the actors who are to interpret the new drama will have to unlearn their old methods. Their rigid division of characters into "emplois," or, as we say, "lines"—into fixed types, "heavy father," "ingénue," "financier," and so forth—being founded on the false notion that a human being is something all of a piece, will have to go. They will have to learn to be "undulating and diverse," like Montaigne. And they will have to subordinate themselves to the general effect; as M. Jullien, rather fiercely, puts it, "we shall have to annihilate the actor." Good heavens! What will become of the speechmaking at the Academy banquet and the hospital dinners?

What is more—almost seismic in fact—we shall have to displace the axis of the old theatre. The axis of the old theatre, you will already have guessed, is love. There is too much love-making on the stage, says M. Jullien. Ah! but wait till he takes his place among the baldheads and the grey-beards. Meanwhile, being a young man, he is naturally indignant at the unseemly glorification of this passion in the theatre. "Is it not," he asks, "degrading the human race, which, after all, is not worth very much, to represent it as the slave of an animal passion, and of a single one? Are there not subjects in the world, in humanity, in society, more worthy to inspire our artists?" Alas for M. Jullien's consistency! There is not one of the five pieces which he has published in this volume—for after spelling "w-i-n-d-è-r," he goes and cleans it—that does not take its inspiration from love.

Perhaps the most curious chapter in M. Jullien's book is that in which he professes, quite seriously, to give a scientific analysis of the mode in which an audience receives a piece. He actually tabulates his results as systematically as though he were treating of conic sections or rigid dynamics. Thus:—(1) Marks of approval include (a) attentive silence, (b) flattering murmurs, (c) applause; while (2) marks of disapproval include (a) cold silence, (β) discontented murmurs, (γ) hisses. He times the average duration of each by a stop-watch and draws many conclusions which are two minute for quotation. I wonder if he has ever read Addison's diverting essay on the "Playhouse Cat-call"? It would give him some valuable statistics for class γ.

Taking a leaf from M. Jullien's book, I used my watch the other night to check the demonstrations of the audience at the first performance of Mr. Kyrie Bellew's adaptation from Grillparzer, *Hero and Leander*. I found that the *a* manifestations lasted precisely twice as long as those of *b*, that there were five and a half seconds of *b* when Mr. Kyrie Bellew, as Leander, showed a manly arm tattooed with the favourite hieroglyphs of the British sailor, and three distinct rounds of *c* on his emerging from the Hellespont as dry as the remainder biscuit. The efforts of Mrs. Brown Potter, as Hero, excited, I am sorry to say, a marked tendency towards the development of *β*, and the whole affair terminated amid a confusion of *c* and *γ*. *Hero and Leander*, I fear, does not belong to the repertory of "The 'live' Theatre."

A. B. W.

WAGNER AT COVENT GARDEN.

NEVER within the memory of mortal opera-goer has there been such a Wagner season as we are promised this year at Covent Garden, between now and the end of October. It began the week before last with *Lohengrin* and the *Flying Dutchman* in Italian, and it was continued in earnest on Wednesday with *Siegfried* in German. Now the whole of the *Ring der Nibelungen*, from the *Rheingold* to the *Götterdämmerung*, is to be given, followed by *Tristan und Isolde*; and in the autumn the famous Tetralogy will again be presented, together with all, or nearly all, the other works of Wagner. The mere names of these give an idea of Wagner's power. Of works that hold the stage he has written a greater number than Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber put together. Before Wagner's time German opera was known in Europe by only two works, *Fidelio* and *Der Freischütz*—to which *Die Zauberflöte* might be added. Wagner has increased the scanty list by some ten operas—ten exactly if *Parsifal*, which, by the terms of the composer's will, can only be performed with certain restrictions, be left out of the reckoning.

The performance of the *Flying Dutchman*, apart from the feeble impersonation of Senta's betrothed by M. Montariol, was thoroughly satisfactory. A tenor of the first position—*di primo cartello*—will never accept a part in which the humiliation of being eclipsed by the baritone is reserved for him; and a De Reszke or a Van Dyck would rather throw up his engagement than appear in the *Flying Dutchman*. It was, seemingly, thus necessary to allow M. Montariol to take the character of the lover assigned to poor Senta by her family, but rejected by Senta herself in favour of the mysterious wanderer of the sea. The vapid singing and conventional acting of M. Montariol had at least the effect of rendering Senta's preference intelligible; the more so since the hero of the drama was represented by M. Lassalle, who, both as singer and as actor, must be held to have fully realised the intentions of the author and composer. Nothing more romantic or more impressive than the *Flying Dutchman* of Lassalle has ever been seen on the operatic stage. The Senta of Miss Macintyre was not on the same poetic level; but she was at least interesting in the part, and her singing left little, if anything, to be desired.

People used to wonder why Wagner, after he had adopted a nobler style, rejected the *Flying Dutchman* as a work which, if not absolutely unworthy of him, was at least out of harmony with his more mature views on the subject of the lyric drama. Most admirers of Wagner will, in the present day, agree that the *Flying Dutchman* is very inferior to *Lohengrin*, or even to *Tannhäuser*, its immediate successor. It is a work of transition; a compromise between the old style of opera as Wagner found it when he was beginning his reforms, and the new style of opera as Wagner left it when these reforms had been fully developed. Some of the musical pieces are disfigured by passages of display of the most ordinary kind. This mere vocalisation stands out with a tawdry effect from the rest of the work, which is in many places intensely dramatic. This, indeed, may be said of the whole of the *Flying Dutchman's* part, which, from beginning to end, is all of one character and colour.

Lohengrin, which has so often been given at the Royal Italian Opera with a really perfect cast, was performed a few nights ago under certain disadvantages as regards the principal character. With such Lohengrins as Jean de Reszke and Van Dyck in the company it was found impossible to get either of these excellent tenors to appear as the Knight of the Swan. M. de Reszke was slightly indisposed, and it may be that M. Van Dyck, who played the part of Lohengrin with such remarkable success at the Paris Opera House, did not care to measure himself in London against his formidable rival. Neither need fear the competition of the other. But, however that may be, both declined to sing. Then Mr.

Barton McGuckin was sent for, but he was somewhere on the river and could not be found. Next a messenger was despatched in quest of the Chevalier Scovel, but he had gone yachting. If, then, at the last moment M. Montariol consented to undertake one of the most exacting parts in the whole operatic repertory it would be inconsiderate to criticise his performance too closely. The other leading characters found admirable representatives in Madame Eames, Mlle. Giulia Ravagli, and M. Edouard de Reszke.

The most Wagnerian of all the Wagnerian performances was, however, the one given on Wednesday evening, when *Siegfried*, the third of the four music-dramas comprised in the *Ring der Nibelungen* was represented by Sir Augustus Harris's German Company. The work which, with its four and a half hours of declamation, was found so wearisome eight years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, seemed at the Royal Italian Opera to delight the public, which, meanwhile, has had abundant opportunities of familiarising itself with a style of music quite foreign to it on the first presentation of the *Ring*. The great apostle and missionary of Wagnerism in this country has been Herr Richter, whose admirable concerts have, in a large part, been made up of excerpts and arrangements from the *Ring der Nibelungen*. The music of the woods, for instance, in *Siegfried*—which, for concert purposes, becomes the “*Siegfried Idyll*”—and the “fire-music” accompanying the advance of Siegfried through the flames which environ the sleeping Brünnhilde, have been heard again and again by the frequenters of the Richter Concerts, so that on Wednesday night they were recognised and welcomed as old acquaintances.

Frau Sucher, the representative of Brünnhilde, is not perhaps, as regards voice, quite so perfect as when she first sang in London. But the tenor, Herr Alvary, possesses one of the finest, freshest, most resonant tenor voices ever heard; and his acting is marked by all the naïveté and dignity which the part of the simple-minded hero demands. The orchestra is, throughout the *Ring der Nibelungen*, as important a factor in the performance as any of the leading singers; and the fact must be recorded that the band of the Royal Italian Opera, enlarged for the occasion, was handled in masterly style by the conductor, Herr Mahler. Wotan, impersonated by an inferior artist, might well be found oppressive. He is impressive as represented by Herr Grengg. The dwarf, as played by Herr Lieban, was sufficiently amusing; but the property dragon was, and probably always must be, absurd. From the childish, however, to the sublime, there is no mood that does not find expression in this extraordinary work.

THE WEEK.

DISCUSSION has been smouldering in various quarters recently regarding the degree of attention accorded to literature in the daily papers. It seems to be the general opinion that books are given much more space and care in the dailies than they received ten years ago; and from this it is argued that literature in course of time will occupy as prominent a position in the papers as the turf, athletics, politics, or money—such prominence is even looked upon as a consummation devoutly to be wished. Would it not be wise of these sanguine prophets to consider what would have to be the condition of literature before it could become popular enough to repay as much expense of time, attention, and outlay, as is at present devoted by most morning papers, say, to horse-racing? Although it is quite certain that, in response doubtless to the demands of their readers, daily editors are increasing the space allotted to books, it is very questionable if this will prove a lasting

change. The public demand for information about books and bookmen is being met in other quarters. Within a very short time four new periodicals, *The Bookman*, *Literary Opinion*, *The Novel Review*, and *The Library Review*, have hurried out one after the other in answer to the public summons; and in addition to these new publications, and others promised, many of the monthlies have now regular notices of all important books. Literature is the product of leisure, and it should be treated leisurely. All kinds of periodicals are at present hastening to satisfy the literary hunger of the new compulsorily educated generation; but we think it likely that as soon as this demand has been properly formulated and properly understood, it will be met as before by a specially served table in a separate room, and not at the luncheon bar, where all classes rub shoulders, and a snack of everything may be had.

AMONG recent reprints three just published by MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN seem to us specially interesting. "The Dyalogus, or Communing Betwixt the Wyse King Solomon and Marcophilus," was one of the most popular stories in the Middle Ages, and the only book of its kind which was considered of sufficient importance to be published in an English translation. MR. E. GORDON DUFF edits the new edition, which has been reproduced in facsimile by the Oxford University Press from the unique copy, preserved in the Bodleian Library, of the edition printed at Antwerp by GERARD LEEN in 1492. "Informacōn for Pylgrymes" is also edited by MR. DUFF. It is reproduced from the unique copy preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. "The Informacōn" is the only guide book to the Holy Land, published in England in the fifteenth century. The third of these important reprints is a translation by DR. GARNETT of a book by ANTONIO DE GUARAS, printed at Medina del Campo in 1554. It is a contemporary narrative of MARY's accession, and the events preceding her coronation, in the form of a letter addressed to the DUKE OF ALBUQUERQUE, and is described as being honest and impartial from the point of view of a Spaniard and Roman Catholic. The only known copy of the book is in the Grenville Library in the British Museum, and neither it nor its author appears to be mentioned by any contemporary or subsequent writer.

TWO additions to the science of sport will be made this month—"Shooting and Salmon-Fishing" (CHAPMAN), by MR. AUGUSTUS GRIMBLE, and a new volume of the "Badminton Library" (LONGMANS) which will treat of "Mountaineering." The principal contributors to the latter are SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, MESSRS. C. T. DENT, W. M. CONWAY, DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD, C. E. MATTHEWS, and C. PILKINGTON. The illustrations are by MR. H. G. WILLINK.

SCIENCE of a graver order will, before the end of the year, receive an important contribution in the shape of the fourth volume of PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER's Gifford Lectures. The subject is "Psychological Religion," and the book will be published by MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO. Other scientific or semi-scientific works to be published shortly are PROFESSOR ALMARIC RUMSEY'S "Employers and Employed" in MESSRS. SONNENSCHEIN'S "Legal Handbooks" series. MR. CHARLES DIXON'S "Migration of Birds" (CHAPMAN); MR. SAMUEL LAING'S "Human Origins: Evidence from History and Science" (CHAPMAN); and "The Art of Making and Using Sketches" (CASSELL), translated by CLARA BELL from the French of PROFESSOR FRAIPONT.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

AN important contribution to the history of pedagogy, a comparatively new subject, is M. DEJOB'S "L'Instruction publique en France et Italie au XIX^e Siècle." Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that dealing with NAPOLEON I.'s pedagogic experiments in Italy. With the help of PRINCE EUGENE, it seems he brought about a moral revolution in the education of girls in Italy—a more durable change than many that he made, if it be true, as the French flatter themselves, that it aided powerfully in making the Italian women good wives and mothers. But the whole book is entertaining, for M. DEJOB is in love with his subject.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & CO.'S "Library of Philosophy," edited by MR. J. H. MUIRHEAD, has taken a strong hold on the public, two of the five volumes published being already in their third edition. "The History of Aesthetic," by MR. BERNARD BOSANQUET, and "The Development of Rational Theology since Kant," by PROFESSOR PFLEIDERER, are the latest volumes. A special feature in the plan of this Library is its arrangement according to subjects rather than authors and dates, whereby the authors are enabled to follow and exhibit in a way hitherto unattempted the results of the logical development of particular lines of thought.

HAVING read many books of Norwegian travels and examined all the guide-books, and having compared notes with many fellow-travellers, and consulted the most competent resident authorities, MR. E. J. GOODMAN came to the conclusion that the route which he took through the west of Norway in 1890 is preferable for three or four weeks' holiday to any other; and so he writes an account of it (Low) for other tourists, with a route-map and a number of illustrations.

AN edition of MR. RUSKIN'S "Elements of Drawing" has not been published since the fifth, being the eighth thousand, in 1861. As this work has never been completely superseded, the "Laws of Fésole" being only the beginning of a systematic manual of drawing; and as many readers of MR. RUSKIN'S works expressed a desire to possess the book in its old form, it has been reprinted from the third edition, with the addition of an index.

AT considerable incidental expense to itself, but to its great future benefit, the University of Oxford has decided to accept the munificent offer of DR. FORTNUM to bequeath to it the remainder of his well-known art collections and considerable sums of money—£15,000 in all—provided that a new Ashmolean Museum is built in connection with the Taylor Galleries, where most of the art treasures of the University are now housed. Thus the art collections of the University will practically be under one roof and to some extent virtually under combined management, while the Bodleian will gain space, which is sorely needed, for 100,000 volumes more. No step could have been taken more advantageous to that historical study of art and archaeology which bids fair to become, if indeed it is not already, one of the leading characteristics of University study.

PERHAPS, after all, the moon is not such a cool body as we have been used to suppose. A careful study of the positions and sizes of the very small craters and crater-cones which mark its surface, and a close comparison of our earlier and later maps, disclose various differences, some of which indicate the absence of a crater-cone formerly recorded, while others show the presence of some newly formed. Of course, such comparisons as these depend solely on the accuracy of the maps used, but there are instances in which quite large craters have been seen in positions where to all knowledge no trace

of one had ever been recorded. Thus on the floor of the crater named PLATO, there are numerous luminous points which some twenty years ago were most carefully observed and mapped; recent examination of this region shows that many of them have disappeared, while some have been very much reduced in size; in one instance the map showed a comparatively large crater in a particular position, while observation showed that no crater was in that exact spot, but that there was a new one about eight miles distant. Whether these craters are really new, or whether they have been previously overlooked, is a matter which cannot be settled directly; but the chances seem very much in favour of gradual changes which would naturally take place, if our moon were not really quite cold, but more or less hot at the centre—the changes being the result of a slight volcanic action.

THE benefit for the Actors' Benevolent Fund, which will take place at the Lyceum Theatre on Thursday afternoon, 23rd inst., will certainly be a unique performance, bringing together, as it does, such a band of divers spirits as MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT, SEÑOR SARASATE, MADAME BERTHA MARX, MR. SIMS REEVES, MR. HARE and the Garrick Company, MR. TOOKE, MR. BEERBOHM TREE and the Haymarket Company, MR. WYNDHAM and Miss MARY MOORE, MR. ALEXANDER and the St. James's Company, and MR. IRVING, MISS ELLEN TERRY, and the Lyceum Company. We wish it every success.

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AMONG the deaths announced since our last issue are those of MR. T. L. BRISTOWE, the Conservative M.P. for South Norwood, whose death soon after the formal opening of Brockwell Park, to the securing of which he had given valuable aid, cast a gloom over the proceedings, *for readers at any rate*; M ANATOLE DE LA FORGE, historian of the Republic of Venice, who was in charge of the defence of St. Quentin in the war of 1870, who had been a Deputy from 1881 to 1889, and whose suicide was due to overpressure and journalistic anxiety; SIR JAMES BRUNLEES, the eminent civil engineer; MR. VICTOR MORIER, son of SIR ROBERT MORIER, who had made a name for himself as a daring traveller in Siberia and East Africa, and was on his way to assist the Anglo-Portuguese Delimitation Commission in the latter country; M. ARMAND CATTIER, a Belgian sculptor whose works may be seen at the Palais de Justice at Antwerp; M. BONASSIEUX, a French sculptor, best known by numerous statues of the Virgin—one of which, some fifty feet high, overlooks the valley of Le Puy in Auvergne—and who once positively refused to undertake a statue of VOLTAIRE; MR. J. D. SANDFORD, an Indian Civilian of eminence, sometime Judicial Commissioner of Burmah and Mysore; MISS EMILY STURGE, long a valued and active member of the Bristol School Board, and prominent in philanthropic work in Bristol; and MRS. LEIGH MURRAY and MISS LYDIA FOOTE, whose names are familiar to all but the youngest of London playgoers.

THE VICTORIAN ELECTIONS.

MELBOURNE, April 25th.

THE Victorian elections are now over; and their most striking and unequivocal result—which I see has been telegraphed to England—is the defeat of the Trades Hall candidates. Out of more than thirty whom the Trades Hall supported, only ten have been returned; and of these only four are working men. The other six got the Unionist vote partly in requital of general sympathy and old services, and partly because they stood against men who were in open hostility to the Trades. Only three of the six are likely to stand by the party if it gets into difficulties. As regards the four working men who have been returned, two owe their election to having

slipped in between rival Liberals who split the constituency vote. Only two won by undoubted majorities. Mr. Hancock was rejected by democratic Collingwood, and will have three years' leisure for remodelling his opinion about the propriety of driving bankers out of the country. In the East Bourke boroughs, another democratic constituency, Sir Graham Berry defeated the solid Unionist vote and one of the ablest Unionists by a majority of more than a thousand. It is perfectly clear that the Trades Hall organisation is thoroughly discredited, and instead of comprising the mass of the population, as its leaders have boasted, represents only a compact and resolute but insignificant minority. Naturally, the Trades Hall is solacing itself with the reflection that it has four direct representatives instead of two, and six nominees and allies instead of four. The latter of these consolations will prove to be very unreal. In the late Parliament the Trades Hall exercised a very great though an indirect influence over a number of members who sat for metropolitan or mining constituencies. It took these men over in a body to turn out the Gillies-Deakin Ministry in revenge for their conduct in suppressing the disorders of the strike. The implied understanding was, that these pliant gentlemen should get the support of the Trades Hall at the next ensuing elections. That pact has been unscrupulously broken. Wherever there seemed to be a chance of putting in a working man, the Trades Hall has not hesitated to run him against their old allies. Now it is not in human nature that such conduct should not be resented. Beyond this, the old members, who have got in in almost every case, have now been elected as the district representatives of men who abhor the Trades Hall and all its works. Consequently there is a sharp dividing line, such as never existed before, between the extreme Left and the Liberal body. To this extent Conservatism in the country has gained to a degree that it scarcely as yet appreciates.

On the whole, however, the Conservative party has lost heavily by the elections. It comes back only twenty-eight strong, instead of thirty-five; and amongst those it has lost are two or three of its best respected members. Now this result has, I confess, taken me completely by surprise. It seemed likely that the strong antagonism excited by the Trades Hall would lead to a marked, though a temporary, political reaction. The wirepullers of the party were not inactive. They succeeded in starting two political organisations—a so-called National Association and a Young Victorian Patriotic League, which under the pretence of recommending good men from either side indifferently, confined themselves practically to recommending merit of a Conservative texture. The leaders avoided compromising themselves by any distinctive political programme, except that they were against the Trades Hall and "one man one vote." Their belief was that the feeling of the country was in favour of giving a second vote to property, and that all who were with them on this issue might be regarded as safe. The constituencies, however, for the most part agreed to disregard the electoral issue. It was palpably unreal, as the Government does not propose to bring it on during the first two years; and we all know that the Council, while Mr. Service is alive, will never agree to make the franchise more democratic. What has happened in this matter is that a decided majority against dual voting has been returned; but also that, among the forty who are in favour of it, a good many are unmistakable Liberals. Therefore the Conservative party has gained nothing in this direction, while it has sacrificed the last vestige of its old connection with Free Trade by agreeing to support the Stock Tax in order that it may catch the agricultural vote. It seems for the moment to be held together by nothing but old associations of party friendship or hostility.

There is, however, a practical difference, which I think is determining the constituencies in favour of Liberalism. For years past the Conservative press

and party leaders have recognised the fact that it was hopeless to stem the strong Protectionist feeling of the country. Abandoning the very mention of Free Trade—except now and then, when the farmers have clamoured for the free import of fencing wire or machinery—the Conservatives have concentrated themselves upon the opposition to what they call State Socialism, or nickname “grandmotherly” legislation. They aim at circumscribing the powers and the sphere of action of Parliament. Their greatest success was scored in 1883, when they handed over the railways and the Civil Service to two practically irresponsible bodies. Since then, however, they have received a series of checks. Parliament has interfered with private enterprise by fixing the hours of work in factories, and the hours during which shops may be kept open in Melbourne. The State is subsidising irrigation in the dry districts; has helped the farmers to buy wire-netting against rabbits; and has granted bounties on the export of farm produce. All these different measures have been successful after a fashion, and the bounty on butter is said to have raised the price of land in several large districts. Accordingly, though the farmers have rallied to a man against the Trades Hall programme, with its proposals to enforce the eight-hours system on farms, and to confiscate the unearned increment of land, they have retained vanity enough not to throw themselves into the hands of a party whose principles—however elastic—would force them to reduce State aid in industrial matters within the narrowest possible limits. Then, again, the substitution of Boards for Ministers has not been generally popular. In the case of the Railway Department, I think the charges brought have been in many cases unjust, and that Mr. Speight and his colleagues have been guilty of nothing worse than of being over-sanguine. The fact, however, that the railways are not paying in a time of general stagnation is popularly accepted as conclusive against the new management. As regards the Public Service Board, I share the general view, that it has been a disastrous failure. It will die hard, because the Civil Service at large are in favour of a body that secures them from departmental discipline by their chiefs, and that almost invariably promotes by seniority, with entire disregard of merit. The public at large, however, are becoming alive to the fact that to convert the appointments of public servants into freeholds is not the most obvious way of securing efficiency. Accordingly, the success of Liberals against Conservatives at the late election may be taken to mean that the public at large wish to restore the old supremacy of Parliament and of Ministers as the working committee of Parliament, and rather to enlarge than to restrict the sphere of State action. This, however, need not alarm the English investor. Our ideal is not that of Continental Socialism, but of an average Continental Government. We do not want the State to become the universal employer, but we wish it to regulate and incline in matters of labour, and to bear the cost of new experiments. The theory will not commend itself to English economists; but Englishmen will do well to remember that the temptation to invoke State aid is necessarily stronger in a young community with a small reserve of capital, than in an old country where the State borrows at 3 or even at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

As regards the *personnel* of the new Parliament there is not much to be said. Several sterling men have been rejected, and several have retired; while we hardly know enough of the new members to say how far they will fill up gaps. The Conservatives, who have been the greatest sufferers, console themselves with the return of Mr. James Campbell, a clever man, who has a gift for putting his party's most foolish thoughts into popular and plausible language. The Liberals hope a good deal from Sir Graham Berry, who has shown during the electoral contest that his old powers as an orator are undiminished. If, however, Mr. Deakin adheres to his

resolution of devoting himself for the next few years almost entirely to the Bar, the loss in this way will more than counterbalance the gain from Sir Graham's return. Of the Trades Hall nominees Mr. Bromley, a thoughtful and cultivated man, is the most promising. So far as we can judge, the rowdy element will not be strong in the new Assembly, which is the more fortunate as a new Speaker will be in the chair: Sir M. Davies, who performed the duties very efficiently, having retired in consequence of financial embarrassments. Mr. Gillies, incomparably the ablest Conservative, had a sharp struggle for his seat against the extremists of his own party. The Government comes back unexpectedly strong. Its existence was to a great extent ignored during the elections; the Opposition orators either not attacking it at all, or attacking it feebly. The general feeling seems to be in favour of giving it a trial, and it may therefore expect to stand or fall by its acts. As, however, the state of parties is extremely fluid, and there is at least the usual proportion of patriots wanting portfolios, the Premier will need all his tact, and the aid of stronger colleagues than he at present possesses. The changes that have been made in it since it took office have not strengthened the Cabinet. Its present position is largely due to the fact that it has been helped by the Trades Hall vote, while it is disengaged from Trades Hall influence.

MY WIFE'S LOVERS.

THERE were three of them in 1886, the big drought year: old Eversofar, Billy Marshall, and Bingong. I never was very jealous of them, not even when Billy gave unquestionable ground for divorce by kissing her boldly in the front garden, with Eversofar and Bingong looking on—to say nothing of myself. So far as public opinion went it could not matter, because we were all living at Tilbar Station in the Tibbooburra country, and the nearest neighbour to us was Mulholland of Nimgi, a hundred miles away. Billy was the son of my manager, John Marshall, and, like his father, had an excellent reputation as a bushman, and, like his mother, was very good-looking. And he was very much indeed about my house, suggesting improvements in the household arrangements; making remarks on my wife's personal appearance, with correspondingly disparaging remarks upon myself; riding with her across the plains; shooting kangaroos with her by night; and secretly instructing her in the mysteries of a rabbit-trap, with which, he was sure, he could make “dead loads of metal” (he was pretty proficient in the *argot* of the back-blocks), and then he would buy her a beautiful diamond ring, and a horse that had won the Melbourne Cup, and an air-gun! Once when she was taken ill, and I was away in the South, he used to sit by her bedside, fanning her hour after hour, being scarcely willing to sleep at night; and was always on hand, smoothing her pillow, and issuing a bulletin to Eversofar and Bingong the first thing in the morning. I have no doubt that Eversofar and Bingong cared for her just as much as he did; but, from first to last, they never had his privileges, and were always subordinate to him in showing their devotion. He was sound and frank with them. He told Eversofar that, of course, she only was kind to him, and let him have a hut all to himself, because he was old and had had a bad time out on the farthest back-station (that was why he was called Eversofar), and had once carried Bingong with a broken leg on his back for twenty miles. And as for Bingong, he was only a black-fellow, aged fifteen, and height inconsiderable, and, naturally, was quite impossible, save to worship from afar. So, of the three, Billy had his own way, and even shamelessly attempted to lord it over me.

Most husbands would consider my position a painful one, particularly when I say that my wife accepted the attention of all three lovers with calm

pleasure, and that of Billy with a shocking indifference to my feelings. She never tried to explain away any circumstance, no matter how awkward it might look if put down in black and white. Billy never quailed before my look ; he faced me down with his ingenuous (he was very artful) smile ; he patted me on the shoulder approvingly, or, with apparent malice, asked me questions very difficult to answer, when I came back from a journey to Brisbane—for a man, naturally, finds it hard to lay bare how he spent *all* his time in town. And because he did it so suavely and naïvely, one wasn't justified in resenting it. It might seem that matters had reached a climax, when, one day, Mulholland came over, and, seeing my wife and her lovers together watering the garden and teaching cockatoos, said to me that Billy had the advantage of me on my own ground. It may not be to my credit that I only grinned, and didn't even look foolish. And yet I was very fond of my wife all the time. We stood pretty high on the Charwon Downs, and though it was terribly hot at times, it was healthy enough ; and she never lost her prettiness, though, maybe, she lacked bloom.

I think I never saw her look better than she did that day when Mulholland was with me. She had on the lightest, softest kind of stuff, with sleeves reaching only a little below her elbow—it was peculiar to her that her hands and arms never got sunburnt in the hottest weather—her face smiled out from under the coolest-looking hat imaginable, and her hair, though gathered, had a happy trick of always lying very loose and free about the head, saving her from any primness which might otherwise have been possible, she was so neat. Mulholland and I were sitting in the verandah. I glanced up at the thermometer, and it registered a hundred in the shade! Mechanically I pushed the lime-juice towards Mulholland, and pointed to the waterbag. There was nothing else to do except grumble at the drought. Yet there my wife was, a picture of coolness and delight ; the intense heat seemed only to make her the more refreshing to the eye. Water was not abundant, but we still felt justified in trying to keep her bushes and flowers alive ; and she stood there holding the hose and throwing the water in the cheerfulness shower upon the beds. Billy stood with his hands on his hips watching her, very hot, very self-contained. He was shining with perspiration ; and he looked the better of it. Eversofar was camped beneath a sandal-tree teaching a cockatoo, also hot and panting, but laughing low through his white beard ; and Bingong, black, hatless—less everything but a pair of trousers which only reached to his knees—was dividing his time between the cockatoo and my wife.

Presently Bingong sighted an iguana and caught it, and the three gathered about it in the shade of the sandal. After a time the interest in the iguana seemed to have shifted to something else ; and they all were speaking very earnestly. At last I saw Billy and my wife only talking. Billy was excited, and apparently indignant. I could not hear what they were saying, but I saw he was pale, and his compatriots in worship rather frightened ; for he suddenly got into a lofty rage. It was undoubtedly a quarrel. Mulholland saw too, and said to me : "This looks as if there would be a chance for you yet." And he laughed. So did I.

Soon I saw by my wife's face that she was saying something sarcastical. Then Billy drew himself up very proudly, and waving his hand in a grand way, said loudly, so that we could hear : "It's as true as gospel ; and you'll be sorry for this—like anything and anything!" Then he stalked away from her, raising his hat very proudly, but immediately turned, and beckoning to Eversofar and Bingong, added : "Come on with me to barracks, you two."

They started away towards him, looking sheepishly at my wife as they did so ; but Billy finding occasion to give counter-orders, said : "But

you needn't come until you've put the cockatoos away, and stuck the iguana in a barrel, and put up the hose for—for her."

He watched them obey his orders, his head in the air the while, and when they had finished, and were come towards him, he again took off his hat, and they all left her standing alone in the garden.

Then she laughed a little oddly to herself, and stood picking to pieces the wet leaves of a geranium, looking after the three. After a little she came slowly over to us. "Well," said I, feigning great irony, "all loves must have their day, both old and new. You see how they've deserted you. And yet you smile at it!"

"Indeed, my lord and master," she said, "it is not a thing to laugh at. It's very serious."

"And what has broken the charm of your companionship?" I asked.

"The mere matter of the fabled Bunyip. He claimed that he had seen it, and I doubted his word. Had it been you it would not have mattered. You would have turned the other cheek, you are so tame. But he has fire and soul, and so we quarrelled."

"And your other lovers turned tail," I maliciously said.

"Which only shows how superior he is," was her reply. "If you had been in the case, they would never have left me."

"Oh, oh!" blurted Mulholland, "I am better out of this ; for I little care to be called as a witness in divorce." And he rose from his chair, but I pushed him back, and he did not leave till "the cool of the evening."

The next morning, at breakfast-time, a Rouseabout brought us a piece of paper which had been nailed to the sandal-tree. On it was written : "We have gone for the Bunyip. We travel on foot! Farewell! and Farewell!" We had scarcely read it, when John Marshall and his wife came, in some agitation, and said that Billy's bed had not been slept in during the night. From the Rouseabout we found that Eversofar and Bingong were also gone. They had set out on their expedition in the night, but at what hour we could not tell. They had not taken horses, doubtless because Billy felt it would hardly be valiant and adventurous enough, and because neither Bingong nor Eversofar owned one, and it might look criminal to go off with any of mine. We suspected that they had headed for the great Debil-debil Water-Hole, where, it was said, the Bunyip appeared : that mysterious animal, or devil, or thing, which nobody has ever seen, but many have pretended to see; weird and uncanny. Now, this must be said of Billy, that he never had the feeling of fear (he was never even afraid of me). He had often said he had seen a Bunyip, and that he'd bring one home some day, but no one took him seriously. It showed how great influence he had over his companions that he could induce them to go with him ; for Bingong, being a native, must naturally have a constitutional fear of the Debil-debil, as the Bunyip is often called. The Debil-debil Water-Hole was a long way off, and through a terrible country—quartz-plains, ragged scrub, and little or no water all the way. Then, had they taken plenty of food with them? So far as we could see, they had taken some, but we could not tell how much.

My wife smiled at the business at first ; then became worried as the day wore on, and she could see the danger and hardship of wandering about this forsaken country without a horse and with uncertain water. The day passed. They did not return. We determined on a search the next morning. At daybreak, Marshall and I and the Rouseabout started on good horses, each going at different angles, but agreeing to meet at the Debil-debil Water-Hole, and to wait there for each other. If anyone of us did not come after a certain time, we were to conclude that he had found the adventurers and was making his way back with them. After a day of painful travel and little water, Marshall and I

arrived, almost within an hour of each other. We could not see a sign of anybody having been at the lagoon. We waited twelve hours, and were about to go, leaving a mark behind us to show we had been there, when we saw the Rouseabout and his exhausted horse coming slowly through the blue-bush to us. He had suffered much for want of water.

We all started back again at different angles, our final rendezvous being arranged for the station homestead, the Rouseabout taking a direct line, and making for the Little Black Billalong on the way. I saw no sign of the adventurers. I sickened with the heat, and my eyes became inflamed. I was glad enough when, at last, I drew rein in the home-paddock. I couldn't see any distance, though I was not far from the house. But when I got into the garden I saw that others had just arrived. It was the Rouseabout with my wife's lovers. He had found Billy nursing Eversofar in the shade of a stunted brigalow, while Bingong was away hunting for water. Billy himself had pushed his cause as bravely as possible, and had in fact visited the Little Black Billalong, where (he always maintains) he had seen the great Bunyip. But after watching one night, they tried to push on to the Debil-debil Water-Hole. Old Eversofar, being weak and old, gave in, and Billy became a little delirious (he has denied it, but Bingong says it is so); but he pulled himself together as became the leader of an expedition, and did what he could for Eversofar until the Rouseabout came with food and water. Then he broke down and cried (he denies this also). They tied the sick man on the horse and trudged back to the station in a bad plight.

As I came near the group I heard my wife say to Billy, who looked sadly haggard and ill, that she was sure he would have got the Bunyip if it hadn't been for the terrible drought; and at that, utterly regardless of my presence, he took her by the arms and kissed her, and then she kissed him.

Perhaps I ought to have mentioned before that Billy was just ten years old.

GILBERT PARKER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

HEINE, FITZBALL, AND THE MEISTER.

SIR,—I wonder if you will afford me space for the correction of some of the errors contained in your note upon an article of mine in *The Meister*. I submit my objections as under:

(1) Heine does not "state" that "he saw Fitzball's piece," *The Flying Dutchman*; his account is written in the name of an imaginary Herr von Schnabelwopski, and that fictitious personage is made to say "In Amsterdam I saw the terrible Mynheer upon the stage." (2) It is not "apparent" that Heine had "no knowledge of the legend" until he saw the London piece; for even had he seen it, which I beg still to consider extremely doubtful, he refers to the legend in that volume of the "Reisebilder" which was published on the day he sailed, or steamed, for England. (3) He did not "imagine a conclusion" to a piece of which he had not "seen all"; but, if the account is to be taken as history instead of fiction, he gave the commencement and the ending and left out the middle. (4) It is not the case that "Fitzball had invented nothing whatever," but "simply dramatised" the *Blackwood* tale; for there is not the smallest resemblance between it and his monstrous play, excepting for the name of *Vanderdecken*, and such time-honoured features as it would have been impossible to exclude. (5) It is not "an absolute certainty" that Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* would never have come into existence" if Heine had not suddenly left the Adelphi Theatre; for Wagner had the old legend well beaten into him by his stormy passage from Riga, and by the sailors' tales; though, but for Heine's version, he might have framed the legend otherwise than as he did. (6) No "score" can possibly be "wholly based on Heine's poetical misconception"; since it needs, as well, some trifling knowledge of musical notation.

Now, as to the last two of these my objections, they speak for themselves, though of minor consequence; but the facts bearing on the earlier four had already been set out at length in my article in *The Meister*, which your reviewer would have done better to read before criticising, however little they might have weighed against the tremendous authority of a "musical critic

of the *Times*." Yet your reviewer is *plus royaliste que le roi*, for where the late Dr. Hueffer modestly put forth his theory as one than which "nothing seems more likely" (*sic*), your writer disregards all the obvious difficulties in the way of its proof, and reasserts it as "a matter of fact."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W.M. ASHTON ELLIS.

33, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., June 8th, 1892.

CYPRESS.

SIR.—I venture to think the following expressions of opinion on the part of two distinguished foreigners, both of whom are well acquainted with Cyprus affairs, will prove of interest to the readers of THE SPEAKER, affording, as they do, a more hopeful view of the prospects and possibilities of that island. The first is from the Comte L. de Mas-Latrie, author of the "Ile de Chypre," and other works on Cypriot matters:

"My views," says he, "as to the agricultural wealth of the country and the interest all should feel in the welfare of its noble people have undergone no change. It is true that British rule in Cyprus has accomplished very little in the matter of public works, but what has been done is incomparably superior in importance, utility, and interest to anything effected by that obscurantist and grasping Power—the Ottoman Empire—during a period of 300 years, an administration which, I may say, was one long spoliation of this beautiful and interesting land. As regards the commerce of the island, if that is no longer what it was, and has lost—perhaps for ever—the immense development which it boasted from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, the fault is to be found in the inevitable progress of events and the great strides made by the science of navigation. The fact is, that Vasco da Gama, in discovering the direct route to India and her rich mines of productive industry, dealt an irrecoverable blow at Cyprus no less than at Venice, and even, it may be added, Alexandria itself. There is only one way open to Cyprus of repairing the calamities which have befallen her, and that is by developing her agricultural resources, which are truly magnificent. If irrigation were applied to the island on a proper system, its fields would yield golden results in magnificent crops of wheat, cotton, oil, silk, and incomparable wines. How I should like to revisit this lovely island, where my name, I am told, is not yet quite forgotten! But Heaven does not permit me at my advanced age any longer to indulge this hope."

The other is from a gentleman well known in Paris and other parts of the Continent as an eminent *littérateur*—M. Bikelas (a Greek), who writes me, *inter alia*, as follows:

"As regards the future of Cyprus, the fate and example of the Ionian Islands should sustain the hopes of the unfortunate people whose cause you have at heart. All the same, it is much to be wished that England should do her best to leave in Cyprus the memory of benefits conferred during her occupation of that country—as durable as those she bestowed upon the populations of the Seven Islands."

Whilst the above extracts give some indication of the manner in which the progress and prosperity of the island may best be promoted, the fact must never be lost sight of that, before such beneficial public works as those suggested by the Comte de Mas-Latrie are taken in hand, the most urgent problem to be dealt with is that of the Turkish tribute, as is evidenced by the questions recently put from both sides of the House on this subject, and by the still more significant fact that a resolution has lately been passed by all the members of the Legislative Council—Christian as well as Mahomedan, officially nominated and elected—strongly affirming that Cyprus ought to be relieved from this heavy burden.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Reform Club, S.W., June 1st. CHARLES HANCOCK.

ZULULAND.

SIR.—The recent debate in the House of Commons with reference to Zululand affairs showed how badly the British Government is informed about this country. At the present moment Zululand is ruled by a very happy family of officials, many of whom have no other qualification than a knowledge of the Zulu language. These officials are very jealous of white men settling in Zululand, and wish to be regarded by the natives as potentates. The policy of the Zulu government has been one vast failure. There has been nothing but squabbling with the final climax of a rebellion. This outbreak was caused through having officials utterly incapable of administrating the country. They did all they could to annoy the late King Dinizulu, and allowed his enemy Usibepu to almost rule the country.

Contrast this with the government of Dutch Zululand, or, as it now is, Transvaal Zululand. There has been no squabbling or rebellions there. The natives are ruled firmly but kindly, without a single soldier being required to keep order. The country is dotted over with well-cultivated farms, and thousands of bales of wool are produced where six years ago was a howling wilderness.

What has been done in British Zululand? The natives are not so well off as they were before the British occupation. Nothing is produced in the country beyond a few mealies, and,

I am told, for some time past they have not grown enough for their own requirements. It is easy to understand why Zululand has a small balance to its credit. This has been brought about by troops being stationed in the country, and British money spent there. The rebellion of 1888 could not have cost less than £100,000, and it would be interesting to know how much this country has cost the British Government during the last four or five years. The Boers rule their portion of Zululand without maintaining troops. They have erected there a church at a cost of £15,000. Why cannot the British rule so? The only remedy for this state of affairs is annexation to Natal, and the country settled by white men.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Durban, Natal, May 6th, 1892.

W. A. B. ANSELM.

RONDEAU.

SOMETHING passes in the breeze,
Whispers in the waving trees;
Something sighs within the sigh
Of the swaying sedge-reeds by
Streams that glide with languid ease.

Something speaks in melodies
Of the softly kissing seas,
And in spring with birds that fly
Something passes.

Painter, grasp it ere it flees,
Poet whom it quickens, seize,
If you can, its pleading cry;
With the clouds that drape the sky,
In the flickering of the bees
Something passes.

A. P. D.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, June 10th, 1892.

THERE was an interesting letter in the *Author* the other day, by Mr. R. H. Sherard, on the financial relations between authors and publishers in France. Mr. Sherard gave many curious particulars about French ways of publishing, and the amount of money that a French author can make out of a book, and then, all of a sudden—whether moved by remorse or by a delightfully inconsistent impulse one does not know—fell out upon his countrymen for their sordid interest in the incomes of authors. “It is sickening,” he wrote, “to read paragraphs in so-called literary papers in which the incomes and earnings of men of letters are discussed. Whose business is it? Such a thing would be considered in France an insult to the whole craft. What shopkeepers we are!”

One does not quite know whether to condole with Mr. Sherard over this as a cry of remorse, or to bow the head beneath it as a deserved rebuke, or to laugh at its charming incongruity. Taking it in all seriousness, I need not say that were I myself possessed of such knowledge about living authors, wild horses should not drag the secret from me. But what about authors that are dead and gone? There must be less impropriety in discussing their incomes. Who was the first author to make money out of a book? Who was the first author by profession, and how did he make his living? What sort of a living was it? The dead will not turn in their graves as the living might in their study-chairs if one respectfully pursues such questions, which appeal at once to our base shopkeeping instinct and our more respectable historical curiosity.

The first man who is known to have called himself an “author by profession”—“bookseller’s drudge,” or “Grub Street hack,” was the less dignified and more common designation—was one William Guthrie, who wrote for the *Gentleman’s Magazine* before and along with Samuel Johnson, and produced

some historical works of considerable merit. “Sir,” said his great contemporary of him, “he is a man of parts. He has no great regular fund of knowledge; but by reading so long and writing so long, he no doubt has picked up a good deal.” But seeing that Guthrie eked out his income from the booksellers by soliciting and taking the pay of the Government, we had better leave him with this compliment. The Society of Authors would not be proud of him; his modern analogue is to be found in the “reptile press” of Germany.

The first great “author by profession,” the first man who made a living by his writings and at the same time a classic reputation, was Samuel Johnson himself. His independent and practical spirit first put the profession or trade of authorship on a sound footing, and substituted the capitalist for the patron. One of the letters recently published by Mr. Birkbeck Hill is a curious evidence of his business-like spirit. He writes to a correspondent and mentions various literary schemes suitable for “an inhabitant of Oxford.” But he adds: “I impart these designs to you in confidence, that what you do not make use of yourself shall revert to me uncommunicated to any other. The schemes of a writer are his property and his revenue, and therefore they must not be made common.”

A prior claim might be made for Pope, on the strength of two lines in one of his “Imitations of Horace”—

“But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive.”

Pope certainly made more money out of his books than Johnson. Johnson got ten guineas for his “London,” and 1,500 for his Dictionary, whereas Pope made 8,000 out of his translations of Homer. But Pope held the profession of authorship in high disdain. He was what on the analogy of “gentleman-farmer” might be called a “gentleman-author.” He professed to write for the passing of time and the improvement of mankind.

The first authenticated sale of copyright by an author is commonly said to be Milton’s sale of “Paradise Lost” to Simmons. But money had often passed between publisher and author long before this. Fuller, the witty author of “The Worthies,” avows as one of his objects in publishing, “which he is not ashamed publicly to profess,” “to procure a moderate profit to himself, in compensation of his pains.” “Hitherto,” he boasts, “no stationer hath lost by me.” He published, however, by subscription: that is, he had to act as his own commercial traveller.

This was under the Commonwealth: Fuller, a Royalist clergyman, was driven to seek some “honest profit” out of books by the troubles of the times. But a century earlier there were men who made their living, or part of their living, by books, and yet made a certain name for themselves in literary history. They were not all so fortunate as Sir Thomas Elyot, the author of the “The Governour,” who, when accused by his friends of “neglecting his profit” in writing books, mentioned this to his readers, and assured them that he desired only their “gentilly report and assistance agaynst them which do hate all thynges which please not their fantasyes.” There were others who felt moved to write, and yet were under the necessity of trying, like Fuller, to get some compensation for their pains.

How was it done in the days before copyright developed into a marketable commodity? The printers were protected by royal privilege, and it would seem that our earliest men of letters, from soon after the introduction of printing, eked out a

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livelihood as correctors of the press. This was a recognised resort for the poor scholar. In the times of persecution under Mary, several of the Protestant refugees settled at Basle, and this, Strype tells us, they did "upon two reasons. One was because the people of that city were especially very kind and courteous unto such English as came thither for shelter; the other, because those that were of slenderer fortunes might have employment in the printing-houses there, the printers of Basle in this age having the reputation of exceeding all others in that art throughout Germany, for the exactness and elegance of their printing. And they rather chose Englishmen for the overseers and correctors of their presses, being noted for the most careful and diligent of all others. Whereby many poor scholars made a shift to subsist in these hard times."

One of these was John Foxe, the historian of the martyrs, who obtained employment with Operinus, to whom he offered his services in what Strype calls "a handsome epistle," "wherein he desired to be received by him into his service, and that he would vouchsafe to be his learned patron, being one that would be content with a small salary."

Another early instance of the printer acting as learned patron is found in the case of Thomas Wilson, author of the first English treatises on logic and rhetoric. In the preface to his *Logic* (1552) he says:—"Notwithstanding I must nedes confesse that the printer hereof, your Majestie's Servaunt, provoked me firste hereunto, unto whome I have ever found myselfe greatly beholding, not onely at my beyng in Cambridge, but also at al tymes els, when I most nedde helpe." This honourable printer was the famous Richard Grafton, of whom many creditable things are recorded in the chronicles of printing.

Grafton's partner in more than one of his enterprises, notably in the printing of the New Testament and the Bible, was Edward Whitchurch; and perhaps the very first authentic example of the author by profession was a "servant" with Whitchurch. This was William Baldwin, an Oxford man, who lived by the press, not as a casual resource, or while waiting for church preferment, but till at least thirty years after taking his degree, his only other ascertained employment being some share in the preparation of entertainments for the Court.

Baldwin is said to have set up with his own hands the type of his metrical version of the Canticles, but that, nevertheless, he held what might be called a good literary position is proved by his share in the "Mirror for Magistrates." When Wayland, a printer of Mary's time, projected a continuation in English verse of Boccaccio's "De Casibus Virorum Illustrium," it was to Baldwin that he went with the idea; and the modest Baldwin, though he would not undertake the work single-handed, seems to have had no difficulty in getting men of note to work under his editorship.

This is an interesting example of the early relations between authors and publishers. Caxton was often his own author; but he was soon followed by others who, though they could not write themselves, could see where there was an opening for talent. I do not know of any instance where the printer has suggested his subject to a man of genius, and I rather doubt whether any such instance is to be found; but the sagacious foresight of the printer has undoubtedly often been profitable in this way to authors of talent. Thomas Wilson is not the only author who has been "greatly beholding" to a publisher for a timely suggestion, though not a few may have found their employer, as Johnson found Cave, a "penurious paymaster." This also was in the nature of things.

W. MINTO.

REVIEWS.

ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Edward Spencer Beesly. "Twelve English Statesmen" Series. London: Macmillan & Co.

IT is no light task to compress into some 240 pages the biography of a Queen who reigned for forty-four eventful years. That Professor Beesly has not been altogether successful in the attempt to do this affords little reason for surprise. His estimate of Elizabeth's statesmanship is just and discriminating, and his conclusions are warped neither by anti-Catholic nor anti-Protestant prejudices. He appreciates the great issues with which the Queen had to deal, and understands her complex character. But in spite of these merits his book is of very unequal value, and, after making due allowance for limitations of space, far from supplying an adequate presentation of its subject. Elizabeth's foreign policy naturally claims the foremost place in his pages. Her relations with Scotland and its rulers are told with fulness and clearness, and play their proper part in the story of the reign. Her Irish policy, on the other hand—important though it is both for the appreciation of her character as a ruler and of the results of her rule—is very perfunctorily treated, and made a mere appendage of the story of the Earl of Essex. Elizabeth's attitude towards Parliament and some portions of her domestic policy are handled in the same unsatisfactory way. With these reservations it is an interesting book, and contains, as one would naturally expect, many brilliant bits of writing.

Professor Beesly has no exaggerated admiration of Elizabeth's personal character. She had, he says, "a more than feminine appetite for admiration." She was "habitually regardless of truth." She was "not troubled with a tender conscience." She was characterised through life by an "utter absence of delicacy and depth of feeling." . . . "With Elizabeth the heart never really spoke, and if the senses did she had them under perfect control. And this is why she never loved or was loved, and never has been or will be regarded with enthusiasm by either man or woman" (p. 3). But his estimate of the Sovereign makes up for his estimate of the woman. Followed in detail there is much in her policy that is irresolute, and even vacillating. On the other hand—

"In her intellectual grasp of European politics as a whole, and of the interests of her own kingdom, Elizabeth was probably superior to any of her counsellors. No one could better than she think out the general idea of a political campaign. But theoretical and practical qualifications are seldom, if ever, combined in equal excellence. Not only are the qualities themselves naturally opposed, but the constant exercise of either increases the disparity. Her sex obliged Elizabeth to leave the large field of execution to others. Her practical gifts, therefore, whatever they were, deteriorated rather than advanced as she grew older. . . . Elizabeth's irresolution and vacillation were, therefore, a consequence of her position—that of an extremely able and well-informed woman called upon to conduct a Government in which so much had to be decided by the Sovereign at her own discretion. The abler she was, the more disposed to make her will felt, the less steadiness and consistency were to be expected from her" (p. 35).

Mary, her great antagonist, was in some ways her superior.

"In ability and information she was not at all inferior to Elizabeth; in promptitude and energy she was her superior. These masculine qualities might have given her the victory in the bitter duel, but that, in the all-important domain of feeling, her sex undoubtedly asserted itself, and weighted her too heavily to match the superb self-control of Elizabeth. She would love and she would hate; Elizabeth had only likes and dislikes, and therefore played the cooler game. When Mary really loved, which was only once, all selfish calculations were flung to the winds; she was ready to sacrifice everything, and not count the cost—body and soul, crown and life, interest and honour. When she hated, which was often, rancour was apt to get the better of prudence. And so at the fatal turning-point of her career, when mad hate and madder love possessed her soul, she went down before her great rival never to rise again. Here was a woman indeed. And if, for that reason, she lost the battle in life, for that reason, too, she still disputes it from the tomb. She has always had, and always will have, the ardent sympathy of a host of champions to whom the "fair vestal thronged by the west" is a mere politician, sexless, cold-blooded, and repulsive" (p. 48).

The author himself is not one of these champions.

He has no doubt that Mary was cognisant of the plot for Darnley's murder, and "lured him to the shambles," or that she also plotted the assassination of Elizabeth. He seems to assume the authenticity of the Casket Letters though he does not indeed expressly assert it. But whether Professor Beesly is a safe guide on these very controverted questions may be doubted. His long note on "Paulet's alleged refusal to murder Mary" shows a surprising ignorance of recent researches (pp. 186, 187). The charge is that Elizabeth, through her secretaries, urged Mary's keepers to make away with Mary in order to spare their mistress the disagreeable necessity of ordering the death warrant to be put into execution. The main proof of the charge consists of a letter from Secretary Davidson to Sir Amias Paulet, and Paulet's indignant answer. Professor Beesly's view is that these letters were fabricated in the eighteenth century by some Oxford Jacobite, in order to throw odium on Elizabeth. His chief argument is that the history of the letters is suspicious and their source obscure. The case against the letters is stated at length in "Knight's Pictorial History of England," vol. iii., p. 205, ed. 1857, and all Professor Beesly does is to summarise Knight's arguments. But about eighteen years ago Father Morris in his edition of Sir Amias Paulet's Letter-book made the history of the letters perfectly clear, and removed the suspicions which rested on them. Before dogmatically affirming that the letters were "impudent forgeries," it would have been well to refer to this obvious source of information.

It is pleasanter, however, to turn to points where it is possible to agree with Professor Beesly. He rightly insists that in judging Elizabeth's statesmanship it is necessary to take into account what she achieved as well as the method by which she achieved it, that the admiration of contemporary statesmen is of more weight than the censure of "closet penmen" of a later age, and that the popular verdict of her own time cannot be entirely set aside.

"Few rulers have had to contend with such formidable and complicated difficulties. Few have surmounted them so triumphantly. This is the criterion, and the sufficient criterion, which determines the judgment of practical men. . . . There are writers who have made the discovery that Elizabeth was a very poor ruler, selfish and wayward, shortsighted, easily duped, fainthearted, rash, miserly, wasteful, and swayed by the pettiest impulses of vanity, spite, and personal inclination. They have not explained, and never will, how it was that a woman with all these disqualifications for government should have ruled England for forty-four years" (p. 239).

Her popularity with her subjects is easy to explain. She personified in their eyes the peace, the integrity, and the independence of England. She knew how to appeal to her people in language which touched their hearts. No Queen's speech was ever uttered like that in which Elizabeth abandoned the monopolies in answer to the complaints of the Commons.

"For myself," she told them in conclusion, "I was never so much enticed with the glorious name of a King or royal authority of a queen, as delighted that God hath made me His instrument to maintain His truth and glory, and to defend this kingdom from peril, dishonour, tyranny, and oppression. There will never Queen sit in my seat with more zeal to my country or care to my subjects, and that will sooner with willingness yield and venture her life for your good and safety than myself. And though you may have had, and may have, many princes more mighty and wise sitting in this seat, yet you never had, or shall have, any that will be more careful and loving."

No Sovereign has more deeply impressed the imagination of the English people. The vacillation that marred Elizabeth's best laid plans, the perversity that maddened her wisest counsellors, were hidden from her subjects. But they saw her when the danger was greatest gayer and cooler and more stout-hearted than her boldest captains. They pictured her riding through the ranks at Tilbury, "like Pallas armed," and telling her soldiers that though she had the body of a weak and feeble woman, she had the heart of a king, and a king of England, too; and thought foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should

dare to invade the borders of her realm. A ballad, in more familiar fashion, describes her demeanour when the messenger told her that last night the Catholics of the North had risen in arms:

"Her Grace she turned her round about,
And like a royal Queen she swore.
Says, 'I will ordain them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before!'"

In its admiration of the qualities she had the popular imagination attributed to her qualities she had not. Elizabeth's parsimony was notorious. The sailors who had vanquished the Armada she left for weeks unpaid and half-starved. But the ballads celebrate her liberality, and represented her as rewarding Lord Willoughby's wounded soldiers with pensions of eighteenpence a day. At heart she was not very zealous for the doctrines of the Reformation; but to the next century she was above all things the Protestant Queen, and Protestant mobs burnt the Pope in effigy on the anniversary of her coronation. She loved peace and hated war, declined as long as she could the religious league her Ministers proposed, and scoffed at Cecil's talk about his "brethren in Christ." But the historians of the next generation censured the Stuarts for deserting "the right ways of Queen Elizabeth," and praised Elizabeth because she "wove the interest of England into the interest of religion itself," and leagued herself with foreign potentates "to promote the Protestant religion in all parts." Orators and statesmen echoed their praises. Professor Beesly quotes Cromwell's words about Elizabeth, and he might have quoted Pym's and Eliot's panegyrics also. The most curious tribute of all comes from an unknown member of the Long Parliament—"Mr. Speaker, blasted may that tongue be that shall in the least degree derogate from the glory of those halcyon days our fathers enjoyed during the Government of that ever blessed, never-to-be-forgotten, Royal Elizabeth."

CARDINAL MANNING'S LIFE.

CARDINAL MANNING. By A. W. Hutton, M.A. With a Bibliography. London: Methuen & Co.

THERE is something a little uncanny about these memoirs. Mr. Hutton, we believe, is a lecturer to the "Ethical Society," who has been in succession a clergyman of the Church of England and a Roman Catholic priest. He had quitted Cardinal Manning's communion when, as he tells us, he paid a visit to Archbishop's House, Westminster, and announced to the eminent Churchman that, in Dr. Johnson's well-known phrase, he proposed to take his life. The Cardinal, who, like Mr. Gladstone, had developed a sense of humour as years grew on him, begged Mr. Hutton to wait until he was dead and buried, which that gentleman considerably promised to do. Meanwhile, his subject (to speak anatomically) put him right in one or two points of detail, but added, with a smile, "You cannot expect me to godfather your book." Such is the qualified imprimatur which accompanies this volume. Nor does the author pretend to draw from private or personal sources. He is no better informed than the rest of the world. At the same time he offers us a variety of interesting details, gathered from the newspapers or from conversations with Catholic personages of note, and enlivened by reminiscences of his own days within the Roman precincts. The sketch resulting is like enough, so far as it goes, but is slight and superficial; nor does it pretend to be a great historical painting. Doubtless it will serve its turn, in spite of the uncomfortable circumstance that it is a funeral sermon on one of the most typical of Catholic ecclesiastics by a preacher who has abandoned the creed which Manning adorned. For it is modest and straightforward, and seems, on the whole, to be accurate. But perhaps the best in this kind are shadows. The time has not yet arrived when Cardinal Manning's life could be written.

Mr. Hutton regards his hero with a certain

degree of admiration tempered by candid criticism. He ascribes to him unremitting industry but no genius. Contrasting him, as was inevitable, with John Henry Newman, he finds that Manning did not possess the "magnetic personality" which in his rival "sometimes fascinated and sometimes repelled." Did Mr. Hutton ever see Manning smile, except that once which he has put on record? or watch him when he was bent on making a disciple? The "magnetic" element, including also its quick repellent power, was by no means wanting in him; but those whom he repelled would have described him as narrow, imperious, and disdainful, or as utterly satisfied with his own limitations. Manning wielded an unquestionable influence over large masses of men. He spoke on the platform much more persuasively than in the pulpit; and he was instantly at home with the working class. In middle life, he was distant, severe, and angular; but, as he grew older, he mellowed. It was the Manning of the last eighteen years that took the hearts of his countrymen by storm, that became a national celebrity, won the enthusiastic love of Ireland, felt strong enough to mediate between conflicting interests on Thames-side, and gave us the extraordinary spectacle of a Roman Cardinal descending into the streets of London to persuade the multitude, as though the world had slipped back to the thirteenth century. Such a leader of men must needs be "magnetic," if the word has any meaning. Was it not his personal influence which enabled the Archdeacon of Chichester to take up the reins of the Tractarian movement, when Newman flung them away? Did he not owe it to this very quality that Cardinal Wiseman admitted him to the Catholic priesthood in ten weeks from the time he "went over"? And was not Pius IX. fascinated in his turn by the austere and saintly diplomatist, who seemed to the Roman manner born long before he assumed the purple? Mr. Hutton should reconsider his statement. Manning had the genius which drives at practice, like that of the Cæsars and the Napoléons, not the speculative or the literary. Hence it may be quite true that his way of thinking was, from a philosopher's point of view, conventional; that he lived in the modern world without grasping its principles, or realising either their origin or their issue; that he could not enter into the minds of those who differed from him; and that he was wilful and obstinate in pursuing his own course. But these things are characteristic of the practical man, and especially of John Bull. They forbid his becoming a critic of old doctrines or an explorer of new; yet he may be only the more persuasive in his day and generation because he is so sure of what he insists upon. Certainly Manning was dogmatic from his youth up, but his dogmatism succeeded, and that is the proof of his genius.

The story which Mr. Hutton has to tell is all of a piece. Though Manning "migrated" from the English Church to the Roman, he never exchanged one set of principles for another. He may have been Evangelical, Tractarian, and Ultramontane; but the same view of things remained with him to the last. It is one which Dissenters will understand better than Broad Church deans or High Church rectors, for it involves the denial and destruction of the Royal Supremacy. What Manning hated as the abomination standing in the holy place was "Erastianism," or the doctrine that the Crown in Council ought to be a final Court of Appeal in matters ecclesiastical. When that astounding chapter of history known as the "Gorham Case" filled all England with noise and clamour, Manning suddenly awoke to what seemed to him the horror of the situation, and with his friend Hope Scott fled for refuge to a sanctuary which the Crown could not invade. It was the same conviction that made him a leader at the Vatican Council of those who magnified the Papal prerogatives. He wanted the mediæval, the autocratic Church over again. From this view to what Mr. Hutton styles the "establishment of

Catholicism on a democratic basis"—which was the work of Manning's third period—is but a step. And here the Cardinal, perhaps to his own surprise, found himself on the broad highway of political progress, suddenly caught up in the throng which was marching to popular enfranchisement, and which is now beginning to feel that there can be no true freedom where there is no economic independence behind it. The most striking facts in the last twenty years of Catholic history, are its break with the *ancien régime* and its drawing towards the working millions in sympathy and common effort. Whether we look to France, Belgium, Germany, Ireland, or America, the same line of tactics is discernible everywhere on the part of Catholic leaders. It is suggested by Mr. Hutton that the famous Encyclical on the Labour Question was due in no small measure to the Cardinal of Westminster, and that its language and sentiments were his own. Such may well be the case, for it was Manning's conviction that, while "hitherto the world has been governed by dynasties," "henceforth the Holy See will have to deal with the people." And he added the significant observation that "the more clearly and fully this is perceived, the stronger Rome will be." Rome has apparently taken the hint. Old Conservatives, indeed, who neither like nor understand the policy imposed on them, hardly know what to make of a Pope whose chief advisers have been such men as Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore, Cardinal Lavigerie at Algiers, and Cardinal Manning in London—"Progressive Liberals," all of them. Is the world coming to an end? they ask in their bewilderment.

But these things concern the Roman Church. It was not as a mere ecclesiastic, but as a statesman and philanthropist, that the late Archbishop made himself so great a name. He took a large and generous view of the questions which, like eclipses in a pre-scientific age, are "perplexing monarchs"—and Presidents of Republics also—"with fear of change." "We have become," he wrote in his celebrated letter to Lord Grey, in 1868, "an Empire of many races and of many religions, and the worst enemy of civil and religious peace could devise no surer policy of discord than the attempt to keep alive the ascendancy of race over race, of religion over religion, of church over church." He was a Home Ruler on this consideration, which we recommend to Lord Salisbury the next time he addresses the Primrose League. It made him a constructive statesman, eager to bind the English-speaking peoples together by self-government, and to give each its due, without regard to the fierce tyrannies and irreligious passions of the bad old times. In like manner, he faced the economic problem with a proper scorn for those "orthodox" Utopists, who cannot see the facts in their devotion to "science falsely so-called." Manning had begun life by studying Ricardo, but, as Rector of Lavington, he came to know the home of the village labourer, while as priest and bishop he went to and fro among working men in the great towns of England, in every one of which he gained experience during his pastoral visits, extending as these did from London to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and from Leeds and Sheffield to Liverpool and Birmingham. He first set the example, which is now followed on all sides, of giving church work a social direction. Naturally, he was called hard names, but he did not mind them. He was never a Socialist in the scientific sense of the word. It would be difficult to ascertain from his writings what were the principles of political economy which he maintained in the abstract. He did not go by theory; he was content to make the most of English institutions, with such improvements as would secure to the working classes "comfortable homes, sufficient fare, and reasonable leisure," to which must be added some less inhuman provision for old age than the workhouse. "By temperament and by conviction," observes Mr. Hutton, "he was a democrat." And while he did not expect to see

poverty abolished, he strove to make an end of pauperism, which he was never weary of denouncing as the fruit and the condemnation of a vile money-making age, given over to the basest of idolatries.

In such a character, be its faults what they may, surely we can discern elements of greatness, moral perhaps rather than intellectual, but worthy of the passionate love and admiration which they called forth. Whether Cardinal Manning has left a successor remains to be seen. It was, we think, his gravest defect that he could not train up men to be independent, or was too imperious to endure the companionship of those who held their own against him. But he has left a magnificent tradition at Westminster, and a great example. The mingling of strength and gentleness, of decision with dexterity, and of an ascetic life with outward splendour, is not new in the Roman Church. Neither was that reading of Catholicism which makes it a progressive social force merely Cardinal Manning's invention, for it goes back to the mediæval period, and may be traced in the very beginnings of Western monasticism. But in ranging himself boldly on the side of progress the Cardinal did not consult simply for his own Church; he contributed to the founding of a new and better condition of mankind in a critical moment. It is certain that the Democracy will not forget the things he has done and suffered in the cause which it is bent on maintaining. Nor will his successors in the government of the Roman Church, if they be wise.

JAPAN TO-DAY.

THE REAL JAPAN. By Henry Norman. Illustrated from photographs by the Author. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

WHAT is the real Japan? Is it the old Japan before the introduction of European ideas, when Daimios ruled like sovereigns, and their followers stalked through the land each armed with two swords, which were by no means only carried for ornament; when the exquisite native art flourished, and parliaments, railways, and higher education were things unknown? Or is it in the future, when the country shall be completely Europeanised, when even the native dress shall have disappeared, and when everything national and distinctive shall be relegated to museums? Or, again, is it in the hybrid Japan of the present day, when men are becoming ashamed of being as their forefathers were, and when everything European, whether it be good, bad, or indifferent, is being adopted with avidity?

This last condition is that which Mr. Norman has chosen to call "real Japan," and accepting his definition we find a graphic and substantial account of the state of the country at the present time. Mr. Norman was only a few weeks in Japan, and his inquiries did not, therefore, go very deep. Fortunately for him, everything Japanese is on the surface. It does not require many days to become acquainted with the *bonhomie* of the people, the charm of the women, the beauty of the landscape, and the political and social aspirations of the politicians. Having everything open and revealed themselves, they are incapable of supposing that the politics of the rest of the world are not equally easy to be understood, and so when Mr. Norman landed he was sedulously interviewed by newspaper correspondents, who catechised him on European and other complications with the simplicity of children, in the full belief that he was in possession of all the threads of the most obscure questions of *haute politique*. The development of newspapers is one of the most marked signs of "progress" in Japan. Until the conclusion of the treaties such a thing as a newspaper was unknown, and now there are no fewer than 550 newspapers and periodicals throughout the country, and in the capital alone there are "seventeen political dailies, with a combined monthly circulation of 3,006,000; and 116 periodicals, circulating together 495,000 copies." The difficulties in the way of publication are such as would appal any but

a patient, painstaking Japanese. The papers are printed in a combination of Chinese symbols and the native syllabic characters. As of the first of these there are many thousands, and as they are incapable of being arranged with the Japanese Kana and Hiragana, the troubles of the compositor can well be imagined by all those who are acquainted with the use of the composing-stick.

But it is part of the Japanese creed that difficulties were only made to be overcome; and just as these printing complications have yielded to steady perseverance, so the adoption of European systems of education, justice, and military tactics—on all of which subjects Mr. Norman writes at length—have been engrafted on the old trunk of native ideas with the least possible friction and inconvenience. Schools of every grade, from kindergarten to advanced colleges, have spread all over the land, and the net has even been thrown over that unique production of Japan, the womankind. How this tender plant will bear being forced in intellectual hothouses remains to be seen; and interesting as it may be to hear, as Mr. Norman did at one of the girls' schools, "little Miss Tomita" reciting, in her low sweet voice, and with a delicious little foreign accent and pitiful mope, "'I am hungry, very hungry,' said the spider to the fly," it is impossible not to fear that the ineffable charm of Japanese women will be blunted and destroyed by the reduction of all to one dull level in the educational mill.

Mr. Norman devotes several chapters to Japanese women in the various ranks of life, and he does full justice to their many good and captivating qualities. It is customary to imagine that all women beyond the pale of European civilisation are down-trodden and oppressed, but it is impossible to suppose that the women of a nation should enter into a combination to suppress all signs of ill usage, and to present the gay, winsome, and bright appearance common to Japanese women if they were victims of severity. No doubt if the social laws were enforced in their entirety, they might be used against the weaker sex as weapons of cruelty; but the Japanese have in this, as in other matters, a way of maintaining the dignity of the law with the least possible inconvenience to the individual. The native law of divorce, for example, is extremely wide-reaching, comprehending offences from breaches of the seventh commandment down to over-talkativeness; but as a matter of fact, public opinion has put a powerful check upon the enforcement of the law, and divorces are by no means as common as might be expected. In the same way, as Mr. Norman points out, the law of conscription is very strict on paper, but the harshness of its operation is mitigated by the introduction of a number of exemptions which practically relieve from enlistment forty per cent. of the whole number liable to serve.

Many books have of late years been written on Japan, but Mr. Norman may fairly claim that he has told us many things upon which his predecessors have been either silent or misinformed. That he should always be perfectly accurate is not to be expected, but it cannot be denied that he has thrown many new lights on his most fascinating subject, and that he has presented a truthful and discriminating sketch of the present state of the country.

EASTERN WISDOM.

THE RAUSAT-US-SAPA, OR GARDEN OF PURITY. Containing the histories of Prophets, Kings, and Khalifs. By Muhammad bin Khavendshah bin Mahmud, commonly called Mirkhond. Part I. Vols. I., II. Translated from the original Persian by E. Rehatsek, and called by him "Sacred and Profane History according to the Moslem Belief." Edited by F. F. Arbuthnot, M.R.A.S. Oriental Translation Fund, New Series.—I. Printed and published under the patronage of the Royal Asiatic Society, 22, Albemarle Street.

SIXTY years ago there was an Oriental Translation Fund, with an imposing list of patrons as long as the title of the present work. They included not

only his most excellent majesty King William IV., but his most excellent majesty's still more excellent son, the accomplished first Earl of Munster, besides the King of the Belgians and a trio of royal dukes, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord High Chancellor, the Duke of Wellington, my Lord Ellenborough, Viscount Goderich, Sir Robert Peel, and other notables; whilst Eastern learning was represented by such names as Sir John Malcolm, H. T. Colebrooke, and Sir Gore Ouseley. We take them from the advertisement sheet of the "Memoirs of the Emperor Humayun," which Major Charles Stewart, of the Honourable East India Company's service, translated, and John Murray the Second published, for the Fund in the year 1832. That was the Saturnian age of Orientalism, when the kings of the earth and its rulers took counsel together, at "the Royal Asiatic Society's House, No. 14, Grafton Street," how the wisdom of the East should be diffused through the world in the English tongue. It cannot be said that the result was altogether equal to the expectations which such a noble collection of patrons and councillors naturally aroused. The old Oriental Translation Fund is certainly to be credited with the publication of some valuable works, such as Hajji Khalifa's inestimable bibliographical lexicon and Ibn Khallikan's biographical dictionary, for which one cannot be too grateful; but it also extended its ægis over a parlous quantity of rubbish, and finally it terminated a useful but somewhat disappointing career—strange to say—for lack of patronage; the supply of kings and royal dukes ran out.

The decease of the old Translation Fund was the more to be deplored inasmuch as it had clearly proved its right to exist, though it failed to thoroughly carry out its object. It showed what vast quantities of important material lay hidden away from ordinary students in the mysterious recesses of Oriental literature, but it died before it could make a tithe or a hundredth part of the treasure-house accessible. There are countless histories, books of travel, geographical dictionaries, and works of literary criticism, still buried in the—to the general—unknown tongues of the East, in Arabic, in Persian, in Sanskrit, in Chinese. It is simply preposterous that mere lack of translation should deprive the bulk of the reading world of the results of so much labour and learning; but unfortunately the reading world is prone to hug its ignorance, and to refuse to support the efforts of scholars to enlighten it. Oriental translations, in short, do not pay, and few Oriental scholars can afford to produce them at their own cost. At last, however, at this end of time, Mr. Arbuthnot has come forward to play the part of a beneficent Providence to Oriental learning, and to make the dry bones of the Translation Fund live once more. We do not profess to understand the constitutional principle whereby the "Oriental Translation Fund, New Series," has inherited the proud privileges (if any) of the original institution; but to the plain man it seems to come to this—that Mr. Arbuthnot is going to pay for the publication of Oriental translations, just as the old Fund used to do. The difference is that the kings and dukes and archbishops have retired in favour of an enthusiastic Mæcenas, whether *atavis editus regibus* we do not know, but undoubtedly sprung from the unimpeachable literary ancestry of the friend of Swift and author of "Martinus Scriblerus."

Mr. Arbuthnot deserves the gratitude of students at large for his disinterested zeal in the cause of learning. All we would beg of him is to be wise as he is generous, to temper his benevolence with discrimination. His own "Manual of Arabic Authors" shows that he is perfectly aware of the various merits of different Oriental classics. Why then does he not display a similar critical attitude in his choice of books to translate? Possibly there may be a difficulty in finding scholars willing to devote themselves to the monotonous task of rendering Arabic

and Persian texts into English; but even this can hardly account for the lamentable selection he has made for the opening volumes of the New Series. Instead of taking one of the early chroniclers, of whom several stand urgently in need of translation, Mr. Arbuthnot has chosen Mirkhond, a fifteenth-century Persian historian; and instead of instructing the translator—the late Mr. Rehatsek, an able but eccentric scholar—to confine himself to those parts of the "Rausat-as-Safa" which are really history, because they came within the personal observation of the author or of his near predecessors, he has allowed him to begin the work at the very beginning, where it consists of legend far from pure and unadulterated. These first two volumes deal chiefly with biblical traditions, from the creation to Moses and David and Ezra, concerning which the author could not have possessed any special sources of information. Mr. Rehatsek, followed by Mr. Arbuthnot, maintains, in the face of all known facts, that these legends represent an independent tradition, the "tradition of the mosque," and as such deserve serious consideration as original documents; indeed, it is claimed on their behalf that they "enter into far greater details" than the biblical narratives. Of course, there is a "tradition of the mosque," but it is simply a Mohammedan paraphrase or travesty of the Bible stories, defaced by imperfect knowledge of the original, and occasionally corrupted by Mohammed's personal views. Except, perhaps, the absurdity of their "greater details," there is nothing in these traditions which cannot be traced to the Bible or the Talmud, and to treat them as authoritative in the faintest sense of the word is obviously absurd. What little value they may possess as showing the Mohammedan view of Jewish stories is already discounted by various translations of the Koran and other works on Muslim theology. In themselves they are interesting only for their absurd inventiveness. Take, for instance, the description of Enoch (Idris): "He had a handsome physiognomy, of a brown complexion, large moustache and beard; his stature was tall and symmetrical, with strong bones and little flesh. He spoke slowly, but was mostly silent. When he spoke he moved the forefinger," etc. Or consider the portrait of Abraham: "His august complexion was white and red; he was full grown; his eyes were dark grey; and his breast was broad." On all the characters in the Jewish stories we get similar personal details, sometimes exceedingly humorous. Moses "was of a light brown complexion, high stature, had curled hair, and a mole on his blessed countenance: . . . he was a prophet of exalted dignity, and very irascible." There is a pleasing story of how Moses was so bashful that he was never by any chance to be seen without his clothes, till the evil-minded children of Israel came to the conclusion that he had something wrong about him. So the Almighty abstracted his clothes while the prophet was bathing, and in the course of his pursuit of his garments Moses was compelled to confute his detractors by an overt exhibition of the "purity of his august body." There are a multitude of astonishing tales about Scriptural personages, curly-headed prophets, and Greek philosophers in these two volumes, which are entertaining, no doubt; but this is the most that can be said of the work. Mr. Arbuthnot promises more volumes of the "Rausat-as-Safa," dealing with the life of Mohammed. We sincerely trust he will refrain from publishing them. They cannot possibly add anything of value to the existing authoritative sources, such as Ibn Hisham and Wākidī, both of which are accessible in German. If Mirkhond is worth translating at all, after the numerous versions which have been published of various sections of his history, from Major David Price onwards, the translator should begin, to quote the old story, "like all other Hebrew books, at the latter end." It is only the later portions of the voluminous Persian chronicler that are worth preserving. *Respic finem* is an injunction which

Mr. Arbuthnot would do well to lay to heart in a new but not the less commendable sense in editing mediæval historians.

BLANK AND OTHER VERSE.

ESSAYS IN VERSE. By May Sinclair. *The Professor, and Other Poems.* By the Author of "Moods." *WARBECK, A HISTORICAL PLAY.* By John William Aizlewood, LL.B. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

HAROLD, A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS; AND OTHER POEMS. By Arthur Gray Butler. London: Henry Frowde.

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED. By Ronald Ross. London: Chapman & Hall.

ALL THE EARTH ROUND: A NAUTICAL POEM. By A Wanderer. London: Elliot Stock.

MOYARRA: AN AUSTRALIAN LEGEND. By Yittadairn. London: E. H. Petherick & Co.

VOICES FROM AUSTRALIA. By Philip Dale and Cyril Haviland. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

CANTILENOSE NUGÆ. By David William M. Burn. London: Eden, Remington & Co.

"REMEMBER that verse is a small though essential part of the distinction between prose and poetry." We suggest that some person in every house where a verse-writer lurks should have this advice of a distinguished poet and critic inscribed on every scrap of paper likely to come within the verse-writer's reach. Any spell against poetising deserves a trial. Probably, however, the disease is ineradicable. Such a warning might lead only to an abandonment of rhyme for blank verse, since the latter, being less distinct from prose than rhyme is, provides an easier form for the poetaster, who, in choosing it, flatters himself that he has preferred the true test of poetic merit, and will probably extract this paradox from the critic's warning —the best poetry is that which is most prosaic. That Miss May Sinclair has formulated such a paradox is not to be supposed. The title of her work, "Essays in Verse," indicates that she has not attempted poetry. Why she should have chosen a verse form for dissertation and argument she could not, perhaps, very well say. Others have made the same mistake, from "Nosce Te Ipsum" to "Festus," and the mistake will in all likelihood continue to be repeated while the English language lasts. The rhymed dramatic monologue "Margery" is, on the whole, more interesting than the blank-verse philosophical dialogue and the "Studies from the Life of Goethe."

The author of "The Professor" is not so modest as Miss Sinclair. He calls his ratiocinative blank-verse on "An Eight Hours Day," "Doubts and Duty," "Heredity," and similar subjects, poetry; but although there is a certain eloquence in some of his longer pieces, and some sensible remarks in his sonnets, and quick fancies flashing on nearly every page, we cannot quite detect the poetry in his volume.

It is somewhat remarkable that three writers should have issued in the same year dramas on subjects already treated by three great poets. We are glad to say that we have been able to read some of Mr. J. W. Aizlewood's *Warbeck*, a work inspired by a reading of Bacon's "History of King Henry the Seventh," and partly based on Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*, though mainly conceived before Mr. Aizlewood knew of that play's existence. Both parts of *Warbeck* are well constructed on conventional lines; and considerable dramatic insight is shown, more especially at the beginning. If only the verse were not so tame! It hardly reaches mediocrity except in the striking prologue.

Mr. Butler has taken great pains with his *Harold*, but it is difficult to read. Mechanical images, forced inversions, and reminiscences of earlier writers, not felt, only remembered, repel anyone in search of spontaneity. The poems at the end of the book are so admirable that it is evident Mr. Butler has made a mistake in attempting a play. Perhaps he was misled by his undoubted dramatic talent; it is often

forgotten that "to make the scene" and to make a person speak require two distinct gifts. His poems in dialect are only not so good as Tennyson's. A lyric, "Joy and Grief," is almost a masterpiece; it fails in attempting too much, Mr. Butler having forgotten his own words,

"The best is never sung,
The worst is never told."

The most interesting dramatic work that has appeared for some time is Mr. Ronald Ross's *The Deformed Transformed*. Its faults are numerous enough certainly, not the least being its inordinate length, but its merits are so unusual that with our limited space we shall refer to them alone. First of all, the play from beginning to end is full, if not of action, at least of bustle: there is always something going on. Secondly, there is great variety of character. Thirdly, the *dramatis personæ*, even to the most insignificant, are clearly defined, the author preferring, and rightly, caricature to nonentity. Fourthly, our pity and terror are moved and purged. So much for its dramatic qualities. It is equally remarkable as literature. There are glaring and crude faults of style; but every now and again we have verse of strength and melody. Instead of detached lines, we prefer to offer the reader an entire speech descriptive of a mad cardinal, who, in complete steel, dared the Evil Spirit all night among the mountains.

"The quality of his madness holds him fast.
As we descended where the incautious hand
Would freeze to the rock, so bitter chill it was,
He stood full panoplied in starry steel
That took our torches brightly, and his breath,
Vapouring with frost the grandeur of his crest,
Made him seem misted as some mountain-top,
To loom like Etna smoking o'er the world.
And as from our recession banks of night
Clouded him up, came still the clank of his arms
From that fell peak, and, too, his thundering voice,
Crying, 'Where art thou?' ever and anon
Unto the earless silence."

Like this speech, *The Deformed Transformed* is compact of faults and merits, both so great as to arouse our wonder and expectation.

Of the five thousand couplets in "Wanderer's" curious book we prefer to say nothing. In the course of his travels he leads us

"Round where the Frenchmen drive their various trades,
Of hogs and poultry, fish and new-laid eggs.
Abundance have of vegetation's crop,
And fruits unrivalled lie about and rot."

The reader is to understand that these are rhymed pentameters; and he may make what he can of the punctuation.

"Moyarra," the first of the three volumes of Australian verse that conclude our list, was written more than half a century ago, and is now printed that the writer may present copies to his friends. A copy having been sent to us, we must look upon ourselves as the author's friend, and maintain a becoming silence. Neither do Messrs. Dale and Haviland's sub-Tennysonian verses call for special remark. There are many pleasant reflective verses by both writers; but instead of "Voices from Australia" the book should rather be called "Echoes of England." The third Australian book, "Cantilenose Nugæ," is more notable. It is the "first gathered harvest" of the author's thought, and volume one of his poetical works. Volume two, "Eggs and Olives," is announced, for Mr. Brown means to go on writing until some day he produces "what men will have to listen to." In the meantime he tells us, as he told Robert Browning many years ago, "I am a poet, though I write but trash." It is a good piece of self-criticism. If Mr. Brown would stop his frantic endeavour to be Browning, and see if he couldn't be himself, he might do something deserving attention; but if he is irredeemably imitative, then let him study the works of Gordon and Kendall and be an Australian poet. What has he to do with Circe and Saul, and "Paulinus at the

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Northumbrian Court," with the world's newest continent and the freshest English race waiting about him to be sung?

FICTION.

1. **THE SINNER'S COMEDY.** By John Oliver Hobbes. One vol. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
2. **IN AND ABOUT BOHEMIA.** By C. J. Wills. One vol. London: Griffith, Farran & Co.
3. **A CAVALIER'S LADYE:** A Romance of the Isle of Wight in the Seventeenth Century. By Constance Macewen. One vol. London: Methuen & Co.

IF vignettes of character, terse and brilliant, charming and natural dialogue, the quaintest humour, with here and there a touch of sardonic pathos, and a wit of unusual keenness, are enough to give a book fascination, then "A Sinner's Comedy" is fascinating indeed. It has distinct quality; it could only have been written by the author of "Some Emotions and a Moral." But it is not a book which finally decides its author's literary position. It tells us, of course, that she is different from the average novelist in much the same way that the artist is different from the house-painter; but it still leaves us to the consideration of fine potentialities and curious defects. We think that the development of the former and the obliteration of the latter might make of "John Oliver Hobbes" a really fine novelist; but, with all its merits, "A Sinner's Comedy" does not leave us with that impression. It is, perhaps, very well to have the contempt for conventional construction in a story which this author displays so conspicuously; but we do not see that much is gained by incoherence, sketchiness, and a total lack of construction. Something, in fact, is lost, and that something is no less important than the reader's interest. Here and there, too, the terseness which the author loves to employ in delineating a character misses its mark; and there are figures in this book which are vague and indefinite. It far more often succeeds. The sketch of Sir Richard Kilcoursie is admirable. Here is a fragment of it. "His views on woman were, perhaps, more remarkable for their chivalry than their reverence; that she lost her youth was a blot on creation: that she could lose her virtue made life worth living. As his nature was sensuous rather than sensual, however, the refinement of his taste did for him what the fear of God has hardly done for few."

And to this quotation we would add one more which may give some idea of the excellence of the dialogue:—

"A man's way of living is so different from a woman's," sighed Anna.

"There ain't nothing," said Mrs. Grummage, "there ain't nothing that makes them so sulky and turns them against you so soon as saying anything like that. And that's a mistake girls always make. They begin the heavenly. It's not a bit of use being heavenly with men. Just you remember that. You must take 'em as they are, or leave 'em."

"I see," said Anna.

"There's many a young woman lost a man's love," observed Mrs. Grummage, "by coming the heavenly."

"She's better without it," said Anna, "much better."

Under the title of "In and About Bohemia," Dr. Wills has collected together forty-one short stories. They are for the most part of the kind that appears from time to time in the pages of the *St. James's Gazette*, where, indeed, many of them were first published. They are of a light and cheerful character, easy to read, popular, and on very familiar lines. Dr. Wills allows in his preface that two of these stories have been adapted from the French. We can believe it to be possible, for there is no very original idea in any of these stories. Practice has, however, enabled Dr. Wills to do fairly well with materials that have been used, and he has an eye for the humorous side of little human weaknesses. We do not know whether the last story, "Condemned to

Die," is taken from the French; but we could very well imagine that it was suggested by Mr. James Payn's "Carlyon's Year." The general impression that these stories leave is that Dr. Wills has considerable facility and some experience of life, and that he takes no particular pains to make his work artistic.

The new edition of "A Cavalier's Ladye" is a new edition of a rather strange book. The story varies between the childish and the melodramatic. The aphorism, in the manner of Martin Tupper, is among the author's ideals. The style is not quite the style which one finds in the average novel; we will support this statement by a quotation. We are not responsible for the punctuation of it, and we have not any exact conception as to the meaning of it, but we feel sure that it is not usual. It is only one sentence—one fell sentence.

"And now, when she knew she must relinquish this embodied thing called grief, and abandon all hope of discovering the wherefore of her husband's strange death, leaving all further investigation of the matter to some other, who, would at the most, carry it out with the mathematical calculations born of duty, she fought for the dominion of something not earthly, to let the mantle of her strong desire fall upon me, her child, and make the seeking out of the *raison d'être* of the tragedy what it had been to her—a way paved with the remoteness of a hope, which had the face of Death."

We understand from the preface that the incidents of the story are for the most part true. We meet with historic personages—amongst others, Milton. We mention Milton, because on one page he is represented as asking, "Is it possible?" and on another we are told that he had never said a word, and consequently we are a little in doubt about him.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION TREATED SCIENTIFICALLY.

BRITANNIC CONFEDERATION. A Series of Papers by Various Writers (Admiral Sir John Colomb, Professor E. A. Freeman, G. G. Chisholm, Professor Nicholson, Maurice Hervey, and the Right Hon. Lord Thring). Edited, with an introduction, by Arthur Silva White. Published by the authority of the Council of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. With Map and Diagrams. London: George Philip & Son.

THIS useful little volume is designed to clear the ground for a scheme of Imperial Federation, treating the question as a problem of applied geography, and allowing considerable latitude of expression to the various writers engaged. And it does clear the ground. Here is Admiral Colomb insisting that the Colonies shall take their share of the cost of the navy and the national debt; and Professor E. A. Freeman, in the vigorous language that, alas! we must no longer expect to hear demolishing constitutional unsoundness and political ineptitude, pointing out that Imperial Federation is a contradiction in terms, that it may be meant to include either the whole Empire or the English-speaking parts of it, and that if the omnipotence of Parliament is touched, and the Parliament of England is to keep its six hundredth anniversary by dropping to the level of the Grand Council of Zug, "I shall be driven to turn Jingo and sing Rule Britannia." With our enthusiasm for the Federation of the Empire somewhat sobered by this healthy dash of cold water, we turn to Mr. George G. Chisholm, and find his essay composed chiefly of intimations that it would be very unwise to alter the existing trade relations of the Colonies with foreign nations—of Canada with the United States, for instance. Next we have Professor Shield Nicholson attacking indirect taxation, arguing for Free Trade, and ending somewhat disconnectedly with the statement that the alternative is between separation and Federation. While Mr. Hervey follows in the same sense, Lord Thring winds up with a suggestion for a joint army and navy—subject to such conditions as we fear would seriously hamper us in case of war. Foreign relations would be still managed by the Crown and a system of interchange would be arranged between the English and Colonial Civil Services. The Agents-General are to reside in London as Ministers. (But how will democratic Colonies like this necessary extension of the power of the Crown?) In fact, the weeds this book clears away are the proposals of Mr. Howard Vincent and his friends of the United Empire Trade League. But when they are gone what becomes of the supporters of the plan? As a bit of applied geography this work is admirable, and it is also valuable as a bit of political theory. But we do not think it is likely to advance the cause which all the authors save one claim to have at heart.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

IT was an excellent idea to republish Hayward's prose translation of "Faust" along with the original text. Both Goethe and his translators are gainers; the difficulties of the original may now be promptly cleared up, and the merit of the latter readily appreciated by an easy comparison. A student who has made some progress in the language could not find better practice than to read steadily through both text and translation, referring constantly from one to the other; while the indispensable commentary is supplied by Hayward's notes, adequate now that they have been revised and supplemented by Dr. Buchheim, whose introductory sketch of the development of the Faust legend is also very profitable reading.

Our old English essays, Mr. Lang reminds us—the papers which made up the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*—were originally nothing but letters, and he adds, with truth, that such a vehicle permits a touch of personal taste, and perhaps of personal prejudice. Possibly this accounts for the fact that Mr. Lang has thrown his gay reflections and shrewd comments on men and books into a group of "Letters on Literature," which betray at almost every turn the likes and dislikes, the whims and the witticisms—in short, the individuality—of the writer. These vivacious epistles are addressed to imaginary correspondents scattered far and wide—typical products of the old world and the new. With characteristic lightness of touch and grace of style, Mr. Lang discourses on modern English poetry, on the genius of Fielding, the majesty of Virgil, and half a score of other congenial themes. He even condescends to write a letter of advice to a young American book-hunter, and the enthusiasm of a bibliophile sparkles through its counsels. In fact, throughout these letters on literature Mr. Lang discusses, to borrow a few words of his own, "literary topics with more freedom and personal bias than might be permitted in a graver kind of essay," and hence the charm of the book.

The avowed object of "The Manual of the Guild and School of Handicraft" is to serve as a finger-post to County Councils, technical institutions, and schools which are seeking to bring about the development of handicraft and manual training throughout the United Kingdom. One of the aphorisms found in these pages runs to the effect that all manual training must have direct creative application; and the whole book—it represents the experience of the pioneers of this new educational movement—may be described as, in a certain sense, a homily on that text. The principles of manual training are first of all clearly unfolded, and persuasively enforced, and then the practical aspects of the matter are dealt with in detail. Teachers will learn from this volume how to start a workshop, and they will also glean many useful hints on special branches of technical art. A new educational era is dawning in England, and manuals of this kind, the outcome of patient investigation and wise aggressiveness, are bound to hasten that brighter day.

"Leading Women of the Restoration" is a volume of biographical sketches written with painstaking care, but not marked by special insight or much literary discrimination. The perusal of Dean Plumptre's "Life and Letters of Thomas Ken" suggested the present compilation, and led Miss Johnstone to describe once more the characteristics and surroundings of Rachel Lady Russell, Lady Maynard, Mrs. Godolphin, and other women of rank and worth, whose pure and lofty lives were a silent rebuke to the licentious Court of Charles II. One of the most interesting of these pen-and-ink portraits is that of Lucy Hutchinson, the wife of the gallant Colonel who fought by Cromwell's side in the great struggle for liberty in the seventeenth century.

A little book which deals with a pressing question, and appeals moreover to a wide circle of readers, is "What to Do with our Boys and Girls." Parents and guardians, and indeed all who are concerned in the prospects of the coming race, will find many sensible hints, a multitude of useful facts, and a good

*THE FIRST PART OF GOETHE'S "FAUST"; together with the prose translation, notes, and appendices of the late Abraham Hayward, Q.C. Carefully revised, with introduction, by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D. London: George Bell and Sons.

LETTERS ON LITERATURE. By Andrew Lang. A New Edition. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Crown Svo. (2s. 6d.)

THE MANUAL OF THE GUILD AND SCHOOL OF HANDICRAFT. Edited by C. R. Ashbee, M.A. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. Demy Svo. (2s. 6d.)

LEADING WOMEN OF THE RESTORATION. By Grace Johnstone. Portraits. Londop: Digby & Long. Post Svo.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Sir George Baden-Powell, M.P., Miss Clementina Black, and other writers. Edited by John Watson, F.L.S., etc. London, New York and Melbourne: Ward, Lock & Co. Crown Svo.

LIFE IN MOTION: OR, MUSCLE AND NERVE. By John Grey McKendrick, M.D., F.R.S., etc. Diagrams. London and Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. Crown Svo.

THE DIETETIC VALUE OF BREAD. By John Goodfellow, Lecturer on Physiology and Hygiene at the Bow and Bromley Institute. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown Svo. (6s.)

THE CHURCH AND HER STORY. By G. H. F. Nye. Illustrated. London: Griffith, Farran & Co., Limited. Crown Svo. Paper wrapper. (1s. 6d.)

deal of sound advice in these fourteen essays. Sir George Baden-Powell speaks hopefully of the chances which await the youthful colonist in Canada, and Sir Herbert Maxwell has something hardly less encouraging to say about Mildura, and other fields of enterprise in Australia. Medicine as a profession for women is discussed by a well-known lady-doctor, and in the course of an interesting paper the Local Government Board are urged to appoint women as inspectors of workhouse children who are boarded out in families in the country, and of the girls' departments in asylum schools. The demand for fully qualified medical women exceeds at the present moment the supply, and in India especially there is an ever-increasing opening for the services of lady-doctors. Girls who are not quite so ambitious—or shall we say so intellectual?—may find a truly womanly occupation as hospital nurses; and in this direction also there is ample room. Mr. Yoxall, President of the National Union of Teachers—on the principle, we presume, that it is best for beginners at once to know the worst—sketches the scholastic profession from the seamy side. It appears that at the present time there are seventeen thousand eight hundred male teachers—fully certificated and possessed of all the formal qualifications—at work in the public elementary schools in England and Wales. "Their salaries range from £45 or £50 to £400, and the neophyte will have about equal chances of sinking to a sovereign a week or rising to £200 a year." The pecuniary prospects of assistant masters in the secondary schools of the realm—the grammar schools, boarding schools, academies, colleges, and the like, thickly scattered over the land—are hardly more encouraging, though of course there are a few prizes in the profession, but they chiefly and naturally fall, not to private schoolmasters, but to masters of the great public schools. The other papers in this book discuss journalism for women, mechanical engineering for lads, and the chances which await trained cooks as exponents of the culinary art. Keen as the competition is in almost every direction, as society grows more complex, and civilisation and colonisation extend, there is no need to take a gloomy view of the situation, for, as these pages show, there is work in one form or another for all who are willing to do it provided they have the good sense not to haggle too much at the outset over difficulties.

Professor McKendrick, of Glasgow, has just published, under the title of "Life in Motion," the course of six lectures which he delivered to a juvenile audience at the Royal Institution during the Christmas holidays, 1891-92. These addresses form an admirable introduction to the study of physiology, for they illustrate how "physiologists work in their laboratories, and how they reason about the problems they have to solve." The mechanism of the muscles is explained in clear and simple language, and the action of the nerves is rendered intelligible by interesting experiments. Occasionally Professor McKendrick seems to us to talk a little above the children's heads; but in the main he contrives to render even difficult problems plain, and intelligent lads with a taste for science will find the book altogether to their mind.

The object of Mr. Goodfellow's treatise on "The Dietetic Value of Bread" is to deal with the subject from the physiological point of view, and also to give students and others technical information concerning its component parts. The different processes of preparing and baking bread are scientifically described, and a variety of questions relating to the flavour, the amount and nature of mineral substances, adulteration, and digestibility are in turn discussed. The medicinal properties of bread are also dealt with in a clear and forcible way, and enough is said in this connection to show that it possesses special value in certain forms of disease.

We have received "The Church and Her Story," a bulky illustrated pamphlet—written from the point of view of the Church Defence Association—giving in rough outline the history, "ancient, mediaeval, and modern," of the Establishment. The scale of the book is faulty, and many of its statements are open to criticism, but it presents a fairly satisfactory, though rather one-sided, statement of the work of the Church from the earliest ages to the present time.

NOTICE.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE long-expected statement regarding the dissolution was made on Monday by MR. BALFOUR. It was as vague and unsatisfactory as most of the references which have previously been made to the subject by Ministers. Still its general purport was sufficiently clear. Parliament will be dissolved on some day between the end of next week and the middle of the week after. It is now rumoured that the day actually fixed is Tuesday, the 28th. If this statement be confirmed, it will mean that Ministers for their own purposes have deliberately chosen a date which makes it impossible that Saturday should be adopted as the polling-day in any of the boroughs. Having clung to office as long as they dared, they are now trying to limit as far as possible the constituency to which they make their appeal. Their course in this matter is at least consistent with their past history; but it cannot be doubted that failure will again attend their rather puerile attempt to "jockey" the public.

THE state of public business would have made it both easy and rational for the dissolution to take place on Friday next; and we still venture to hope that this will be the day chosen. If it should not be, we shall have further proof of the real terror with which Ministers contemplate the issue of the General Election. It is true that they and their pseudo-Liberal followers talk loudly in public as to the result of the struggle. But it is notorious that in private conversation their speculations are exclusively directed to the strength of MR. GLADSTONE's majority. Never did a Government enter upon a contest of this kind in so hopeless a spirit. No doubt the Conservatives have recovered heart to a certain extent, as compared with the absolute despair which possessed them at Easter. At that time they were prepared to "throw up the sponge," and retire almost without striking a blow in their own defence; and a grievous tactical blunder was committed in the high places of Liberalism in not forcing a dissolution at that moment. But though the ludicrous collapse of the Irish Local Government Bill, and the failure of MR. BALFOUR as Leader of the House, are no longer so prominent in the public mind as they were at Easter, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that there has been any real reaction in favour of the Government and its Irish policy; and without such a reaction the election can only result in the return of MR. GLADSTONE and his party to power.

LIBERAL candidates, if they are wise, will now concentrate their strength upon one topic. This election will not be fought upon any social question; no problem of foreign policy is raised by it; nor will it even touch upon LORD SALISBURY'S ridiculous suggestion of a possible return to Protection. The question which the electors have to decide is whether this House of Commons has or has not deserved well of the nation at large. This is the one point at issue in the General Election, and Liberal candidates ought to have no difficulty in proving that no Parliament of modern times has failed more conspicuously or deserves a severer public condemnation than that which has at last been compelled to submit itself to

the verdict of the country. It was elected to "settle the Irish Question," and for the first two years of its existence its complacent flatterers united in declaring that "Home Rule was dead," that MR. GLADSTONE'S "wild proposals" would never be heard of again, and so forth. Six years have now elapsed, and every elector in the United Kingdom knows that the Irish Question, so far from having been "settled" by this House of Commons, is more than ever the great unsolved problem which disturbs the repose and threatens the destiny of the nation. The present Parliament came in pledged to give the Irish people an absolute equality of treatment with the people of Great Britain. It has redeemed that pledge by placing Ireland under a perpetual Coercion Act so infamous in its character that even the hardihood of MR. BALFOUR has not enabled him to carry it out in its entirety. The "great remedial measure" to which this Parliament was pledged only saw the light of day in the present session, and was of such a character that it was received with derision alike by friends and foes.

BEARING these facts in mind, every Liberal candidate can maintain with absolute truth that this Parliament has failed ignominiously—failed to do the work it undertook to do; failed to redeem the pledges by which it cajoled the electors into supporting it six years ago; failed to carry out a great and consistent policy; and that on these grounds alone it deserves the condemnation of the nation. But the case against it becomes infinitely stronger when we remember some of the details of its proceedings. The name of PIGOTT is not one which any Englishman with a due regard for the national honour will care to recall unnecessarily. But the crimes and the fate of that infamous wretch must be recalled now, when those who willingly profited by his evil-doing and who never made reparation to his victim are standing at the bar to hear the verdict of the public upon their action. The conspiracy of PIGOTT and his accomplices is a foul blot upon the honour of Great Britain—a blot which will for ever stain the page on which it is inscribed. But if we cannot wholly free ourselves from the shame of this man's crimes, we have at least the opportunity, in this election, of marking our displeasure and disgust at the conduct of those for whom and with whom he worked for a common end. Every member of the majority in the present House of Commons has a certain degree of responsibility for PIGOTT'S offences, and no punishment can be too heavy for those who thus conspired to bring upon us a national dishonour. Nor is PIGOTT'S the only name which Liberal candidates should recall to the memory of the electors. Surely no one can have forgotten MR. BALFOUR'S patent system of "shadowing," which was denounced by one of his own followers as "damnable." MR. BALFOUR himself has joyfully quitted the Irish Office, having first of all abandoned his plan for settling the Irish Question. But the details of that plan, and the cynical audacity and brutality with which MR. BALFOUR for a time attempted to carry it into force, have not been forgotten, and ought now to be impressed afresh upon every elector. Most ingenious are the attempts which are now being made to prove that the House of Commons which dies in a few days has deserved well of the country by reason of its social legislation. Liberal candidates, though they know the flagrant impudence of these claims on

its behalf, might admit every one of them and still insist that it deserves condemnation by reason of its Irish policy alone.

MR. GLADSTONE'S interview with the advocates of an Eight Hours Bill was eminently satisfactory from the point of view of sound Liberalism and economics. MR. GLADSTONE pointed out the fact that there is no proof that the majority of working men are desirous of limiting the hours they are allowed to work, and declared that, even if this proof were forthcoming, he at least was committed to a work which was of paramount importance, and could not abandon it in favour of the labour question. This was only the declaration that might have been expected from him. The small party of working-men, and the still smaller party of social theorists, who have striven to push the labour question at the expense of the Irish policy of the Liberal party have failed absolutely in their attempt; and it now really rests with them to say whether they will for the future have the advantage of Liberal co-operation or face the consequences of Liberal opposition. If they are wise they will forthwith drop the policy of bullying, which has done them so much more of harm than of good, and adopt that of friendly co-operation and conciliation. We do not care to criticise too closely the manner in which some of the members of the deputation pressed MR. GLADSTONE on Thursday. It is sufficient to say that his treatment of the subject was as masterly as it was honest and courageous.

AMONG the speeches of this week, those of MR. MORLEY at Plymouth and Exeter "attacked the Government along the whole line," ridiculed Ulsterism, and contrasted the two programmes. The DUKE OF ARGYLL at Leeds on Wednesday dealt largely in personalities, and constructed a fancy picture of Ireland under a Home Rule Parliament, which (though elected chiefly by small proprietors and comfortable tradesmen or farmers!) he expects to be Communistic and Anarchical, but not to persecute Protestants, because Ulstermen will not stand it. We could wish for no more effective reply to the Irish Nonconformists' Manifesto. SIR HENRY JAMES, at Bury, expressed the fears of Ulster on more conventional lines. SIR LYON PLAYFAIR reminded Brighton Liberals of the abortive Sugar Bounties Bill. MR. LABOUCHERE at Liverpool pointed out that the Government had not yet achieved their death-bed repentance. There are signs, indeed, of it; the DUKE OF ARGYLL and MR. BALFOUR are personally ready to increase the powers of the London County Council, which is unkind to the London Tory members and the party. And every Tory member is willing to make vague references to future social reforms, as MR. BALFOUR did at St. James's Hall, and SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH at Bedford.

FOR once an American Presidential Convention has disappointed those expectations of the unexpected which the past history of such bodies naturally excites. Indeed, the only surprise in the proceedings is the rapidity and decisiveness with which MR. JAMES G. BLAINE was eliminated. It is impossible not to sympathise with him; it is equally impossible to regret him. His election to the Presidency would have meant not only the triumph of the professional politician, but friction with other nations at every opportunity, and with England most of all. In spite of the boasts of HILL's supporters at the impending Democratic Convention, we cannot believe that that body will be so insane as to alienate the Independents and the commercial men of the East, whose votes they would certainly have had were MR. BLAINE the Republican candidate, and can still secure owing to the Republican financial platform.

Only one thing could shake these votes—the nomination of EX-GOVERNOR HILL for the Presidency. We do not want to depress MR. BLAINE to the same political level as MR. HILL; but there will be every reason to congratulate America if the present contest should be marked by the rejection of two professional politicians by the Conventions of their own parties.

DURING the week there has been very little doing upon the Stock Exchange. The fortnightly settlement began on Monday and ended on Wednesday evening. Though it was a small account, it yet occupied the attention of brokers and dealers, and somewhat interfered with business. The Ascot Races took away large numbers of operators, and, above all, the near approach of the Dissolution is discouraging speculators. The general impression in the City is that business will be exceedingly slack for a month or six weeks. On the other hand, the extreme abundance and cheapness of money are leading to a large investment, and several circumstances are increasing business abroad. In France, for example, it is said that the Government is about to attempt the voluntary conversion of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. The rumour has already had a considerable influence upon the market. Prices of all kinds have risen. The 3 per cent. Rentes, for example, have touched $100\frac{1}{2}$ this week—the highest quotation ever yet recorded. Just before the Franco-German war, when the Empire seemed to have received a new lease of life, the quotation was only 75. In the United States also the weather has greatly improved, and it is now hoped that the crops will be nearly as good as those of last year, which were so exceptionally good. Stock Exchange business in consequence has increased, and prices generally have risen. The nomination of PRESIDENT HARRISON has been very well received, and the expectation now is that whether the Republicans or the Democrats win, there will at least be a good President. At Buenos Ayres the premium on gold fell upon Thursday to 209 per cent., a fall within the week of as much as 10 per cent. The premium is still very high, but it is to be recollect that it has been as high as 365 per cent., so that there has been a fall already of 156 per cent. That means a large increase in the value of the paper dollar, and consequently indicates a marked improvement in the economic condition of the country. The prices of all Argentine securities consequently are advancing. According to a balance-sheet for March 31st last issued by the New Oriental Bank there is an estimated surplus of nearly £867,000, but whether the estimated value of the assets will be realised is very questionable. Besides, a very great change must have taken place since March 31st.

THE supply of loanable capital at all the great banking centres of the world continues to be greatly in excess of the demand. Here at home, for example, bankers find it difficult to lend for short periods at even $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the discount rate is barely $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. In spite of money being so difficult of profitable employment here and on the Continent, gold is being exported from New York to Europe, and it is also coming from South Africa, Australasia, and India. Evidently this state of things will continue for some time longer. Already it is leading to a large investment in first-rate securities at home and abroad; but as yet there is very little speculation anywhere, and there is even less of new enterprise. Mere investment in existing securities will not lessen the supply; it simply transfers the money from one set of persons to another set of persons in the same community. It is only when fresh enterprise springs up and becomes large that the excessive supply will disappear. That will come by-and-by. The price of silver is 41d. per oz.—a little lower than a week ago, and a little higher than at the beginning of this week.

THE DISSOLUTION.

THOUGH Mr. Balfour failed to state the exact day on which Parliament was to be dissolved, his announcement on Monday practically leaves us in no doubt as to the fact that the Dissolution will take place in the last week of the present month. Some of us have good reason to congratulate ourselves on this result. It is not so long since the supporters of the Government were still boasting of the city of refuge which was afforded them by the Septennial Act, and were jeering at those Liberals who maintained that constitutional usage made a dissolution during the present summer imperative. More than two months ago we pointed to the last week of June as that which ought to witness, and probably would witness, the close of the life of the existing Parliament, and the justification of our forecast is not ungratifying. It is true that we are still left in doubt as to the precise day on which Parliament will be dissolved; and, unfortunately, there is some reason to fear that in maintaining an attitude of uncertainty on this question Ministers are actuated by motives of a rather ignoble kind. As Mr. Fowler has pointed out, should the Dissolution take place at the beginning of the week after next it will be practically impossible to have the polling in the boroughs on Saturday, the day when the largest number of working-class electors will be able to record their votes in the ballot-boxes. We do not like to attribute to Ministers a deliberate intention to disfranchise a considerable portion of their fellow-countrymen, and we trust that when Mr. Balfour and his colleagues have fully realised the consequences of a further delay in the Dissolution they will act with courage and honour, and take steps which will enable them to secure the verdict of the largest possible proportion of the electors. As to the character of that verdict, we have little to add to what has been said on many occasions in these pages. He is no wise man who indulges in needless political prophecies, and we agree with the *Spectator* in the belief that no one can at present forecast with absolute certainty the result of the appeal to the country. But we do not hesitate to record our conviction that, whatever may be the numerical strength of the two parties in the new House of Commons, the preponderance will be with the Liberals. Certainly if the bye-elections—not of the last month or two, but of the last four years—prove anything at all, they prove conclusively that the country has repented of the verdict which it gave in 1886, and that it will reverse that decision on the present occasion. The *Spectator*, indeed, assumes that a new force has come into play in the field of politics in the person of Mr. Balfour; and it labours under the impression that Mr. Balfour's personality is so overpowering and magnetic that it alone will suffice to sway votes throughout the constituencies, and to change defeat into victory. We may leave it to cherish this amiable delusion, though we find it hard to understand how it could survive any real acquaintance with the constituencies as they now are.

Whatever the result may be, one thing at least is certain: the election which is now at last to take place will be the most important in which the people of the United Kingdom have taken part for at least the lifetime of a generation. Never was a greater issue submitted to them and never was that issue placed more clearly before them. The ingenious attempts which are being made by the Ministerial orators to confuse the real issue and to divert the attention of the voters from the one paramount question which they are called upon to solve can only bring into clearer light the magnitude and

importance of the decision which the country is about to make. The present House of Commons stands condemned by its faults, its failures, and we do not hesitate to say its crimes. No Parliament of this country has a blacker record than the Parliament whose chief achievement—the passing of a perpetual Coercion Act for Ireland—is irrevocably bound up with the attempt, by means of a huge criminal conspiracy, to drive the late Mr. Parnell from public life with a character for ever blasted. Every member of the Tory majority who faces his constituents in the coming election does so under the shadow of the grievous wrong which he had a part in inflicting upon the member for Cork. We have already spoken of the manner in which the House of Commons, convicted of inflicting the cruellest injury upon an innocent man, refused to admit its guilt or to make any reparation to its victim. We trust that the electors of the United Kingdom in the coming contest will forestall the inevitable verdict of history, and will pronounce an ample and a final condemnation upon those who supported a policy of cruelty and violence by the vilest weapons ever employed by a political organisation. The shade of Mr. Parnell and the shade of Pigott ought to be present upon every Tory platform during the meetings of the next month, and we cannot understand how honest men, remembering the cruel story of evil-doing, of slander, and of oppression which is associated with the crowning achievement of the House now happily about to die, can hesitate as to their verdict. It is ridiculous to suppose that those who understand the issue now before the country will allow themselves to be misled by the clever sophistries of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, or by the impudent attempts which are being made to build up a factitious reputation for the Coercionist House of Commons by a reference to the emasculated Bills which Tory Ministers have introduced under Liberal designations for the mere purpose of catching votes. Once again, as in 1886, we are asked to decide whether we shall give justice to Ireland or refuse it, whether we shall adopt the policy of conciliation or persevere in the thorny and hopeless path of Coercion. Beside this great issue all others sink into insignificance, and we should think badly of our fellow-countrymen if we believed that they failed to realise this fact.

"If Home Rule is defeated on this occasion no more will be heard of it." This is the blatant statement which certain politicians, more eager for the applause of the moment than for the justification of history, have not been ashamed to put forth in order to delude the electors of to-day. No statement could possibly be further from the truth. If Home Rule were to be defeated now, if the message of hope which for the past six years Mr. Gladstone and his followers have been daily and hourly instilling into the ears of the people of Ireland, were to be converted into a message of despair, Home Rule indeed might perish, but something infinitely more formidable, a thousand times more dangerous to the reputation and the peace of the United Kingdom, would take its place. Those who are now congratulating themselves upon the "good order" and "security of life and liberty" which prevail at present in Ireland—and which with a strange fatuity they attribute to Mr. Balfour's machinery of removable magistrates, police persecutions, universal espionage, and flagrant injustice even in the so-called courts of justice—would do well to think of the other side of the picture, which we know from the past will most certainly be presented to them if they should have their will in the coming struggle. Ireland is as far from being satisfied with its present system of government as it ever was, and

if it should learn that the people of England, abandoning their great leader, have determined to persevere in the policy of oppression and injustice, it will know how to make life unendurable for those who thus proclaim themselves its enemies, not only in the House of Commons, where fourscore irreconcilable antagonists will face every English Ministry, and make government by party impossible, but in the oppressed land itself, where, throughout three of its provinces, almost every man, woman, and child will be the implacable foe of the Government and its agents. It shows us to what depths the opponents of Home Rule are driven when we find them resorting to an argument that only needs to be stated in order to be confuted.

We have said that beside the issue of Ireland all others now at stake sink into insignificance. The truth of the statement is proved by the fact at which we have just hinted—that the failure of Home Rule would mean the blocking, by the demands of the Irish representatives, of the work of the House of Commons for years to come. But the Liberal party will certainly not allow its devotion to Home Rule—in other words, to the cause of peace and conciliation throughout the United Kingdom—to blind it to the importance of the many questions of English and Scottish interest which urgently demand the attention of the Legislature. The Liberal programme is already in the hands of the electors, and the chief fault which Ministerialists seem to have to find with it is its fulness and comprehensiveness. We are promising everything, says Mr. Chamberlain, because it is easy for spendthrifts to offer that which they do not possess. He forgets that it rests with the electors of the United Kingdom, and not with himself and his little band of discredited politicians, to decide whether in the next Parliament the mandate of the nation shall be placed in the hands of Mr. Gladstone and his followers. We can have little doubt as to the course which the electors will take when we study the rival programme of Mr. Balfour. That programme apparently consists of the crumbs which have fallen from the Liberal table. Yet even its poverty fails to disguise the fact that it consists of stolen goods.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON THE STUMP.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, it is evident, is taking himself very seriously in his new position as leader of the Liberal Unionist party. He has already made more than one speech of importance, and he manifestly believes that in the struggle in which the contending forces are at last able to meet face to face a leading position has fallen to himself. That he has the ability which is needed to give a man a place of commanding influence in the councils of his fellows we are not for a moment disposed to deny. But it is too much to expect that anyone who remembers what he is and what his past has been can take him quite so seriously as he apparently wishes us to do. We cannot forget that the present is not the first occasion on which he has essayed to play the leading part in a General Election. The memories of 1885 seem to have faded from his own mind. But he need not expect that they are forgotten by the public. In that year it was as the apostle of a pseudo-socialism and of the doctrine of Ransom that he strove to elbow his leader out of the field, and to stone from it those men who seemed to stand between him and the attainment of his ambition. At that time, with just the same fulness of vocabulary and pointedness of rhetoric as he now displays, Mr. Chamberlain tried to make the electors of the United Kingdom believe that Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen were prophets whom it

would be a sin to follow, and that Mr. Gladstone was a used-up politician, of whom no sensible man need take further account. It is needless to dwell upon a story which everybody except Mr. Chamberlain himself remembers so well. But it is amusing to observe that in his colossal egotism he deludes himself with the belief that the farrago of nonsensical crotchetts which he then produced in the shape of the unauthorised programme has since been adopted and carried into law. We can assure Mr. Chamberlain that if he will only take the trouble to refer to the terms of that programme he will see that the statement which he made last week to this effect is not only untrue but as far as possible from being the truth. Some measures of reform which he then advocated, in common with a great many other persons, have, it is true, since found their way in a more or less mutilated shape into the Statute Book, but the great doctrine of Ransom which was the cardinal point of the unauthorised programme still remains unrecognised by the law, and is likely so to remain long after Mr. Chamberlain himself has been forgotten. This characteristic display of vanity on the part of the Prophet of Birmingham deserves, however, to be remembered by those of his friends who wonder why his opponents cannot bring themselves to treat him seriously in the present contest.

It is upon the horrors of Home Rule that the leader of the Dissident Liberals now dilates. We could understand his language coming from any other man but himself, but when we recall the fact that Mr. Chamberlain once boasted of being a Home Ruler, and tried even to prove that he was a better Home Ruler than Mr. Gladstone, we must be forgiven if we refuse to be moved by his appeals to our fears. He who now talks blatant nonsense about the possible tyranny of the Irish Catholics over Protestant Ulster (which he believes constitutes one-third of Ireland) was but a few years ago no less eloquent over the iniquities of a system of government that he was only able to compare with the oppression of Poland by Russia. It would be ridiculous to waste words upon his highly-coloured description of a Home Rule Parliament. It is to be, according to his statements, a body whose chief right will be that of robbing and oppressing the people by whom it is elected. Bogies of this description may tickle the ears of a few people at Birmingham, but they are not likely to meet with acceptance anywhere else. Something, however, ought certainly to be said about the audacity—we might even say the indecency—of his attempt to conjure by an appeal to the names of Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster. The full history of the proceedings in the Liberal Cabinet in which Mr. Chamberlain was the colleague of those distinguished men has not yet been written, but as we have ventured more than once to point out in these pages, when it is revealed to the public it will cast a somewhat startling light upon the character of the man who is now not ashamed to pose before the public as though he had been the loyal friend and faithful follower of the two English statesmen whose names he took in vain last week. History will then show that if Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster left the Cabinet of 1880, there was one man who had a more conspicuous part in bringing about their retirement than any other, and men when they read that page in the record of their nation will wonder that this should be the man who for mere electioneering purposes had the effrontery to appeal to their names and to pretend sympathy with their opinions. Especially is this the case with regard to Mr. Forster, who had an Irish Policy of his own, an honest and well-intentioned policy, which might perhaps have succeeded if it had not been thwarted by undercurrents of intrigue and disaffection within

the Cabinet of which he was a member. It is the man who was a Home Ruler in that Cabinet, and who by hint and sneer and malicious innuendo did his utmost to weaken the hands of the statesman upon whom the burden of governing Ireland had been reposed by his colleagues, who now comes forward as the champion of Protestantism in Ulster, of Unionism in England, and of the anti-Irish policy everywhere. Mr. Chamberlain need not suppose that his fellow-countrymen have forgotten these facts, though he is himself so anxious to bury them out of sight. By his own confession a Home Ruler, and by common knowledge the associate of Mr. Parnell in the days when Mr. Parnell was the most dangerous antagonist of the Government of which he was himself a member, the bitter and unscrupulous opponent of Mr. Forster to the very hour of that statesman's death, Mr. Chamberlain is now seeking to abjure his past and to trample upon every principle he ever professed in order to gratify—what? His personal ambition? No, it is no such noble motive that prompts him to the line he is now taking. It is the gratification of his own personal animosities, of his bitter hatreds, of his wounded vanity, that leads him into the proclamation of opinions which, whatever they may be, are at least not those that any real Liberal of the past has ever ventured publicly to uphold.

WHAT SCOTLAND WILL DO IN JULY.

IT is almost superfluous to say that the Liberals of Scotland are ready and eager for the great electoral fray for which Her Majesty's Government has at last, most dilatorily and reluctantly, given the signal. It is not, indeed, too much to affirm that in most of the constituencies this state of preparedness has existed for two or three years past. Scottish Liberalism sustained some severe disasters, of course, in the cataclysm of 1886; but its misfortunes were by no means so great as those which befell the Home Rule Liberals south of the Border, and its recovery from defeat was perhaps even more rapid. The truth is that the ideas and principles of genuine Radicalism are more deeply ingrained among the mass of both the urban and the rural electors in Scotland than in England. The Scotch are no more in the habit of making up their minds in a hurry than their southern neighbours; and when Mr. Gladstone's great scheme for extending justice and conciliation to Ireland was first presented to them in 1886, there was in the Liberal ranks a good deal of hesitation, uncertainty, and, ultimately, of abstention from the polls. These conditions were intensified by the fact that a great many Liberals who had been generally recognised as local leaders of the party went over to the dissentient camp, and that three out of the four great daily papers—two of which, the *Scotsman* and the *Aberdeen Free Press*, had been especially enthusiastic in their Liberalism—took the same course. The immediate result was that, while Toryism made but very scanty gains at the 1886 election, Scotland sent up quite a formidable contingent of so-called Liberal Unionists to the House of Commons. But the sturdy Radicalism of the country soon began to recover itself, and very quickly detected the true character of a dissentient Liberalism which only dissents from Liberal measures and ideas, and never from the most retrograde proposals of a Tory Government. The legislative and administrative doings of the Ministry have helped to revive the energy and restore the unity of the party. Scottish Liberals are perfectly conscious that every bit of legislation that has been granted to Scotland during the past six years—and

it is but a scanty allowance in all—has been tainted by a distrust of popular control and a tender regard for inequitable vested interests and privileges, and they especially desire that their own local questions—those, for example, of Church Disestablishment and Highland Land Tenure—should be dealt with by statesmen in whom they can have confidence, and not by a clique of Tory office-mongers, kept in power by the votes of renegade Liberals.

The work that has to be done to restore the party representation to the status of 1885 may be briefly described. After the General Election of 1885, the Liberals held sixty-two and the Conservatives ten of the seventy-two Scottish seats. In the following year the Liberal representatives were reduced to forty-three; but, while the Tories were only able to add two to their number, no fewer than seventeen dissentient Liberals were returned. This number has since been reduced to fourteen, the Ayr Burghs seat having been first captured by a Liberal and afterwards by a Tory; while the members for St. Rollox (Glasgow) and West Edinburgh have withdrawn from the Dissentients and returned to the Liberal ranks. Leaving out of account the University seats, which are in the secure possession of the party, only two vacancies have occurred in the Tory representation. Sir William Pearce, who sat for Govan, has been replaced by a Liberal, and Mr. Robertson, who retired from Buteshire on his elevation to the Lord Presidency of the Court of Session, was, thanks to the overwhelming Hamilton influence, succeeded by another Conservative. Several vacancies, through death and other causes, have occurred among the Liberal members; but in every instance, save that of the Ayr Burghs already mentioned, they have been able to hold their own—in most cases by largely increased majorities. For the forthcoming General Election the Scottish constituencies are already provided with seventy-eight Liberal candidates, or six more than the total number of members that can be returned. Since it is tolerably certain that the Tories will be allowed a walk-over in the two University seats and in Buteshire, where no Liberal has yet been nominated, these figures indicate a regrettable surplusage of Liberal candidates in some constituencies; and, in point of fact, the party vote is to be divided, professedly in the "Labour" interest, in Central Edinburgh, in the Camlachie, College, and Tradeston divisions of Glasgow, and in Stirlingshire, while there are one or two other superfluous candidatures. Except, perhaps, in Camlachie and Tradeston, there is fortunately little danger that these divisions, even if they continue up to the polling-day, will result in the loss of the seats to the Liberals, and it may fairly be hoped that after Mr. Gladstone's approaching visit to Mid-Lothian all difficulties on this score will be got rid of. Out of the forty-six seats at present held by the Liberals, seven bid fair to be left in their possession without contest; and there are at least twenty-seven others, counting only one of the Edinburgh and three of the Glasgow divisions, where, though a fight is threatened, a Liberal victory is absolutely certain, and may be treated as a foregone conclusion. In most of the remaining twelve the issue can scarcely be said to be more doubtful. In Central Edinburgh the "Unionists" have been working desperately to create division among the Liberals; in the southern division of the city they have had a candidate assiduously nursing the constituency for three years past; and in the western division, the aristocratic quarter, they have strained every nerve to procure qualifications and manufacture lodger-franchises. They have had, also, the unscrupulous championship of the *Scotsman*, but as the antagonism of that journal is nowadays regarded as a favourable omen

by all Scottish Liberals, its influence on the polling day is not likely to count for much. On the whole, it may be anticipated that Edinburgh will next month, as it has done for the past four years, preserve its Liberal representation intact; and the party will also, we firmly believe, keep what it has got in Glasgow, in Lanarkshire, Berwickshire, and its other seats which are being attacked with some show of earnestness.

But, of course, that is not enough. The Liberals must not only retain the seats they hold now: they must capture as many as possible of those at present in the possession of the Tories and Dissentients. On this side the prospect is exceedingly hopeful. Of the present Dissident members one, the representative of South Ayrshire, gained his seat by a majority of five on a total poll of over twelve thousand votes. In Falkirk Burghs the majority was only twenty, and in Peebles and Selkirkshires it was fifty. The Liberals in these constituencies have ever since been active; they are thoroughly organised, they have excellent candidates, and reckon without hesitation on the reversal of the verdict of '86. In North Ayrshire the Dissident candidate was allowed a walk over six years ago; next month he, or rather his successor, will assuredly be beaten. Every other Dissident seat is being assailed, and from several of them—such as Forfarshire, Partick, the Inverness Burghs, West Perthshire, and Roxburghshire—the latest reports are of the most satisfactory kind. The Dissident Liberal contingent from Scotland to Westminster now numbers fourteen; the prediction may be hazarded with a good deal of confidence that it will be reduced to less than half that number. Of the twelve Tory seats, three, as already mentioned, are absolutely secure; and though the Liberal candidate is making a gallant fight, there is not much likelihood that Sir Herbert Maxwell will be ousted from the representation of Wigtownshire. But Colonel Malcolm, with all his personal popularity, is anything but secure in Argyleshire. Dumbarton, kept in 1886 by only 32 votes, and South Lanarkshire, captured by 18, are both virtually lost to the Conservatives; their chance in Kirkcudbrightshire is almost equally bad; while in Central Glasgow and the two divisions of Renfrew, though more formidable majorities have to be overcome, the local Liberals are sanguine of their ability to accomplish the feat. Notwithstanding the continual vauntedings of its journalistic organs, the great "Unionist" bubble has been effectually pricked so far as Scotland is concerned. It will receive another deep puncture a few days hence, when the "old man eloquent" once again confronts his Midlothian constituents; and the response of Scottish Liberalism to his summons will leave the other two parties certainly with less than half, possibly with no more than a third, of their present share in the Parliamentary representation of the kingdom.

ROUND ELECTORAL LONDON.

I.—THE SOUTH.

THE electoral fate of London depends on the extent to which the metropolis has thus far been affected by a tendency of the greatest social interest and importance, that is, the steady outward trend of the "classes," and the concentration of the growing industrial element in the inner and even the outer rings of suburb. The people who owe their wealth to London are steadily leaving it. Southwards they have edged out from Brixton and Clapham to Tooting and Streatham and Wimbledon, and farther still, out of reach of the smoke and roar of the great central furnace

of men. And with them the workers are moving too; only they have not gone so far. They have taken up whole streets of houses in Battersea or Clapham which were once letting to single tenants at £90 or £100 a year, and are now split up into flats and tenements. The result is that the innermost circle of London residential life—and a very inferno it is—is thinning fast. The constituencies south of the Thames show in many cases a declining population and electoral register. Their working-class element is of course large and preponderating, and it is also the poorest to be found in the city of the poor. Costers, market traders, casual workers, the most depressed, the least ambitious of their class—the men who cannot afford even a cheap daily rail fare and are content to stew away in the old grimy town lodging—these have been left behind in the stream of emigration which every observer of London life can note for himself. One day the process will reach its full development, and we shall wake up to discover that electoral London is in the hands of the workers, and that the Tory stronghold of 1886 has become the headquarters of a fiery and impatient Radicalism that may cast even Parisian politics into the shade.

This is one reason why London, the most uncertain political quantity in the United Kingdom, may fairly be reckoned next month among the allies of the Democratic cause. The County Council election is perhaps a not entirely trustworthy guide. A good many Tory voters, with the evidence of the Council's exemplary work for London, could not convince themselves on the mere word of the Duke of Westminster and Sir Henry James that it was a kind of mixture of Tammany Hall and a Shakers' Convention. There were abstentions on the Moderate side, but on the whole the moral of the election was that of the whole London situation. The capital is being steadily democratised. The City no longer leads it—no longer holds it with the spell that wealth and old civic prestige are bound to exercise on a vast and unorganised centre of urban life. The Council sets the note of democratic aspiration, the revival of trade unionism has enormously increased the worker's interest in politics, a certain pride of patriotism is springing up in the least patriotic of English cities, and once more we are in the stir and hum of a great London political movement. Just as social opportunities are enlarging, so is the demand for new sources of pleasure and activity. Of this tendency of things the Liberal members and candidates have taken large advantage, and in South London perhaps more than in any other district they are likely to reap the fruits. The extension of working-class leisure, the payment of trade-union wages, and the development of the powers of the Council, have been seized on as the natural corollary of the sweeping victory last March, and every London candidate has taken care to drive home the incontestable point that it will be largely nugatory in face of a hostile and Toryified Parliament. The votes and character of the London Tory members enormously help this argument. With the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Kelly, every one of them has taken the anti-popular line which was wiped out at the Council elections. They are not an intellectual body of men, and their appeal is almost entirely either to the snobocracy, or to the poorest and shiest class of workers, to whose ill-organised charities they subscribe.

Happily these two elements are not the turning factors in the bulk of the South London constituencies. The more prosperous and more hopeful workmen, and the small shopkeepers, hold the balance in districts where the Tory supremacy used to be unquestioned, and they for the most part are Radical. The shopkeepers in particular have been

won by the fiscal side of the London programme, and their return to an old political allegiance is largely assured. The result will probably be a surprising one. Battersea, of course, is a certain triumph for Mr. Burns, whose majority last March was over 3,000, and who should not fall much behind those figures in the next fortnight. His influence in South London is great, and as he is satisfied with the labour programmes of neighbouring candidates like Mr. McKenna in Clapham and Mr. Beaufoy in Kennington, these gentlemen may reckon on his powerful support. Mr. McKenna's chances in particular are excellent, for he has made a winning and very hard-working candidate. In Brixton Mr. Stapley has a hard fight, which he may just win; and even in villa Wandsworth—including as it does two great middle-class suburbs—an effective show of Liberal strength will probably be made. Further East and North, Captain Norton's energetic and able crusade in West Newington will almost certainly be crowned with success, and London Radicalism will probably be enforced in crowded Walworth by the sturdy figure of Mr. William Saunders. Mr. Causton's seat is safe beyond the hopes of his opponents, and Mr. Kelly's erratic representation of North Camberwell will almost certainly be brought to an end. Two splits of some seriousness—one in Peckham, the other in Rotherhithe—threaten what might otherwise be an unbroken range of successes. In Rotherhithe, though some local differences exist in the Liberal party, there is no reason to suppose that they will affect the result of the coming contest. Greenwich may very well be captured by Mr. Whiteley; and if Mr. Benjamin Jones's ability and energy wrest Woolwich from the iron grip of Colonel Hughes, a great feat in Liberal electioneering will have been accomplished. Deptford would certainly have returned Mr. Sidney Webb had he accepted the tenders of the constituency he represents in the Council, and it may always be won by a candidate who unites the industrial and middle-class elements. North Lambeth is another probable capture, and Mr. Thorold Rogers' (and George Odger's) old constituency, Bermondsey, is almost sure to return to its elder love, and replace Mr. Lafone by Mr. Barrow. In fact, the old boroughs of Southwark and Lambeth may, in the main, be reckoned to return to their allegiance. In outer boroughs, like Norwood, Dulwich, and Hammersmith, the Tory position is strong, and may not be successfully assailed. But the shifting element among London voters gives a measure of chance to the always uncertain and often incommensurable verdict of the ballot.

On the Home Rule question there are no divisions and no hint of trouble. The Parnellite split has not affected the vote of the London Irish, which is solidly Liberal. In no case will even a Parnellite diversion be effected in favour of the Tories. The question is not elaborately argued—it is assumed. The argumentative battle rages chiefly round the unsettled problems of urban life, the noise of which is awaking London from her long slumber.

UGANDA.

EAST Africa has recently been parcelled out into territories, spheres of influence, and what not. It is an easy matter to draw lines upon a rudimentary map, and to settle by a stroke of the pen the allegiance of large populations, of whose distribution, characteristics, inclinations, and fighting powers little or nothing is known. Thus the process was carried out amid much self-congratulation, and it may have been believed that an era of peace and

prosperity to the dark people promiscuously handed over to England, France, Germany, or Italy would necessarily commence. In any case, disputes and mutual recriminations between the Powers thus aggrandised were regarded as happily ended.

The first fruits of this light-hearted partition have, however, quickly shown themselves, and it is too soon to predict what may follow. That fighting of some kind has occurred in Uganda, and that the parties to the quarrel have, curiously enough, divided on religious lines, appears to be probable. Reports received through the German sphere of influence have sufficed to produce a somewhat violent outcry against this country in the French press, to which Germany added an immediate echo. The latest rumours, brought by Egyptian refugees to Cairo, are not in accord with the accounts forwarded by the Catholic missionaries. Meanwhile, the British East Africa Company, the conduct of whose officials has been impugned, appears to have no information. To attempt to form any idea of the real merits of the case would be obviously premature. We shall not, at the bidding of France, judge our countrymen unheard; but there are other aspects of the Uganda question which may fairly be discussed.

The "province" of Uganda is a vague region lying on the north-west corner of the Victoria Nyanza. To reach it there are at present only two practicable routes—that of the Nile, and that from the coast near Zanzibar, passing round the southern shores of the great lake. The first and best has been ignored of late. It is bound up with the question of the Soudan, which, having been shamefully mismanaged, is now thoroughly misunderstood. The second was handed over to Germany by Lord Salisbury. While, therefore, we are left with a nominal sovereignty over about half of the shore line of the Victoria Nyanza, we have no access to its waters. We have blocked the front door by gross impolicy; we have given over the back door to another Power. Under these circumstances, it has occurred to the East Africa Company to attempt to climb in through the roof. Thus it happens that at a time when news—true or false—reaches Europe freely by the German route, the Company's officials in London appear to be wholly unable to maintain any communication with their agents. The motive which prompted the rush to Uganda is not clear. The district had a reputation for tranquillity, which served to draw missionary enterprise towards it; but whether it offers any special commercial or other advantages can hardly be stated as yet. It is now announced that the expedition is to be withdrawn to some point between the Victoria Lake and the sea, and the directors—in spite of their lack of all information—appear to have already decided that a wrong policy was adopted. Most people will be disposed to agree with them.

In the general scramble, the East Africa Company secured an indifferent inheritance. Ordinary prudence dictated a gradual advance from Mombasa into the interior, and a step-by-step development of the country, following the process adopted by General Gordon when Governor of the Equatorial Provinces. Badly advised, or possibly dazzled by the prospect of subsidies, the Company embarked upon an enterprise wrong in principle and quite beyond its powers. Lord Salisbury has intimated that he is prepared with a remedy for the difficulties into which the East Africa Company has recklessly plunged. He has already provided the directors with a "grant in aid" of £20,000, made before the money had been voted by the House of Commons. With a backing

so influential, it is not surprising that the Company should have shown a lack of business caution. The time has surely come to define clearly its true position. It appeals to the public indifferently on religious, philanthropic, and commercial grounds; it is also a State-aided concern. If the construction of a railway through the difficult country between Mombasa and the Victoria Nyanza is an object of Imperial interest, let this be so stated, and let the territory of the Company be administered by Her Majesty's Government. If this railway is not a matter of national concern, then let the Company remain satisfied with its charter and work out its own salvation as other similar bodies are compelled to do. It is at least certain that the East Africa Company is not, and is never likely to be, in a position to undertake the construction of the railway, the survey for which is being carried on at the national expense. Although a party vote in the House of Commons served to condone a job which might well have wrecked a British Government, it is obviously useless to carry out a survey unless there is a reasonable prospect of constructing a railway. Has the East Africa Company any reason to anticipate a further grant in aid? Some day, perhaps, an explanation of the highly exceptional favour shown to this interesting body will be forthcoming.

THE REPUBLICAN FINANCIAL POLICY.

THE platform adopted by the Republican Convention last week makes the great issues to be presented to the voters at the coming Presidential election Protection and Bimetallism. It seems hardly a wise policy, for it will be recollect that the McKinley Tariff Act was passed in the summer of 1890, and that at the Congressional elections in November the Republicans were utterly defeated, owing, as everybody admitted at the time, to the unpopularity of the new tariff. Of course a great change of opinion may since have taken place, but it is difficult to see what can have brought it about. Certainly not the fulfilment of the promises made by the McKinleyites. Trade is depressed in the United States just as in Europe, and the well-being of the people has not increased. We need hardly remind our readers that the crops all over America last year were exceedingly abundant, that they were bad in Western Europe, and that they quite failed in Russia. It was naturally thought, therefore, in spite of the tariff, that there would be a great increase in the prosperity of the United States, and that every branch of trade would improve. As a matter of fact, trade has not improved, and no class is more prosperous than it was, while prices even of grain have fallen lower than they were twelve months ago. Wheat, roughly speaking, is 25 per cent. cheaper now than it was a year ago, and so unsatisfactory is the price considered by the American farmers that they are reported to have sold no more than half last year's crop. And the prices of all other grain—and, indeed, of nearly all farming produce—are equally disappointing. The Southern States are exceptionally depressed, cotton being cheaper than ever it was before—being so cheap that it is said not to cover even the cost of producing it. Silver, as we know, is cheaper than it has ever been hitherto; and silver, it is to be borne in mind, is a great American industry now. The price of copper, again, is so low that the American copper companies are at the present time concluding an arrangement with those of Europe in the hope of being able to raise it. In every direction, then, there are complaints that business is bad, that prices are too low, that

profits have disappeared. The promises, then, of the McKinleyites, that the new tariff would raise wages and improve trade, have not been fulfilled. It is hardly necessary to point out to the readers of THE SPEAKER that this is exactly what all well-informed people expected. The tariff, by practically prohibiting the imports of large numbers of goods, has not merely made foreign manufactures artificially dear in the United States and thereby prevented Americans from purchasing as largely as they otherwise would from the rest of the world; it has given a motive to foreign merchants to divert as much as possible of their trade from the United States. For example, if an English merchant can buy wheat or cotton or any other article to suit his business as well elsewhere as in the United States he will prefer buying it in any other country that imposes only low duties, for then he can not only buy what he wants, but he can also sell English goods, and thus get a chance of making two profits, whereas in the United States whole trades are shut out, or nearly shut out, and he has a chance consequently of making only one. Protection thus doubly injures the United States, first by making everything foreign artificially dear, and secondly by giving an inducement to the foreign merchant to divert his business to some other country.

A favourable opportunity seems to be afforded to the Democratic party to put forward a more enlightened and more liberal policy, and fight out the whole question of Protection. Public opinion in the United States is not yet ripe for Free Trade, but the Democratic traditions are unquestionably in favour of Customs duties being levied only for revenue purposes, and Mr. Cleveland is clearly committed to that. If Mr. Cleveland is chosen as candidate we may safely expect that taxation for revenue purposes will be one plank in the Democratic platform, as opposed to the Republican plank of protection to American labour and American capital. Indeed whatever candidate may be selected this is probable. The Democrats, assuming that they oppose Protection, will be able to show—first, that in spite of the abundant harvests of last year trade has not improved, and the condition of the great bulk of the people is no better than it was two years ago; and secondly, that no new industries of any kind have been established in consequence of the tariff. Some of our own Fair Traders, misled by the census, argue that capital is being attracted from Europe to America, and that new industries are being started. As a matter of course, capital has been attracted from Europe to America at all times ever since the Colonies were first founded, and it is reasonable to conclude that for very many years to come the attraction will continue. New industries, again, have been founded ever since the first colonisation took place, and will continue to be founded in the future; but that there has been any exceptional starting of new industries is certainly not proved, and there is much to show the very contrary. For instance, one of the great objects of the McKinley tariff was to transfer from South Wales to some of the coal and iron districts of the United States the manufacture of tin plates. The duty upon tin plates, therefore, was increased over 100 per cent., and it was loudly boasted that arrangements had been made for constructing great factories that would turn out enough of tin plates to satisfy the whole American demand. As a matter of fact the tin-plate industry has not been transferred; on the contrary, South Wales is now exporting to the United States, in spite of the inordinate tariff, as much tin plate as used to be sent before the tariff interfered. The new tariff has failed, therefore, in every way. Not only has it not protected trade and industry, in the sense of making them better, but it has not even attracted capital

from Europe for the purpose of founding new industries. If, therefore, the Democrats put forward a good candidate like Mr. Cleveland, and if they act unitedly, they ought to be able to carry the elections on this question of Protection. If they advocate taxation for revenue purposes only, and get a sufficient majority to carry out their views in Congress, then not only will the McKinley tariff be repealed, but the duties previously existing will be very greatly reduced. In any case it can hardly be doubted that they will advocate the repeal of the McKinley tariff.

The silver plank in the Republican platform is warily worded. Evidently the Committee on Resolutions was afraid to commit itself to any definite policy. It declares for Bimetallism and for such laws as will make every dollar, whether of paper, silver, or gold, of equal value with every other dollar, and it commends the calling of the International Conference. But it carefully avoids defining what it means by Bimetallism. Strictly, we need hardly explain to our readers, Bimetallism means the free coinage of gold and silver in unlimited amounts. So interpreted, however, Bimetallism does not exist in any great country at present. In the United States, for example, everyone who pleases can send gold to the Mints and have it coined, but silver can be coined only by the Government; and although the Government purchases 4,500,000 oz. every month, it need not unless it pleases coin a single dollar in the year. Still, the silver dollars coined and the notes issued in payment for silver are legal tender for all debts, public and private. As, therefore, silver is legal tender as well as gold, the system is loosely talked of as bimetallic; in reality it is a qualified or conditional kind of Bimetallism. Again, in France and the other nations of the Latin Union, the silver five-franc piece is legal tender equally with gold, but silver is not now coined either by the Government or for the account of private persons—in other words, the amount of legal tender silver in circulation cannot at present be increased. The system is popularly talked of as bimetallic because both gold and silver are legal tender; but the value of silver is kept up only by refusing to coin any more. There is a limited amount which is constantly decreasing by melting, by wear and tear, and by mere misplacing. The French system, it will be seen, is even less entitled to be called bimetallic than the American. Yet the Republican party, suppose they were to win, might fairly claim to be consistent even if they adopted the French plan—that is, refused in future either to coin or to buy more silver, but retained the existing silver as legal tender. The plank, it will be seen, commits them to nothing. What resolution the Democratic Convention will adopt next week cannot yet be foreseen. If Mr. Cleveland's influence prevails, he will undoubtedly be for stopping both the coinage and the purchases of silver, and he will probably wish to say so in clear, unmistakable language. But the Western Democrats are as bimetallic as the Republicans, and it is possible that a resolution may be adopted just as vague and as non-committal as the Republican.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FOR the last fortnight those students who treat history as chiefly concerned with the movements and actions of princes have had much to attract their attention. The visit of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria to Balmoral, his cordial reception by Lord Salisbury, the entertainment offered him by the Lord Mayor, his predicted engagement to an English Princess, together constitute, in the view of

certain Continental chroniclers, a manifestation in favour of the Triple Alliance, of which it is said Bulgaria is the *protégée* and England the faithful servant. This manifestation is designed to restore the European balance, disturbed by the visit of the Grand Duke Constantine to the fêtes at Nancy: and that visit, again, was paid to counterbalance the interview of the Emperors at Kiel. Now the Triple Alliance is to be further strengthened by a visit early next week of the King and Queen of Italy to the German Emperor at Potsdam, whither they have been preceded by the King of Sweden. As they are to be accompanied by the new Foreign Minister, Admiral Brin, there may, perhaps, be more significance in this than in most of these royal civilities.

For those who feel more interest in the doings of Parliaments and peoples, the week has been unusually interesting. The protest of the French Monarchs against the Papal Brief, to which we referred last week, seems now to have been informal, and to have received the support of only 16 Deputies instead of 70. Mgr. Ferrata, the Papal Nuncio, has stated to an interviewer that the protest is virtually an act of rebellion against Papal authority—"Protestantism in discipline, if not in dogma." Their reference to the Pope as a "foreign authority" to whom they owe no obedience in home politics is in fact, it is said, a bit of the Gallicanism condemned by the Vatican Council in 1890. The fact that it is repeated (the *République Française* notes) is significant of the change now in progress in the character of the Papacy. The Pope is no longer a temporal prince, who makes treaties with other princes, but the head of a great religious association, to none of whose members he can be a foreigner, because it knows nothing of nationality.

However, the reconciliation of the Church and the Republic may be seriously interfered with by proceedings like those revealed in the Chamber on Monday by M. Moreau. It was alleged that an association of employers in the textile trades near Lille—a body which is presided over by a Canon, and has five Jesuit Fathers on its council—puts pressure on workmen to join the Confraternity of Our Lady of Factories, to go to confession and mass, and even into retreat. As it has committed various technical breaches of the law on associations, its Council is to be prosecuted. M. Ricard, the Minister of Justice, promised that the laws should be enforced, and an order of the day expressing confidence in the Government was carried by 306 to 148. Of course, the Catholics and Moderates are suggesting that the Paris Municipal Council and the Labour Exchange exceed their legal scope as much as this so-called Association of Textile Employers, and that the whole debate is a device of the Extreme Left to hinder reconciliation. But the society can hardly attract much sympathy.

The French Three per Cent. Rentes have been within a fraction of par. Their highest point under the Second Empire was about 76. The Republic is justly entitled to congratulation, though it is fair to remember that the depression of trade and the shock given to public confidence by the Panama disaster are potent influences to induce the small investor to distrust everything but Government stock, and so to raise its price.

M. Drumont, the editor of an anti-Semitic paper, has been convicted of a fatuous libel on M. Burdeau, who drew up the report of the Committee on the renewal of the privileges of the Bank of France. The libel noted M. Burdeau's change of opinions, ascribed it to interested motives, and suggested that he was the mere tool of the Rothschilds. M. Drumont, after a somewhat sensational trial, was sentenced on Wednesday to three months' imprisonment and 1,000 fr. fine, besides the costs of advertising the judgment in eighty newspapers.

The General Election last Tuesday of the Constituent Assembly, which is to revise the Belgian Constitution, has considerably reduced the Ministerial majority, and therefore, paradoxically, may tend

to maintain the *status quo*. The Liberals carry Brussels, where they had sunk their differences, by about 3,200 majority. At Ghent the two sections of the party were in opposition, and are both beaten. Liège they carry by two to one. Antwerp is Ministerial by a small majority; and Louvain, Namur, and Flanders generally, are also Ministerial. So far, the Liberals have gained at least ten seats, and may gain more at the second ballot. Considering that the electorate is only 130,000, the middle-class voter has shown a creditable unselfishness, since both sides are in favour of an extension of the franchise. But there are four or five methods of extension before the electors, to say nothing of the Royal Referendum and other matters; and it is not unlikely that some voters, as Professor Lucien Ansprech has stated of himself in the *Étoile Belge*, have voted Liberal because the Ministerial party propose an occupation franchise, which is only manhood suffrage under another name, and could carry it if they maintained their present two-thirds majority; but the Liberals cannot carry their own proposals — whether universal suffrage pure and simple, or an educational test, or some other limitation — so that partisans of the existing order should vote for them. A two-thirds majority, it must be remembered, is required to carry any Constitutional amendment; and none can secure it save through coalition. Perhaps, therefore, the ultra-Clericals and advanced Liberals may combine to carry universal suffrage, or there may be a deadlock. At Ghent the Progressist Association has taken a ballot of all adult males on the adoption of universal suffrage, which was carried by 21,462 to 186. The Catholic "Independents," who caused the Liberal defeat at Brussels in 1888, made a very poor show this time at the polls.

The Norwegian Storthing has passed the Bill instituting a Norwegian consular service separate from that of Sweden. This is held to be a first step towards complete separation; but it is not expected that the King will refuse his assent, and so provoke a conflict now.

The reports of an impending reconciliation between Prince Bismarck and the Emperor have been again emphatically denied by a new organ of the former at Cologne. The ex-Chancellor travels to Vienna to-day or to-morrow for his son's wedding. Grand receptions are being prepared for him *en route*, especially at Dresden.

Anti-Semitism has been formally adopted as an article of faith by the Conservative party in Saxony, where the Jews are less than one-fourth per cent. of the population.

Last Saturday, after three days' debate, the Italian Ministry obtained its vote on account for six months by the surprising majority of 72 (261 to 189, with one deliberate abstention and some 56 members absent). This increase of the Ministerial majority (which a fortnight ago was 30) is accounted for partly by respect for the known wishes of the King, partly by the disorganisation of the Opposition, which consisted of the partisans of Signori di Rudini and Nicotera and some of the Extreme Left, and partly perhaps by the desire of the members to secure official support in view of the inevitable dissolution. This is expected about October 10th, but Parliamentary proceedings have lost their interest, and the Chamber is adjourned *sine die*. All the groups are preparing manifestoes, and Signor Cavallotti, of the Extreme Left, proposes to advocate the programme of his party at a number of places in all parts of Italy. But much of the Ministerial success was due to Signor Giolitti's tactics. "We do not treat this as a vote of confidence," he said; "we merely ask for time to elaborate our Budget. In November it will be ready; earlier it cannot be." One of Signor Crispi's prominent adherents, Signor Fortis, strongly supported the proposal.

Serious labour troubles are reported from Northern and North-Eastern Spain, especially Bar-

celona, where much apprehension has been felt and there has been some disturbance. As we write, the men are inclined to return to work, and attempts at mediation are in progress.

The action of the Portuguese Government in reducing the interest on its bonds has been protested against by the various Bondholders' Committees, and by the German Government. As the interest could only have been paid out of fresh loans the protests seem hardly justifiable.

Fresh disturbances are reported from Armenia, in connection partly with the fresh misbehaviour of Turkish officials, and partly with the recent resignation of the Patriarch. Armenian refugees have been taken out of a British ship, according to the *Daily News*, by order of a British vice-consul — a subject which should receive the attention even of a moribund Parliament.

With the defeat of Mr. Blaine we deal elsewhere. The civil war in Venezuela is not yet over, but the flight of President Palacio from the capital foreshadows its speedy termination. The decisive struggle is expected forthwith. In Chili a ministerial crisis has been happily terminated.

In Argentina the electoral college, with which (as in the United States) the final choice of President rests, has elected Señor Luis Saenz Pena President, and Señor Uriburu, formerly Financial Minister, Vice-president. Only four Radical votes were cast, by the Province of Mendoza. The result was expected, and is of excellent omen for the financial situation. The state of siege will probably be raised very shortly.

THE ULSTER CONVENTION.

THE Unionist meeting which was held yesterday in Belfast had two objects. It was intended, in the first place, to improve the chances of the Tories in doubtful Ulster constituencies, and, in the second place, to frighten the Nonconformists of England into opposing Home Rule. It may be that the first of these objects will be partially attained. While we believe that the conspiracy laid in Devonshire House under the patronage of the Prime Minister is perhaps the most unscrupulous since Titus Oates aroused England by his tale of the Popish Plot, we were never confident that it would not, to some extent, effect its purpose within the limited area of Ulster. If Titus Oates were to come to life again, and tell the identical lies which he told two hundred years ago, people would believe him in Belfast.

The average Ulster Protestant—Episcopalian and Presbyterian in this matter are much alike—is ready, especially in or about the month of July, to believe almost anything of his Catholic fellow-countrymen. He honestly believes, in spite of income-tax returns, that Ulster is very rich, and he thinks it therefore follows that Catholics, being, on account of their religion, both poor and dishonest, want to rob it. During these times of excitement the respectable middle-class people stay at home and interpret the Book of Revelation; the rowdies in the street break into the premises of the nearest Catholic publican, and drink his whiskey without paying for it. To stir such a population into frenzy can never be very difficult, and on this occasion no effort has been spared. Three months ago the feeling between Catholics and Protestants was better than it had been for twenty years. Catholic and Protestant labourers were combining against their employers, and Catholic and Protestant farmers against their landlords. If this state of things had continued, the Unionists would have lost many seats at the General Election, for they were returned by playing off the prejudices against the interests of their supporters. Mr. T. W. Russell and his colleagues thereupon set about to stir up prejudice in order

to keep their seats, and they have shown some organising ability. Money has been spent like water. Free tickets to Belfast have been distributed in the most remote parts of Ulster, and paid for, it is understood, not by the local associations, as in the case of the recent conference of agricultural labourers, but out of the central fund. In every electoral division delegates have been appointed by local meetings. Some of these delegates are landlords, some Orangemen, some Presbyterian ministers, some shopkeepers, a very few farmers. Doubtless the delegates on their return, duly "enthused," will act as a committee during the General Election. Hitherto the only organisation in most divisions has been that of the Orange Society. Now prejudice is to be more widely extended. It is true that many complaints have appeared in the newspapers from Protestants who have been appointed as delegates without their consent, and who have no sympathy with Unionism; but there seems to be a general notion abroad that it is safer, "for business reasons," to go with the crowd. In fact, as an electoral device, the "wigwam" in Belfast—to quote an appropriate Americanism—has not been altogether unsuccessful.

But that this preposterous proceeding will have any considerable effect on British Protestants we altogether refuse to believe. A spontaneous movement of any large body of liberty-loving Nonconformists who could show any real reason for fear of Catholic persecution would indeed appeal forcibly to the Non-Episcopal Protestants of Great Britain. But this movement is not spontaneous; it was engineered from London by the Episcopalian landlords who represent North-East Ulster in Parliament, and it has been made a *succès de réclame* by the Episcopalian landlord who is Prime Minister of England. It is not the movement of liberty-loving Nonconformists. In the technical sense, of course, there are no Nonconformists in a country which has no Establishment, but we do not wish to take refuge in a technicality. Though the majority of Ulster Protestants are not Episcopilians, the gentlemen who organised this Convention are very different people from the Nonconformists of England. A very large proportion of them were Conservatives twenty years ago. They have taken no part in the struggles for religious and social equality which have been the glory of the English Free Churches. They have shown at home in their municipal administration an intolerance happily unknown on this side of the Channel. They are, in fact, part and parcel of the ascendancy gang who have done so much to injure true religion and peace in Ireland. Nor have they shown any good reason for fear. It is remarkable that the fears are greatest among those who know Catholics least. As one minister said at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Churches, "One thing that should make the brethren from Belfast pause in their fiery utterances was the attitude of the Dublin and Southern Presbyteries towards this Irish Question. . . . The Presbyterians of Dublin and the South and West expressed themselves to the effect that they did not entertain any of the fears that Belfast Presbyterians entertained with regard to the introduction of Home Rule." And these Belfastmen cannot give any reason for their fear. We only wish Englishmen could read, as it has been our lot to do, column after column of reports of the meetings recently held in Ulster. It would be difficult to find elsewhere so many speeches containing so little reason or even so little specious excuse for apprehension. The creditable record of the Irish Catholic stands in marked and Christian contrast to the hysterical outcry of his old oppressors.

Turn from Belfast to the outlying parts of Ulster where Catholics have a majority, and see how they are answering the Orange Convention. They are using no word of bitterness and provocation, but in quiet and orderly county conventions they are giving their reply to the slanders of their opponents. The

Nationalist Conventions of Donegal, Fermanagh, and Monaghan have selected three Protestant candidates. The Nationalist Convention of Cavan, the most Catholic county in Ulster, has gone further. One member for the county is a Protestant; the other, a Catholic, became a Parnellite. The Nationalist delegates have chosen to replace him Mr. Samuel Young, a Protestant from Belfast: two Protestants are to be returned to absorb the whole representation of a county of which 80 per cent. of the people are Catholic. Mr. Young, who is a distiller, pays annually more in duty than the whole of Ulster pays in income-tax, so that his selection is a happy illustration of the absurdity, on financial as well as religious grounds, of the Belfast programme. We confidently believe that the Nonconformist voters in England will sympathise with the tolerance of Cavan and not with the bigotry of Belfast.

SOCIETY AND THE DISSOLUTION.

A SCOT was the last desperate rally of a broken season. In a January blast the regiments of fashion sat nobly shoulder to shoulder, sustained, no doubt, by the inspiring thought that our hereditary legislators, gallantly heedless of the public business, were massed in reserve—an Old Guard of elegant frivolity. There is nothing so heroic as the resolve of Society to stand by its traditions, and by what Ouida would call its Order. Why should noble lords be distracted by unmannerly County Council Bills from the sparkling dissipation of the Ascot Cup? Besides, the associations of a race-course are a fitting stimulus to hereditary distaste for the vulgar tram with which municipal demagogues propose to violate the aristocracy of Westminster Bridge. But though Ascot has bloomed bravely in its familiar array of beauty and the peerage, it cannot stay the devastating hand of the Dissolution. When a notorious personage called for Sir Christopher Hatton in the Ingoldsby legend, he did not break up a fashionable gathering more completely than the stroke of fate which dissolves this Parliament will shatter the Loudon season. We do not mean that this House of Commons is going where Sir Christopher went, for that might be a dubious compliment to the constituencies; but our social playthings are as much deranged by the demise of Parliament as were his kindred and friends by his painful disappearance. It is said that Mr. Chamberlain urged the Government to carry on till autumn, and some gossips have surmised, with their usual misconception of Mr. Chamberlain's motives, that he was actuated by a mere political calculation. But those who have really studied the native nobility of the man must suspect, though he is modestly reticent on the subject, that he was moved to compassion by the distress of unransomed duchesses, and by the chill which froze the bluest blood, when it was known that the season was to be sacrificed for the sake of a prize-fight at the polls. This misfortune might soften the hardest heart, and even bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of Irish politicians who are

"Pursuin' of their shindies
Upon the Shannon shore,"

when they reflect that but for their unconscionable agitation, artless maidens who have just come out might spend all July in weaving toils in ball-room conservatories round estimable Tory baronets.

But now the baronet's foot is in the stirrup, and the artless maiden has to wait another year; and her disappointment casts a blight on the life of the milliner, and the West-End tradesman shakes his head ominously at his shutters. The baronet must away to the tented field to prepare for battle with some varlet who would send our most sacred institutions to perdition, and who scoffs at the

Presbyterian pathos of Ulster manifestoes. The *débutantes* of this sorry season ought to throw themselves into the fray, instead of staying at home like Marianas in moated granges. Why should they not issue a manifesto which would make the appeals from Ulster weak and watery by comparison? They could show that, but for the Irish Question and other miserable trifles, this nice, good Parliament might have sauntered gracefully to the end of the term prescribed by the sound common-sense of the Septennial Act; that girls who have been brought out at a great expense might have made handsome captives with lots of land before the end of this season; that they are now left over till next year to face the competition of artful pussies with designing mothers; and that the blame for this unmerited wrong falls upon a horrid Opposition who will not let that kind and clever Mr. Balfour alone. As a piece of electioneering this would completely outshine the most brilliant efforts of the Primrose dames. It would go straight to the heart of every shopkeeper; and if young ladies who have come out too soon, as beautiful but not as fortunate as early crocuses, to be nipped by the frost of the Dissolution, could only be induced to sit in mournful rows on Tory platforms, the great cause of the Union might be saved. Then there are the discontented gentlemen who have attended Levées, and who find that the most solemn and impressive functions of the season are thrust aside by the wretched turbulence of a political crisis. You meet a quaint figure in Pall Mall, resplendent in knee-breeches and a cocked hat, with a sword under his arm, and an eye apprehensive of grimace. He glances nervously at the crossing-sweeper, as if suspicious that public opinion is not deferential to his exterior man. He is on his way to pay his respects to the illustrious Duke who represents his Sovereign, and he ought to walk with head erect and a nonchalant gait, like a beau emerging from the Cocoa Tree a hundred years ago. But he knows that he is going to dine with some people who will talk of nothing save the latest Ministerial puzzle about the date of the Dissolution; that they will be anxious about the chances of the baronet whose foot, as we have said, is in the stirrup; and that his gentle prattle about the Levee will be unheeded by an audience who, in happier times, would hang upon his lips while he described the illustrious Duke's engaging smile. Why should he not have his manifesto, too? Why not avenge his personal injury by placing his sword and his cocked hat at the service of Colonel Saunderson, after having impressed Unionist meetings with the argument that the slight to his breeches was infinitely worse than the official assault on Mr. William O'Brien's?

Eclipsed and crushed by the Dissolution, Society may well seek for some organised expression of its revolt. Why should it be dependent on the mortality of a Parliament? Why should the circumstance that gentlemen below the Opposition gangway are remitted to their constituents break up the delightful plans of ladies who would scarcely descend to tread the same pavement with Mr. Labouchere? There is something seriously wrong—we were about to say radically, but that word might be misunderstood—with a Constitution which leaves Society stranded on a barren reef when the Parliamentary tide runs out. Here is an idea for Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and a new Patriotic Association. Let the country be warned that Society has no belief in the House of Commons, and that if this superfluous institution does not adapt itself to the convenience of the West End, there will be an agitation for mending or ending the representative Chamber. We could get on quite comfortably if the mere business of legislation were transacted by the House of Lords in a few afternoons between five and six o'clock. Or if, for the sake of Constitutional formality, a House of Commons must be maintained, why not elect it by a poll of drawing-rooms, supplemented by a special suffrage for Court milliners?

FROM GREEN BENCHES.

QUITE a poignant dramatic interest has been imported this week into the debates of the expiring House—galvanising it into some lively moments even on its death-bed—by the Tory Government's Great Betrayal of the Ulstermen.

The manner of it was this. The great contentious point of Mr. Jackson's Irish Education Bill was the question of the Christian Brothers' Schools. These schools, which are said to be most efficient and popular agents of primary education in the south and west of Ireland, would only be entitled to State aid under this Bill on condition of the Christian Brothers removing from the schoolrooms their Catholic emblems and accepting a conscience clause, both of which things they refused to do. Mr. Sexton demanded that these restrictive conditions should be removed, and threatened, if they were not, to oppose the Bill to the utmost. The Ulster Tories insisted that they should be kept in at all hazards, as the most precious safeguard of a measure already sufficiently risky. One would have thought the Government would be glad to seize the excuse of the opposition to drop the Bill as they did the Local Government Bill. They have nothing to gain from an electioneering point of view by passing it. On the contrary they might distinctly embarrass Mr. Sexton and his friends by taking them at their word and leaving them the responsibility of rejecting the measure as a whole for so partial a cause. The Bill provides some £200,000 to be spent largely in increasing the salary of the National teachers, and these teachers are a formidable body of men in their way, whom it would be no joke for an Irish party, especially with elections pending, to enrage.

But beneath the placid exterior of the present worthy Chief Secretary, little though it might be suspected, a great ambition burns. Mr. Jackson, like Mr. Chaplin, would have his brief Cabinet Ministership distinguished in history by at least one great piece of constructive legislation. He would have his name mentioned for ever in connection with "the Jackson Education Act." Thus it comes about that this Bill is as the apple of Mr. Jackson's eye and that he wants it carried through at any price. He prophesied on Wednesday that when it became law it would be recognised as one of the greatest measures ever passed for Ireland. His Government, either through good-nature or through fear of the consequences of snubbing him, must needs let him have his way. The knowledge of these hidden facts accounts for the bold game played by Mr. Sexton, for Mr. Sexton is an old Parliamentary hand, and his dexterity in dealing with a rudimentary type of statesman like Mr. Jackson is something to be admired. Mr. Sexton mustered a stoutish phalanx and demanded surrender. Mr. Jackson looked around and realised that the Ulster contingent were away at Belfast, having left only three rather feeble representatives to hold the fort in Westminster. There seemed only one chance if the Bill was to be saved, so Mr. Jackson, after a moment's spasm of hesitation, made up his mind to defy the three Ulstermen, and sold the pass to the Nationalists. In other words, he accepted Mr. Sexton's suggestion for a new conscience-clause which would enable the Christian Brothers to avail themselves of the State aid and allow them to keep the Catholic emblems on their walls intact. All protest was in vain. The cynical bargain had been struck, and at the very moment when Ulster was demonstrating against the idea of being handed over by a Liberal Government to the "tender mercies of Archbishop Walsh," its own chosen Tory Chief Secretary was selling them to that prelate for a small consideration.

Sir William Hart Dyke made his statement on English and Welsh education on Thursday night, but there was no debate, and the Appropriation Bill and several other measures were slipped through at such a rate as to leave every ground for hoping that the first borough elections must, whether the Government like it or not, be fixed for Saturday, July 2nd.

OUR HOSPITALS IN DANGER.

WE must look to our hospitals, and without delay; a fact to be remembered to-morrow, which is Hospital Sunday. They are the institutions of which we may be most proud, the most honourable distinction of the civilisation of our time. That of antiquity had nothing corresponding to our great hospitals, and for that reason alone it was signally inferior to ours. Even when foreigners criticise in no friendly spirit the failings of our capital and dwell upon the harsh contrasts which it presents between luxury and squalid poverty, they pause to praise, without stint or qualification, such institutions as St. Bartholomew's or St. Thomas's. And yet our London hospitals are in serious danger, not of course of being shut up from want of funds, but of falling far behind the growing requirements of this city. We have been often told so, but never more impressively than in Mr. Egmont Hake's volume on "Suffering London,"* and the stirring, eloquent preface of Mr. Walter Besant. There are some sixty voluntary hospitals in London, with a total income from all sources of £412,077. Of this sum only £191,800 are contributed by London. Deducting £71,350 given in large donations, and £64,660 in legacies, the subscriptions amount to only £35,590. The Hospital Sunday and Saturday funds bring in only about £45,000 and £20,000. This is less creditable, as Mr. Hake points out, than the state of things in the provinces. While 28·58 per cent. of the whole income of the provincial hospitals was in 1889 collected in subscriptions, only 8·64 came in London from that source. And there are all the consequences of poverty. While London has only one bed per thousand, Norwich, Belfast, Brighton, Liverpool, Manchester, and Bristol have $2\frac{1}{2}$; Glasgow, Newcastle, Wolverhampton, $3\frac{1}{2}$ beds; Edinburgh, $3\frac{3}{4}$; Dublin, $6\frac{1}{2}$. About 25 per cent. of the actual beds, it must be remembered, are, in these times of depreciation of agricultural land, unoccupied for want of funds. We cannot hope for any saving in the cost of administration, which the Lord Mayor, in his appeal to the charitable, tells us has, during the past nineteen years, not exceeded $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the sums collected; and the melancholy conclusion of Mr. Hake, from whom we take our figures, is thus expressed:—

"The reliable income of the voluntary hospitals is, or, at least, was in 1891, £250,000 below the expenditure, with two thousand empty beds. The utilisation of these would necessitate another £120,000. To bring the unoccupied beds up to two beds for each 1,000 inhabitants would entail £300,000. The deficiency in the income of the hospitals may therefore be put down at £670,000."

London is thus, in a charitable point of view, insolvent. We hear much of hospital "scandals"; the greatest of them is the permanent impecuniosity of hospitals. It seems poor wisdom to exhort people to give. They have been told so often that "charity by cheque" is worthless—that the true charity consists in buttoning up one's pocket—that it sounds old-fashioned to say with Mr. Besant and Mr. Hake, "give, and give freely." But it is the wisdom of the hour. Anyone studying this volume must be convinced that, if those lamps, symbolic of charity and goodwill among men, are to burn brightly, they must be trimmed and filled more liberally with oil.

There is one alternative—municipalising our hospitals. Mr. Hake, who is very much alarmed as to the coming of Socialism, and sees it in more places than it exists, thinks that the voluntary character of our hospitals is the secret of their utility, and that they are much better managed than the State-supported hospitals of other countries. We are inclined to think that he is needlessly alarmed at the consequences of putting any part of the burthen of the hospitals on the rates. But if that change—"a national calamity," as he terms it, or an improvement as some think—is not to come, it is plain that there must be liberality on a larger scale; there must be a higher sense of the duties of wealth; the indifference of those

who can, but do not, give must cease. "The motive concerns the giver. But he must give," says Mr. Besant, if "suffering London" is not to be worse provided for than it has been in the past. Over one aspect of the matter Mr. Hake glides a little too rapidly. Far off in the past, scarcely described by historians, is the beginning of our hospitals. Here and there arose a Hotel Dieu. The prevalence of leprosy led to the creation of lazarus-houses. When pestilence roamed over the land, dying citizens or nobles left lands and funds to help to check its ravages. They did not always do so from pure charity; they often gave from anxiety about their souls, remorse, fear of hell, pride, vanity, spiteful feelings towards their relations, and other mixed motives. But they did so on a scale which, the wealth of their times compared with that of ours, is now unknown. Could we ascertain the proportion of the income of London set apart in this way to the support, in the fourteenth century, of the hospitals described by Mr. Besant, it would probably be found far greater than the proportion given in these days. "Charity by cheque" is required; it need not exclude charity by legacy; and one of the worst signs of the inadequate sense of the responsibilities of wealth is the insignificance of the annual death-bequests to the hospitals of London.

Mr. Hake has a plan for procuring fresh funds. Each congregation of all denominations is to form a hospital guild of its own, bound to find out those who need succour and to make known the merits of hospitals. Delegates from the Congregation Lodges are to form Division Lodges, the whole organisation culminating in a Central Lodge. The plan, which seems a trifle too complicated, requires co-operation among people who co-operate in nothing else, and calls for so much self-denial that we are not hopeful about its success. But let Mr. Hake have a fair hearing for his scheme. If he does not manage to create his guilds and hierarchy of lodges, he will help to stimulate a new spirit of benefaction for which he and Mr. Besant plead earnestly and opportunely. Once all Londoners understand that to meet a current expenditure for maintenance and administration of their hospitals of £586,172, "the reliable income only amounts to £344,580," that 88,562 in-patients and 874,048 out-patients are yearly relieved by our voluntary hospitals and medical charities, and that many applicants sorely needing succour do not get it, and our hospitals will soon be safe, which is not now the case, and wealthy instead of poor and on the brink of insolvency.

THE AUTHOR OF "IONICA."

A TRUE poet and a most remarkable man died at Hampstead on Saturday last. This was William Cory, the author of "Ionica," better known to old Etonians as William Johnson. His career as an Eton tutor was distinguished by the extraordinary influence he wielded over his pupils, an influence which exerted in many cases a lasting effect upon their lives. His popularity as a poet was for a long time confined to a very select circle of friends, but extended further on the republication of his one volume of verse with additions in 1891.

William Johnson was younger brother of the well-known Canon Furse, of Westminster, formerly principal of Cuddesdon, and changed his name to Cory after definitely resigning his mastership at Eton. With that famous college his life was bound up, and his affection for it and his appreciation of its charm appear in many of his sweetest verses. After receiving his education in college, he proceeded in due course to King's College, Cambridge, where according to the then custom, now happily abolished, he took his degree, and was from a scholarship elected to a fellowship, without examination. The privilege of King's prevented him from competing in

the Classical Tripos, but he showed his superiority to his contemporaries in Latin and Greek by winning the Craven Scholarship in 1844. He then returned to Eton as a master, and was employed in that capacity for nearly thirty years. Being a man of singularly original mind, he was not satisfied with the ordinary relations between tutor and pupil, but drew them closer with a favoured few, on whom he poured out a wealth of affection, which was warmly reciprocated. His published poems reveal something of his accurate knowledge of the thoughts of boys, and his influence on those fitted to appreciate him was singularly stimulating. Many well-known men are now regretting his loss, and they would one and all frankly acknowledge the intellectual debt they owe him. Among his favourite pupils may be noted, among others, Professor Pollock, of Oxford, and his brother, Mr. W. H. Pollock; Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, Lord Winchilsea, Lord Pembroke, Sir Roland Wilson, the Reader in Indian Law at Cambridge and Senior Classic; Richard Shute, the talented Senior Student of Christ Church, Oxford, whose untimely death is still mourned by his Oxford friends with a sense of irreparable loss; and Lord Halifax, who was the subject of one of his daintiest poems, "The Swimmer's Wish." On leaving Eton, Mr. Johnson changed his name, as has been said, to Cory, and retired to Devonshire. He married in 1878, when advanced in life, and died last Saturday at the age of sixty-nine.

Such is the record of his uneventful but useful life. It resembled that of other conscientious public school masters, who have the will and the power to influence their pupils, though but few of them have ever been so entirely successful in this as he was. But what marks him out from other public school masters is his genuine poetical gift. In these days, when minor poets can be numbered by the score, who are never weary of inflicting their verses on a long-suffering public, it is rare to find a real poet, who published his first volume in 1858, and his second in 1891. Both were issued anonymously, and entitled "Ionica." Both are tiny volumes of 116 and 210 pages respectively, and of the latter more than 100 pages are reprinted from the previous volume, among the poems omitted being "The Swimmer's Wish." Among connoisseurs they are valued both from the delicacy of thought and elegance of diction which they exhibit, and had the poet been a little less modest and pushed his wares, they would have had thousands of readers where they now have tens. "Mimnermus in Church," "Iole," "Heraclitus," and, above all, "Amaturus," to mention but a few from the little collection of gems, ring in the memory, and once read are never forgotten. What, for instance, can be more exquisite than the opening lines of "Amaturus":—

"Somewhere beneath the sun,
These quivering heart-strings prove it,
Somewhere there must be one
Made for this soul, to move it."

Or than the last stanza of "Heraclitus":—

"And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."

But William Cory was not only a poet. He published also in 1880 and 1882 a "Guide to Modern English History," composed for one whom he styles in his preface, "neither a Christian nor a European," which gives a brilliant summary of English history from 1815 to 1835 full of original ideas and sparkling paragraphs. But it is as a poet that he will be best remembered, and, perchance, numbered among the immortals; his delicate classic grace of feeling is unique in modern English writers, and may cause his best work to survive in anthologies when more pretentious poems are forgotten. His memory will be ever tenderly cherished by those who knew him, and still more by those whose tastes he took such pains to form and whom he honoured with his affection.

JULES LEMAÎTRE.

THE new volume of M. Jules Lemaître's "Impressions de Théâtre" (Paris: Lecène, Oudin), the sixth of the series, will, like each of its predecessors, give many of us some exquisite moments, and for the rest will be quite unreadable. You either adore M. Lemaître or you detest him. There is no half-way house. You cannot walk, with the undergraduate's ibis, safest in the middle. Are you a Lemaîtrist? Then you will have a sincere pity for those who are not. Indeed, they deserve your pity, not merely because they miss a pleasure which you enjoy, but because they are clearly your inferiors in one thing: you understand them whereas they do not understand you. For a Lemaîtrist understands everything: that is a point of honour with him: *Lemaîtrise oblige*. And, understanding these others, you will see that what they do not like in M. Lemaître is not his code of dramatic criticism, for he has none; nor is it his style, which (bating an abuse of parenthesis) is, from the most orthodox academic point of view, like César's wife; it is himself, his Ego, his "Moi" as M. Brunetière would call it, and the genial persistency with which he reveals that "Moi" at all times and seasons. "Le Moi est haïssable," Pascal declared. Whereunto your confirmed Lemaîtrist replies with a *distinguo*; it all depends on the "Moi." To such a one M. Lemaître will never seem more fascinating than when he interrupts the jogtrot, or what in other men would be the jogtrot, business of criticism to give us a picture of his "Moi." A picture? Well, say rather a thumbnail sketch. The anti-Lemaîtrists gird at these egoisms as impertinences. What, they say, have we to do with your personality and your private experiences? talk to us of plays, and keep your own concerns to yourself. This only means that they do not perceive the true inwardness of the art of criticism, or, indeed, of any art: art being merely a transparent veil through which the artist reveals his own personality. It was M. Anatole France who first formulated the theory of autobiography in criticism ("criticism is the narrative of a soul's adventures among masterpieces"), but it is M. Lemaître who most consistently practises it. M. Lemaître's self-revelations are not impertinences, because they really throw light on the matter in hand, tell us why he has formed this or that judgment and could have formed no other.

Take an instance or two. M. Lemaître is criticising "Les Petits Oiseaux" of Labiche. He thinks Labiche has been over-praised, and he fails to playing Devil's Advocate. The "objective" critic would, of course, perform this function in a purely impersonal way. He would say this or that scene is wrong for such and such reasons. That, to be sure, is what M. Lemaître does, what all criticism that is not mere dogmatism must do. But he does something more, he goes a step further back; he tells us in what mood he came to find fault with the piece, and what was the origin of that mood. It is, he explains, the result of a mental reaction. He first read "Les Petits Oiseaux" fifteen years ago, and—"at that epoch I was, even more than now, influenced by prejudice. I had not yet vowed to myself to devote all my strength and attention to liking only what pleases me, and to like everything which pleases me; a dream full of presumption and pride, which, doubtless, I shall only succeed in realising, if ever I do succeed, in my old age, if I live to old age; when it will be too late to enjoy the advantages of an intellectual state so tardily acquired. Well, at that time I knew I ought to like and admire Labiche." Now if any of M. Lemaître's readers here interrupt: "What has it to do with us whether you read Labiche fifteen years ago or not?" let them be answered that it has everything to do with us. For it is obvious, or should be, that M. Lemaître's experience of fifteen years ago is one of the factors in his judgment of today. And, quite apart from dramatic criticism, such passages have their value. To call them mere

egoisms is absurd, for in painting his own mental state M. Lemaître paints yours and mine. Have we not all passed through the stage when we wasted time and vexed our spirits with trying to like what we were told we ought to like, but what did not really please us?

Again, M. Lemaître is reviewing someone's book of extracts from Rousseau. "I have run through this volume," he says, "with great pleasure. Not that it was absolutely new to me. Of Jean-Jacques I have read, in days gone by, all that a professor ought to know about him, and even a little more. But that was some years ago. And then I was trouble at that time by the usual preoccupations of an examinee. I knew beforehand what I was expected to think of the authors I tackled. I read with too much docility. And so I misread. In a sense, one's reading at school and for examinations is null and void. . . . I often promise myself to devote the second half of my life—which will be, I trust, peaceful, retired, and rustic—to the serious reading of the books I have talked about in the first half." What has all this, you ask in your impatience, to do with Rousseau? Just this: it explains why M. Lemaître's views on Jean-Jacques are not so much considerations as reconsiderations. And, again, it is not mere egoism. For have we not all been examinees? Do we not all look forward to a second half of life, peaceful, retired, and rustic? No, you do not? Then the more shame for you!

A third and last instance of what will seem egoism only to readers who can see no further than the ends of their own noses. M. Lemaître is describing the hero of a piece at the Théâtre-Libre—a hero afflicted with *literaturitis*. "This malady consists in the belief that literature is, in itself, a business infinitely superior to all other human occupations, whatever they may be, and that it confers on every ink-slinger a sacred character, a right to the respect of his family and his contemporaries." The objective critic would stop at this diagnosis. But M. Lemaître goes on: "Yes, and I myself, in my early youth, was a victim to this silly superstition. A great discoverer, a great engineer, a great statesman seemed to me, in my secret soul, of very little account. I believed M. Pasteur to be, after all, only a person of immense patience. Gambetta's bad French shocked me horribly. I wondered: What on earth is it they all see in Bismarck? I only understood genius under the form of literature. The faculties that go to make a warrior, a politician, a diplomat, were to me of an infinitely inferior order." Now to the Anti-Lemaitrists, with their eternal "what has all this to do with, etc.?" the answer is, that it is in its right place as criticism, because it elucidates the character in the Théâtre-Libre play. It is also of general interest, and not the mere babbling of M. Lemaître about M. Lemaître, because there is not a man jack among scribblers who has not at one time or other had his attack of *literaturitis*.

THE DRAMA.

"LA STATUE DU COMMANDEUR"—"STRATHLOGAN."

WRITING, the other week, of the failure of *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* at the Royalty, I hazarded the conjecture that the vogue of the pantomime play in London was exhausted. But after *La Statue du Commandeur* I am inclined to hedge. The controversy of this exquisite little essay in the art of being eloquently silent—MM.P. Eudel and E. Mangin—have gone to the great, the sempiternal, the universal Don Juan legend, and have given it, if not a new ending, a new penultimate episode. You remember that Don Juan, when in a particularly devil-may-care mood, saluted with mock solemnity the marble effigy of the man whom he had slain in a duel, and invited it to supper—to that banquet, in fact, which Molière (mistranslating the Spanish *convocado*) called,

in the subtitle to his own fantasia on the Don Juan theme, *le festin de pierre*. You remember, too, the sequence of crashing chords ("Ri-bal-do! Au-da-ce!" etc.) with which, Mozart tells us, the statue accepted the invitation. But, according to MM. Eudel and Mangin, it was the statue's silence which gave consent—silence, and a nod which seemed to shake the spheres. At least, the nod shook the square—I refer to the *plaza* in which the monument stood—and it shook the nerves of the bystanders. These, besides Don Juan, included his servant Sganarelle and two lovely ladies, whom the Don had also invited to supper—Rosaura the singer (Mme. D'Aulnoy's "Fair One with the Golden Locks," I think she must be—for the great Don Juan story includes all the lesser stories) and Sylvia the dancer (is she Marivaux's Sylvia or Musset's "Andalouse aux yeux bruns"?—"Who is Sylvia, what is she, that all our swains commend her?"). And when the statue nodded, Don Juan swaggered and bade Rosaura and Sylvia be of good cheer; but Sganarelle's knees knocked together and his heart smote him, and his musicians, who had anon been serenading Rosaura and Sylvia on viol and flute, slunk away affrighted. And that is the first Act.

In the second we see the supper-table laid (the champagne bottles are anachronistic), Sganarelle instructing the awkward squad of serving-men, as old Squire Hardecastle instructed Diggory and his mates. The guests enter on the stroke of twelve, and then comes the dreadful "thump! thump!" with which Mozart was the first to set our hearts quaking. It is, of course, the footfall of the statue (reinforced by the banging of the big drum), and the ambulatory monument grimly takes its place at the head of the table. Rigid with horror, little Rosaura and Sylvia drop like lead into their chairs. Sganarelle offers the anachronistic champagne, but the statue, a petrified image of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, fiercely repulses him. "Try you!" signs Don Juan to the ladies. They try, not in vain. It is the old story. The women tempted him, and he did—drink. The statue, in short, gets most royally drunk. He is crowned with rose-leaves. He titubates. He thumps the table—and breaks off one of his stone fingers. Rosaura mimics him a song: her song in dumb-show might be recommended for imitation by our drawing-room amateurs. So the little word "music" in the corner of one's invitation-card would lose all its terrors. Then Musset's Andalouse dances for him with postures as voluptuous as Salome's before Herod, and with an exercise of the fan which would have enraptured the ingenious Mr. Joseph Addison. The marble has not yet been quarried that could resist such seduction as this. Up jumps the statue, seizes Sylvia by the waist, to whirl round madly like Burgomaster Mathias in *The Bells*, and finally to break out into a wild can-can. And that is the second Act.

So far all has been light-hearted fantasy, the *joie de vivre, ohé*. We have twined vine-leaves in our hair with Ejler Lövborg. We have cried "bravissima!" (in dumb-show) at Rosaura's silent song. We have (bethinking us of Maccarona at Granada and of that Carmencita whom Mr. Sargent has immortalised) shouted (always internally, for we are at a pantomime play) "olé, olé!" over the twinkling feet of Sylvia. But Rosaura's song has been the prelude to a dirge, and Sylvia's dance the introductory measure to a "danse macabre" or Holbein's dance of death. For, the orgie over, Don Juan must die, and die at the hand of the Commander. Why? Simply because the legend ends so. It is written. Kismet! So the statue, sobered, and in one of those sudden fits of fierce morality which frequently accompany the soda-water mood, turns upon Don Juan, chokes the life out of him, remounts its pedestal, becomes re-petrified, and all is over.

This return of the authors to the tragic ending of the legend, after diverting us (the word is for once literally correct) with scenes of what the Peebles burgess called pleasure and deevilment,

strikes me as entirely right. It supplies the necessary element of the bitter after the sweet; it minglesthe horrible with the ludicrous, as they are mingled in an etching of Callot, or in a tragedy of Shakespeare, or in a story of Poe, or in life itself. A laugh ending in a death-rattle gives our jaded nerves a new sensation. Or, if we are philosophically minded, we may look for an underlying significance. We may find in the play, as I see "W. A." has this week invited us to find, the lesson that Destiny makes sport of us while making it with us—hobnobbing with us for a time only to clutch us by the throat at last. Or, we may regard it as an illustration of some Rochefoucauldian maxim on ingratitude: men (and statuettes) hate their benefactors, and will even strangle their hosts. Or, it is a sermon on the text *fiat justitia ruat, etc.*, which may be here construed, "Justice must be done, though statues get drunk."

La Statue du Commandeur is delightfully mimed by M. Tarride as the statue, by M. Courtès as Sganarelle, and by Mmes. Chassin and Litini as the two sirens. M. Burguet, the Don Juan, lacks the ideal presence and distinction of the character; he seems rather a raw 'prentice to the art and mystery of donjuanism than its titular professor. The really weak point, however, is M. Adolphe David's music, which gives us nothing of the delicacy and humour so conspicuous in M. Wormser's scoring of *L'Enfant Prodigue*. Any musician, doubtless, who handles the Don Juan subject after Mozart is foredoomed to failure. "Ribaldo! Audace!" one sings, with the Commander.

One cannot choose but admire the cheerful perseverance with which Mr. Herbert-Basing, of the Princess's, mounts melodrama after melodrama, all of them hopelessly bad as plays, but few of them without some entertaining piece of theatrical "property." In the *Great Metropolis* he gave us, you may remember, a comic lighthouse; in *Strathlogan* he gives us a comic whirlpool. The whirlpool (into which, of course, the heroine is plunged by the first villain, and from which she is rescued by the unjustly accused hero—what else are whirlpools for?) groans and creaks as it whirls, and, with the accompaniment of a barrel-organ in the centre, would be an excellent substitute for one of those merry-go-rounds which are still, I believe, to be seen at rural fairs. Item: a bridge which breaks down with the hero clinging to it. Item: a birch-tree which revolves on a hinge. Why such capable players as Miss Olga Brandon and Mr. Herbert Waring, Miss Dorothy Dorr and Mr. Reeves Smith, Miss Ada Ferrars and Mr. Herbert Flemming, should be required in addition to these interesting mechanical "effects" I cannot guess. There are, by the way, two excellent low-comedians now at the Princess's—Mr. Henry Bedford and Mr. Dan Fitzgerald—whom I should like to see employed on worthier work elsewhere. Mr. Bedford, indeed, is much more than a low-comedian: there is genuine, if rugged, power in his acting; his characters, however inept or insignificant in the author's design, are made "live" and impressive by the vigorous sincerity of his method. Give him a real part in a real play, and I believe he will surprise us.

A. B. W.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

IT is a good thing not to write an oratorio at all; but, having written one, it is surely a mistake to turn it into an opera. On the other hand, when a composer has produced an oratorio and an enterprising manager offers to bring it out for him with the most appropriate costumes, the most magnificent scenery, the unhappy man cannot but accept the dangerous, however tempting, proposition. Mr. De Lara's *Light of Asia*, presented in the usual style of a sacred cantata, would have been sung in some London concert-room or provincial

town-hall, without scenery, without any attempt at impersonation, and with Buddha in black clothes and a white cravat. Sydney Smith could not understand in an oratorio he once witnessed (he can surely be said to have heard it) "five hundred fiddles fiddling like mad about Moses crossing the Red Sea." But what is still more unintelligible is the expectation on the part of the composer of an oratorio that his personages, in their everyday attire, will be looked upon, even for a moment, as the dramatic representatives of the men and women with whom their names are connected in the programme. An oratorio in its original form was really a sacred drama; and oratorio in the Northern and Protestant countries where it is still presented is just what the Oberammergau play would be if recited in a concert-room without scenery and with the characters in the ordinary garments of the day. The oratorio is often called "the epic of music"; but it scarcely deserves the name. Most oratorios, however, are partly epics, partly plays; and their incongruity arises partly from this mixture of styles, but chiefly from the unwarrantable postulate that the audience shall accept as historical or Biblical characters a number of singers appearing before it in the habiliments of everyday life.

All things considered, then, one can scarcely blame Mr. De Lara for having turned a work which must have failed as an oratorio into a form which ensured for it, if not perhaps a long life, at least an animated one. In saying that *The Light of Asia* must have failed as an oratorio we mean nothing disrespectful to the work. Since Handel's time an abundance and superabundance of oratorios have been produced in England; yet, with the exception of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, not one has made any permanent mark. Unfortunately, in turning his oratorio into an opera, Mr. De Lara has not made such heroic sacrifices as he ought to have been prepared for. In the story of Buddha there is a drama, and if dramatic success was aimed at, the striking scenes of the story should alone have been presented. But the fondness of critics for recommending the use of the pruning-knife is only equalled by the determination of authors and composers not to employ it. In the case of *The Light of Asia*, compression, even more than cutting, was needed. Yet, after all that can possibly be said against the work as it now stands, any impartial critic must admit that it contains much beautiful music, which is admirably sung by Madame Eames, M. Plançon, and M. Lassalle. The eminent baritone impersonates Buddha, the charming soprano Yasodhara, the young woman of whom Buddha becomes enamoured; and in the emotional relations between these two personages and the spiritual relations between Buddha and the higher powers the whole drama of *The Light of Asia* resides. The prologue, like most prologues, has little or nothing to do with the play, but it contains impressive and finely orchestrated music, which somehow reminds one (chiefly, no doubt, through a certain analogy between the situations) of Boito's prologue to *Mefistofele*. In the first act the youthful Buddha becomes acquainted with the sorrows of mankind, especially with those of an unhappy reaper, who in a personal encounter is struck down by his fellow-labourer. He meditates on human misery thus summarily presented; when, seeing that the youth's meditations are developing in him a settled melancholy, his father, to divert him from his gloom, gets up a dance and introduces him to a beautiful girl. The ballet music is tuneful, rhythmical, and appropriately Oriental in colour; and such is the charm of Yasodhara that she quite subjugates Buddha's heart. Madame Eames's delightful singing might alone have had that effect. The interview between Buddha and Yasodhara ends naturally in a love duet, which was one of the most successful pieces in the opera. Everything goes well with Buddha for a time; and in the full enjoyment of Yasodhara's love his happiness seems

complete. But in the midst of his bliss he hears voices in the night winds, telling him that he is called to higher things, and that his love for Yasodhara must not stand in the way of his mission. The chorus of the winds, besides being a good example of descriptive, suggestive music, is introduced with excellent dramatic effect. Yasodhara appeals in vain—Buddha is forced to leave her; and the duet of separation, full of passion and of despair, roused at the first performance the enthusiasm of the entire house. The story is now, so far as its dramatic elements are concerned, at an end. In the next act Buddha has entered upon his mission, and in the epilogue he is seen standing on a "property" world proclaiming divine truths to the nations.

It would be difficult to speak too highly of the singing of Madame Eames, or of the singing and acting of M. Lassalle, in this interesting work, which, if it cannot be admired as a whole, is admirable in certain scenes, especially dramatic scenes. The solos for the two leading characters are melodious and expressive; but it is in the chorus of the night winds and in the two duets that Mr. De Lara shows himself a true dramatic composer. It is satisfactory to hear that he is engaged upon a work for Covent Garden, which will not only be produced, but was originally conceived, as an opera. The subject is Kenilworth, and the opera may be looked forward to as one of the attractions of next year's Italian season.

SEX IN ART.

WOMAN'S nature is more facile and fluent than man's. Women do things more easily than men, but they do not penetrate below the surface, and if they attempt to do so the attempt is but a clumsy masquerade in unbecoming costume. In their own costume they have succeeded as queens and actresses, but in the higher arts, in painting, in music, and literature, their achievements are slight indeed—best when confined to the arrangements of themes invented by men—amiable transpositions suitable to boudoirs and fans. I have heard that some women hold that the mission of their sex extends beyond the boudoir and the nursery. It is certainly not within my province to discuss so important a question, but I think it is clear that all that is best in woman's art is done within the limits I have mentioned. This conclusion is well-nigh forced upon us when we consider what would mean the withdrawal of all that women have done in art. The world would certainly be the poorer by some half-dozen charming novels, by a few charming poems and sketches in oil and water-colour; but it cannot be maintained, at least not seriously, that if these charming triflings were withdrawn there would remain any gap in the world's art to be filled up. Women have created nothing, not Hamlet, Don Quixote, Père Goriot, Bazaroff, Becky Sharp, Madame Marneff, or Madame Bovary; they have carried the art of men across their fans charmingly, with exquisite taste, delicacy, and subtlety of feeling, and they have hideously and most mournfully parodied the art of men. George Eliot is one in whom sex seems to have hesitated, and this unfortunate hesitation was afterwards intensified by unhappy circumstances. She was one of those women who so entirely mistook her vocation as to attempt to think, and really if she had assumed the dress and the duties of a policeman, her failure could hardly have been more complete. Jane Austen, on the contrary, adventured in no such dismal masquerade; she was a nice maiden lady, gifted with a bright clear intelligence, diversified with the charms of light wit and fancy, and as she was content to be in art what she was in nature, her books live, while those of her ponderous rival are being very rapidly forgotten.

"Romola" and "Daniel Deronda" are dead beyond hope of resurrection; "The Mill on the Floss," being more feminine, still lives, even though its destiny is to be forgotten when "Pride and Prejudice" is remembered.

Sex is as important an element in a work of art as it is in life; all art that lives is full of sex. There is sex in "Pride and Prejudice." "Jane Eyre" and "Aurora Leigh" are full of sex; "Romola," "Daniel Deronda," and "Adam Bede" are quite sexless, and therefore quite lifeless. There is very little sex in George Sand's works, and they, too, have gone the way of sexless things. When I say that all art that lives is full of sex, I do not mean that the artist must have led a profligate life; I mean, indeed, the very opposite. George Sand's life was notoriously profligate, and her books tell the tale. I mean by sex that concentrated essence of life which the great artist jealously reserves for his art, and through which it pulsates to the end of time. Shelley deserted his wife, but his thoughts never wandered far from Mary. Dante, according to recent discoveries, led a profligate life, while adoring Beatrice, that white ideal, through interminable cantos. So profligacy is clearly not the word I want. I think that gallantry expresses my meaning better. The great artist and Don Juan are irreparably antagonistic; one cannot contain the other. Notwithstanding all the novels that have been written to prove the contrary, it is certain that woman occupies but a small place in the life of an artist. She is never more than a charm, a relaxation, in his life; and even when he strains her to his bosom, oceans are between them. Profligate, I am afraid, history proves the artist sometimes to have been, but his profligacy is only ephemeral and circumstantial; what is abiding in him is chastity of mind, though not always of body; his whole mind is given to his art, and all vague philanderings and sentimental musings are unknown to him; the women he knows and perceives are only food for it, and have no share in his mental life. And it is just because man can raise himself above the sentimental cravings of natural affection that his art is so infinitely higher than woman's art. "Love in a man is"—you know the quotation from Byron; I have forgotten it for the moment—"Tis woman's whole existence." The natural affections fill a woman's whole life, and her art is only so much sighing and gossiping about them. Very delightful and charming gossiping it often is—full of a sweetness and tenderness which we could not well spare, but always without force or dignity.

In her art, woman is always in evening dress: there are flowers in her hair, and her fan waving to and fro, and she wishes to sigh in the ear of him who will sit beside her. Man, it is true, often holds out his naked soul for this world to execrate, but a woman never is so reckless; she dare not show herself as she is, and she dare not wholly suppress herself. She is content with half-measures—a low dress, not too low, but just low enough. She will make no sacrifice for her art; she will not tell the truth about herself as frankly as Jean-Jacques, nor will she observe life from the outside with the grave impersonal vision of Flaubert. Therefore in emotional acting women stand quite on a level with men. It is not certain that they do not stand even higher; and although their literary work does not come within measurable distance of man's work, it cannot be denied that they have achieved a very definite something in literature. In painting their achievement has been much slighter; the impersonality of the art does not seem to permit the free expansion of the feminine temperament; and as the sensuous temperament finds fullest expression in acting, so does it seem to drop most completely out of sight in the art of painting.

Whatever women have done in painting has been done in France. England produces countless thousands of lady artists; twenty Englishwomen paint for one Frenchwoman, but we have not yet succeeded in producing two that compare with Madame Lebrun

and Madame Berthe Morisot. The only two Englishwomen who have in painting come prominently before the public are Angelica Kauffman and Lady Butler. The first-named had the good fortune to live in the great age, and though her work is individually feeble it is stamped with the charm of the tradition out of which it grew and was fashioned. Moreover, she was content to remain a woman in her art. She imitated Sir Joshua Reynolds to the best of her ability, and did all in her power to induce him to marry her. How she could have shown more wisdom it is difficult to see. Lady Butler was not so fortunate, either in the date of her birth, in her selection of a master, or her manner of imitating him. Angelica imitated as a woman should. She carried the art of Sir Joshua across her fan; she arranged and adorned it with ribbons and sighs, and was content with such modest achievement. Lady Butler, however, thought she could do more than to sentimentalise with De Neuville's soldiers. She adopted his method, and from this same standpoint tried to do better; her attitude towards him was the same as Rosa Bonheur's towards Troyon; and the failure of Lady Butler was equal to Rosa Bonheur's, if we take into consideration the abyss that separates the art of the painter of fields from the painter of camps. But perhaps the best instance I could select to show how impossible it is for women to do more than to accept the themes invented by men, and to decorate and arrange them according to their pretty feminine fancies, is the collection of Lady Waterford's drawings now on exhibition at Lady Brownlow's house in Carlton House Terrace. Lady Waterford for many years—for more than a quarter of a century—has been spoken of as the one amateur of genius; and the greatest artists vied with each other as to which should pay the most extravagant homage to her talent. Mr. Watts seems to have distanced all competitors in praise of her, for in a letter of his quoted in the memoir prefixed to the catalogue, he says that she has exceeded all the great Venetian masters. It was very nice of Mr. Watts to write such a letter; it was very foolish of Lady Brownlow to print it in the catalogue, for it serves no purpose except to draw attention to the obvious deficiencies of originality in Lady Waterford's drawings. Nearly all of them are remarkable for facile grouping; the colour is rich, somewhat heavy, but generally harmonious; the drawing is painfully conventional; it would be impossible to find a hand, an arm, a face that has been tenderly observed and rendered with any personal feeling or passion. The cartoons are not better than any mediocre student of the Beaux-Arts could do—insipid parodies of the Venetians whom she excels, according to Mr. Watts. Here and there, when Lady Waterford attempted no more than a decorative ring of children dancing in a richly coloured landscape, or a group of harvesters seen against a rich decorative sky, such a design as might be brought across a fan, her talent is seen to best advantage; it is a fluent and facile talent, strangely unoriginal, but always sustained by taste acquired by long study of the Venetians, and by a superficial understanding of their genius.

I have come to the end of my space, and must postpone my remarks on the art of Madame Lebrun and Madame Morisot till next week.

G. M.

THE WEEK.

WHEN it is confidently asserted that there is no danger of "real genius" starving at the present day, one wants to know what MR. BESANT means by "real genius." Suppose we take four men generally looked upon as geniuses—BROWNING, JAMES THOMSON, MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, and MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Had BROWNING not been independent

is it at all likely that he would not have starved? There is no indication anywhere in his works that he could have employed the "light, crisp" style so much admired by the public, so loathed by literary instinct. It is easy to say that he would have written novels instead of poems; but that simply leads us on to MR. MEREDITH, whose prose was as unpopular as BROWNING'S verse, and who had his time of starving, though we are nowhere told that it was as acute as JEAN PAUL'S. MR. MEREDITH always had bread and milk; JEAN PAUL often had the bread alone. JAMES THOMSON'S life was a slow death by starving; it is useless to shake the head over his drinking habits: when life is a disease, as his was, drunkenness is only a symptom, not a cause. MR. STEVENSON, although more popular in a wider sense than the other three ever have been or can be, "came through the desert" too, ate his bread in sorrow, and knew the heavenly powers. Here are three geniuses who did actually starve, and one who would have starved but for an accident.

WHAT does MR. BESANT mean by "real genius"? He writes: "I have sat on the Board of the Royal Literary Fund—for two years I was on the Council. Without breach of confidence, I may state that during that term, though there were applications from many unfortunate men and women of letters, there were none from anyone of literary position." Of course not, a "literary position" means the command of an income. By "real genius" MR. BESANT implies, apparently, "successful genius": if you have a bank account you are a "real genius"; if not, you are an "unfortunate man of letters."

AMONG forthcoming works we note, in fiction:—"The Billsbury Election and other Papers from *Punch*" (HENRY), by MR. R. C. LEHMANN; "Number Twenty" (HENRY), by MR. H. D. TRAILL; "Voodoo Folk Stories" (UNWIN), by MISS MARY A. OWEN; and "The Wrecker" (CASSELL & CO.), by MR. R. L. STEVENSON; in miscellaneous literature, "The Social Horizon" (SWAN SONNENSCHEIN), by the Special Commissioner of the *Daily News*; "The New History of Chelsea" (STOCK), by MR. ALFRED BEAVER; and "Garibaldi in England," by MR. MALTHUS G. HOLYOAKE. This last book will contain an account of the English Legion that fought for GARIBALDI in 1860, and of GARIBALDI'S visit to London in 1864, and a solution of the mystery of its sudden termination. On the latter point MR. GLADSTONE has written a letter to the author.

AT the instance of the Shelley Society MR. F. S. ELLIS began some years ago a "Dictionary of Shelley's Poetical Vocabulary." The first intention went no further than a verbal index, compiled on the same plan as MRS. COWDEN CLARK'S "Concordance to Shakespeare." DR. FURNIVALL, however, pointed out how greatly the value of the work would be enhanced if the editor would add to his labour of alphabetical arrangement the classification of the poet's words according to their parts of speech and various meanings and forces, as much after the fashion of DR. SCHMIDT'S "Shakespeare-Lexicon" as was consistent with preserving the character of a concordance. This plan has been followed by MR. ELLIS, and the work is now published, under the title of "The Shelley Concordance," by MR. BERNARD QUARITCH. We may note here that MESSRS. BELL & SONS are adding to their "Aldine Poets" an edition of SHELLEY in five volumes, by MR. H. B. FORMAN. The first volume, containing "Queen Mab," "Alastor," and a memoir, is already published.

AN annotated and indexed edition of HOWELL'S "Familiar Letters," edited by MR. JOSEPH JACOBS, appears in two handsome volumes with the imprint of MR. DAVID NUTT. Has the editor forgotten—it is

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hardly possible that he did not see it—the very charming reprint of HOWELL'S "Letters" published by MR. DAVID STOTT, in 1891, when he says, "it is strange that no new edition of HOWELL'S "Letters" has appeared for the last 130 years"?

THE ladies' conversazione of the Royal Society, which is now accepted as one of the most distinguished gatherings of the year, took place on Wednesday evening, and the function was probably the most successful that has ever been known. The feature of the evening, without any doubt, was the telephonic communication with Paris exhibited by the Postmaster-General. The wires were connected with the Grand Opéra, and the music could be listened to by ten persons simultaneously, the allotted time to each being about two minutes. From a conversation with one of the officials at the Paris end, previous to the switching-on of the Opéra, the carriage of the voice was found to be simply perfect, every syllable uttered being as distinct as if the speaker were at one's elbow. Among the other exhibits that of MR. CROOKES was very novel. The experiment consisted in burning nitrogen, a gas which under ordinary circumstances is incombustible and a non-supporter of combustion, a lighted taper for instance when plunged into it being immediately extinguished. MR. ROMANES' menagerie, containing several living rats and rabbits, attracted also considerable attention: they were illustrative of some of his results of experimental breeding, with reference to theories of heredity, showing that the admixture of hereditary elements is by no means intimate in all cases.

FOUR very interesting lantern demonstrations were given during the course of the evening. The magnificent photographs of coral reefs and marine fauna of the Great Barrier Reef of Australia were displayed by MR. SAVILLE KENT, and MR. POULTON illustrated by slides the methods by which the originally opaque wings of certain butterflies and moths have become transparent and usually scaleless. Some very wonderful recent celestial photographs taken both at home and foreign observatories were the subject of a brief discourse by MR. LOCKYER; while MR. BOYS had a good audience to view his most unique photographs of flying bullets.

OUR correspondent MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW has been expelled from Russia this week. After his damaging exposures in our columns last year of the action of the Russian Government in Poland and on the southern borders, the fact will hardly surprise our readers.

AMONG those who were honoured by the University of Cambridge with the degree of LL.D. on Saturday was MR. G. W. HILL. Loud cries of "Who are you? Where do you come from?" greeted his appearance from irreverent undergraduates. This is not surprising, for his name is generally unknown in England, and stood out in that respect from the brilliant galaxy of peers, privy councillors, professors, and authors on whom the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE conferred degrees. Yet, in honouring DR. HILL the University honoured itself more than it did when it selected the DUKE OF EDINBURGH for its highest academical distinction. DR. HILL is one of the most eminent physical astronomers of the age. While employed in the "Nautical Almanack" office at Washington he commenced his investigations, which were of so intricate a nature that probably only the late PROFESSOR ADAMS could understand them, and invented a new method of investigation of his own. The United States failed to recognise the modest

savant, either nationally or academically, and it has been reserved for the University of Cambridge to take advantage of his presence in England, for the purpose of arranging the late PROFESSOR ADAMS'S papers, to do him honour.

AMONG the deaths announced since our last issue are those of CAPTAIN W. GRANT STAIRS, R.E., one of the ablest and most trusted of STANLEY'S lieutenants; the EARL OF ANCRUM, eldest son of the MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN; MR. D. B. PEACOCK, H.M. Consul-General at Odessa, and a high authority on the languages of the Caucasus; GENERAL PROTITCH, one of the Servian Regents; MGR. LAMARCHE, Bishop of Quimper; and M. EUGÈNE BOREL, director of the International Post Office at Berne.

THE WHITE DOMINO.

MEN called her the Great Diana; and the name penetrated into her own home, where it clung to her, in spite of her protestation. She deserved the name to a certain extent, for she was tall, and stately, and beautiful to look upon. That was not her fault, nor her parents', who were neither brainless nor beautiful. But she was given curiously to a study of the classics; and though she was not able, like Ouida's heroine, to read Sophocles and Euripides at the same time, or even to picture vividly to herself the ten thousand Greeks "shouting 'Thalassis, Thalassis!' to the beautiful dancing waves," she knew enough of these ancient authors to startle an undergraduate. Her reason for this conduct none knew. It was rumoured that she had once felt some human weakness for a lad who also cared for these things, and that she pursued them out of sympathy with him. But that was not likely in a Great Diana.

Besides divine beauty and character to correspond, the great Diana had other divine gifts. She danced divinely, and played tennis with a grace and skill that lifted the game out of its condition as an ordinary relaxation of common life; and her fame spread through the college and beyond it. From a mere daughter of a classical master she grew to be a kind of classic goddess, insomuch that there were few young masters, with the exception of the scientific masters, who had not, at some time or other, offered incense at the shrine of the Great Diana. Several had written odes to her in Greek or English—in Greek for preference; and two were known to have refused superior appointments in order to remain within the light of her divinity. But the Great Diana would none of them. She was, so men said, as cold and passionless as one of her own marble effigies.

Among the young masters who had access to the house—the temple, I mean—where dwelt the Great Diana, was Dick Hatherway. He had been a friend of her brother's at Oxford, and was known to her family from some time past, before he took his appointment at the college. Now Dick Hatherway was remarkable for this, that, though not scientific or even mathematical, he stood almost daily in the presence of the Great Diana without joining the number of her votaries. He had an unorthodox admiration for her sister, Elsie—a lesser goddess, who was something of the same height and build as the Great Diana, but otherwise altogether of another type. Dick Hatherway was head over heels in love with Elsie; and, being a master, and consequently unable to manage his own affairs, succeeded in making himself very miserable about her. He was young—had only been at work three terms, I think—and, since he had no experience of these matters and drew his knowledge of life from the records of two thousand years ago, he, by reason of his ignorance, believed himself a rejected and unhappy man. No one but Dick Hatherway—and he

never told his tale—knew exactly what had happened. Perhaps it was some hard word, spoken without thinking, or perhaps the whole difference was imaginary. Anyhow, he became very wretched; and his wretchedness made him appear ill-tempered and uncompanionable to his fellows, who did not understand. Everyone liked him; but everyone was too much driven in that busy life to consider the cases of mournful dreamers. Only the Great Diana understood; and she was sorry.

Now it fell in those days that a great masque ball was to be given by an Italian lady, newly come to the city. Such a thing had not been for years, or, indeed, within the memory of woman: slander paled before it, and no other matter was spoken of at tea-time for some weeks before. Dick Hatherway was at the temple a day or two after the invitations came out. He was in particularly low spirits that day. He told the Great Diana that he had come to the conclusion that the work did not suit him, and that he should seek another appointment elsewhere. The Great Diana understood him, and he knew she did, and she knew he knew it. She flushed a little, and said she hoped he would change his mind. Then she looked long and thoughtfully at Dick Hatherway, because she was very sorry for him, and he was very foolish.

"Why don't you come to the masque-ball?" she said.

"The what?" said he.

"Masque-ball," said the Great Diana. "We are all going to it, and I can get you an invitation if you like. Elsie has already bought her domino—a great white affair, without a scrap of ornament upon it."

Dick Hatherway, who had already got used to the harness of instruction, nearly fainted at the idea; for he knew that dancing was as the essence of frivolity and signified a loss of all interest in "the work." He had tried it once or twice, while he was yet fresh and unbroken; and had slunk back like a criminal afterwards, and been pointed at by his colleagues the next day. And, as for dancing in a domino, he might as well have entered his Form-Room with a pipe in his mouth, or written a novel.

Still, he went home and thought about it, and had not finished his first pipe before he saw through the smoke something in favour of the plan; a second pipe revealed that it was a good plan; a third that it was the best plan possible. Things might be said from under cover of a domino that were hard to utter face to face. So he went out next day and purchased a domino—a black one, as a salve to his conscience and a concession to the cause.

How the weeks went before the dance, Dick Hatherway did not know. He went softly the while, and spoke little to his fellows; wondering what they would have thought of him had they known of that long black thing hanging in his cupboard. In the daytime, he toiled through his routine of school-work, and sought to communicate "the subtle incommunicable aroma of the classics" to an uninteresting and uninterested audience. At night, when all the place was still, he lay awake and rehearsed in thought an interview between two veiled figures; striving to anticipate what the one would say to the other, and what the other would say to the one, and what the one would reply to that. What his colleagues would say or think of it, he no longer cared; for he regarded his venture as a forlorn hope.

After three weeks of this folly, the night of the dance arrived; and Dick Hatherway stood trembling under his black domino in a large bright room, filled with a motley gathering of all hues and colours, simple and composite. Everyone knows the difficulty of discovering partners at a crowded dance, and how an evening will be almost gone before you come across the particular object of your desire. That difficulty was trebled where all parties concerned, seekers and sought alike, were disguised beyond knowledge of identity. Dick Hatherway

was ware of his White Domino before he had been three minutes in the room; but the programme was half finished before he could find the chance of accosting it, though it crossed his path—quite close to him—several times. Then, on a sudden, his opportunity caught him by surprise: the White Domino had entered a door beside him, and stood alone.

"Elsie," he whispered.

The White Domino paid no heed for an instant; then started, and turned towards him.

The next thing that Dick Hatherway remembered was that he was sitting in a little alcove with the White Domino, and on the point of taking leave of her. He had been sitting there some time; but what had happened he never strictly realised; only he had a vague idea that his task had been strangely easier than he had expected, and that, while apparently keeping the initiative all the while, he had been helped with a subtle kindness from stage to stage, until he found himself at the goal without knowing how he had got there.

"Only you must make me a promise, Dick," said the White Domino. "Women have their fancies, you know, Dick; and this is mine: It isn't fair that you should come and speak from under the cover of that great black thing where I can't see your face; and, besides, after your late behaviour I must be quite sure you mean all you have said. Now you must not come near me for two whole weeks. Tomorrow fortnight you may come, if you like, but you must begin all over again; and you must treat this evening as if it had never been. Do you promise, Dick?"

And the Black Domino was so happy with himself that he promised all the White Domino had required, without asking the why and wherefore of the request.

The White Domino looked at him where he stood before her, and there was a curious intense look in her attitude. She rose and shook hands with him.

"Good-bye, Dick," said the White Domino.

He thought he heard a little sob near him, but there was no one there but the White Domino. So he went. As he left her she kissed his forehead twice, and he walked home wondering.

A week, and then two weeks, passed without a sign from Elsie. Dick Hatherway, thinking that the days of his waiting were accomplished, went to see her the next morning, hoping she would be there to receive him. He was not disappointed.

Elsie was in the drawing-room alone, and came forward to meet him as he entered. She was quite free and unembarrassed, and Dick, being mindful of his promise, told his tale again without reference to the ball, but with a like result.

When he was leaving, it occurred to him that he might fitly thank the Great Diana who had partly helped him to this success. But the Great Diana was gone away—would never come back, in fact. Didn't he know that the Great Diana had joined a sisterhood?—had made the resolve about five weeks ago: she had gone away only yesterday. What did Dick want to thank her for?

Dick Hatherway hesitated.

"I wanted to thank her," he said, "for telling me you were to wear the white domino the other night."

"The white domino?" said Elsie. "I didn't wear a white domino. That was the Great Diana."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"G. M.'s" "IDEA."

SIR,—Your brilliant and acute critic must, I fear, be prepared to write seventy times seventy articles upon his (some would think) fairly elementary idea before he will get the British public to realise that painting, like poetry, is *not* concerned to "state the facts and rhyme in places." There is a salutary example of this in the New Gallery. Underneath Mr. Albert Moore's laborious "Reverie," almost on the very floor, is a little sketch

June 18, 1892.]

THE SPEAKER.

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by Mr. Edward Stott, "A Spring Ploughing." The comparison is instructive. Mr. Albert Moore's pretty model, draped in soft "Liberty" stuff, sits, as girls do sit sometimes, pensive or dull in a splendid ivory chair. The canvas, sir, bristles with facts—facts in ivory and mother o' pearl, facts in *surat* and bright wall-hangings. In what places it rhymes, save in the tag appended to the number of the catalogue, I cannot tell; it leaves one cold. Mr. Stott's piece is sketchy, perhaps; may not bear "looking into" (though a painter, I fancy, would deny this); but is it not a spring ploughing indeed, with its red upland, and its breezy sky, and its sprays of whitethorn dancing in a hedge-row? The team is making head against the wind; the ploughman lurches heavily over the furrows; somewhere the cuckoo's mate is twisting her shrill note. Here are facts, I shall be told. Look at the picture; the only literal facts you will see are colour, light, and motion. Not fact, but the spirit of fact, and a poet's sense of it, is here. It is a spring pastoral of eight inches by six, and its facts, if any, are the rhymes—the music which pervades it.

Morals again! The other day M. Émile Ollivier wrote a bulky volume to prove that Michelangelo was a greater artist than Raffaello. This is a task which might prove difficult to some men, and ridiculous to others. But he worked it out to his own complete satisfaction. As thus: Buonarotti was a good son, a hard thinker, an ascetic; Raffaello appears to have been a bit of a Pagan, *ergo*, etc. And again, look at his "Madonnas," his "Pieta," his "Holy Family" in the Uffizi, and his "Last Judgment." Compare them with those of "The Goldfinch," of "The Chair," of "The Garden." These last, says M. Ollivier, are mere stupid little peasant-girls; they will grow up to be fat old women. Leonardo's "Ioeconde" is a coquette; Titian's "Venus" a courtesan; Correggio's "Antiope" an animal. Michelangelo painted none of these things; one cannot prophesy a plethoric old age or a life of sin for his types; therefore, artistically, quoth a, they are greater.

Let us have, sir, seventy more articles from "G. M." They will not produce the result he desires; they will never satisfy the public that a picture is not a code of signals or the annual report of a statistical society; but some of us will not complain.—I enclose my card, and am, Sir, your faithful servant,

June 12th.

BONAVENTURE.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS AMONG RAILWAY SERVANTS.

SIR,—I am glad to see that your issue of June 4th contains an appreciative comment on the valuable Report on Colour Vision recently presented to the Board of Trade by a committee of the Royal Society.

In the opening sentence of your second note on the subject, you state that "the tests applied for colour vision on railways are stringent, although not perfect." To that assertion I must take objection. If you will have the goodness to glance over the Report on the Efficient Control of Railway Servants' Eyesight, lately issued by the Council of the British Medical Association, you will see that the arrangements for the testing of eyesight of *employés* on most of our railways, both as regards colour-sense and acuteness of vision, are extremely unsatisfactory.

I trust you will support the efforts which are now being made to impress this upon the railway authorities and the public with a view to a reformation.—Yours faithfully,

GEORGE MACKAY, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.

2, Randolph Place, Edinburgh, June 8th, 1892.

THE WRONGS OF GROSVENOR SQUARE.

[*Indignation grave and deep has been existent for some time past with regard to the running of omnibuses through Grosvenor Square, and it is rumoured that an indignation meeting of the servants of that aristocratic neighbourhood is shortly to be held.*]

BROTHER footmen! met together, I address you from the chair

On the subject of the Omnibus that desecrates our Square. In the past our 'appy Hengland 'ad one jewel in her crown Which your Bradlaungs and your Gladstones dar'sn't venture to pull down!

There was one spot in our Island where vulgarity was rare!— Need I trouble you by mentioning the name of Gruvnor Square?

Oh! 'ere indeed was manners! In the land it stood alone For its genooinie seeloosion and the 'ighness of its tone. It was 'ealthy! it was 'appy! It was privileged to stand On the doorsteps of the 'aughty and the 'ighest in the land! And the British public knewed it, for their tone was lowered when

Their heydes beheld the gorgeous mansions of the Hupper Ten!

Even cabbies when they entered on our precincts ceased to swear And with bated breath the growler meekly crepled along our Square.

We 'ad chariots, we 'ad britskas. We was strong and could assume

Toleration for the later hinnovation of the brougham! But, as yet, we 'adn't 'ansoms, much less what is even wuss!— We was mercifully spared the degradation of the 'Bus, With its "cads" and its "conductors," and its knife-board full of Gents:

I 'ope I ain't a-flyin' in the face of Providence— But wotever sins we're guilty of, full penalties we bear When 'Im 'as plagued Egyptians sent the 'Buses to the Square!

When the Serpent came to Heden for to give the primal euss, He forestalled our present ruing; he was bodied like a 'Bus! He was blue and he was yaller; he was red and he was green! He was all that was horrific; he was all that was obscene! And they wrote upon 'im "Oundsditch," "Ampstead," "Ighgate"—even wuss!

You might read the foul word "Chelsea" wrote out brazen on the 'Bus!

We, too, 'ad our little Heden, for our Square it blossomed then With the mansions of our greatest and our 'ighest noblemen, Till there came the fell disaster what 'as brought us to our knees With a hominous beginning in the presence of M.P.'s; With their pockets full of money an aggression they would dare And would join the Aristocracy by living in our Square!

Even brokers now and jobbers, when they're rich by selling shares, Tries to make theirselves respectable by coming to our squares, Little thinking of our feelings or what tender chords they shock When they quit their foul seeloosion in the wilds of Bedford Pawk!

But there's justice in the Hupwards, and they'll meet it sure as Fate!

Their presumption will be punished, for we shan't associate! Brother footmen! wake your thunder; and don't do the thing by halves!

Tear the knots from off your shoulders! pull the padding from your calves!

Take the curl from out your whiskers! dust the powder from your hair!

Doff your buckles and your buttons! show the depths of your despair

At the outrage put upon you by the 'Buses in the Square!

Let us gather in our thousands! Let us deputate our Queen! Let us throw ourselves upon her—on her sympathies, I mean. She, at least, will understand us and our troubles with the 'Bus When we wenture to remind her—Mr. Brown was one of Us! Let us make a hardent protest! Let us say, with one accord, "Gracious Queen! there is a something what your servants 'as habored!"

Give us back our hancient Heden as a hanswer to our prayer, And make 'appy loyal Hengland in the pusson of the Square!"

If 'Er Majesty makes answer that she will, upon that day We shall tell 'er with our blessing 'er petitioners will pray!— If there isn't such a answer, we will tell her we deplore That the glory of our nation has departed evermore! Welcome then the fell invader! Revolution, hurry up; For you cannot add a single drop of bitter to our cup. We shall fly from outraged London unto London-super-Mare, Crying, "Ichabod! The glory has departed from the Square!"

BRAM STOKER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, June 17th, 1892.

"I THINK it but fair to inform the public, though it is probable enough they have discovered it already without my assistance, that I am no very great poet." When the time comes for members of the House of Commons to pass an examination in something more than promises, aspirants for a lounge on the green benches are likely to be asked, in the English Literature paper, to name the statesman of

the nineteenth century who said this, the circumstances under which he so delivered himself, and the period of his career when he chose to be so frank. They may further be requested to give instances from his verse in proof of the essential correctness of his self-criticism, and to add a short essay in support of the thesis that no one man can be expected to be a master of written verse and spoken prose. The ordeal will be severe and the result unsatisfactory, for what member of the British Legislature in the present, what candidate for that august body in the future, knows anything of Mr. Gladstone as a poet?

Yet it was the Member for Midlothian who, years before he was member for anywhere, proclaimed to "the public"—for he always took a broad view of things—that he was "no very great poet" in the first of his efforts ever printed, and when he was but a little more than seventeen. And, although during the following few months he evolved a number of verses, the critical examiner of his youthful work will feel bound to agree with him that he brought forth no verse. The infant lispings of men destined to be great have, however, their own charm and their own value; and when the admirers of Mr. Gladstone praise, as in the future they are likely still more to praise, the many-sided nature of his mental development, they have no reason to forget that once he adventured in the field of poetry, and that he was sufficiently keen to perceive, even in his youth, that that field was not for him.

It was, of course, in the *Eton Miscellany*, edited by George Selwyn and himself, and mainly by himself, that the young Gladstone offered sacrifice to the Poetic Muse—a phrase with which the studious among the Eton boys of 1827 were obviously familiar. But the earliest of all his verses date back further yet, and they have the more interest to-day because they directly link the statesman of 1892 with one of his most brilliant predecessors of seventy years ago. Everyone knows the friendly link which bound Canning to Mr. Gladstone's father; many have heard of that visit to Eton which Canning paid on the Fourth of June, 1824, and of the talk he had with the young son of his introducer to the constituency of Liverpool; but very few have seen one of the results of that historic meeting. "Give plenty of time to your verses," the Foreign Secretary had said; "every good copy you do will set in your memory some poetical thought or well-turned form of speech which you will find useful when you speak in public." It was of verses in the classic tongues that the practised orator was speaking to the boy who was to rival him in oratorical fame: but his instruction was bettered a few months later, when the Etonian set himself to celebrate in rhyme the statesman he so much admired.

The month was January, the year 1825, when Mr. Gladstone made the first poetic attempt which has been preserved to us. In this, he bade his

"Muse her humble tribute pay
To Canning's eloquence, to Canning's lay.
Say not the flow'rs of poesy are dead,
While the Nine wreath with laurels Canning's head;
Say not the fount of eloquence is dry,
It springs from Canning's lip and sparkles in his eye!"

But, to the half-regret of the young hero-worshipper, something more practical than mere speech-making was being found for the statesman:

"The helm of England needs his guiding hand,
A nation's wonder, and a nation's joy.
He is the pilot that our God hath sent
To guide the vessel that was torn and rent!"

This outburst of the lad of fifteen did not see the light of print for nearly three years, and not, indeed, until after Canning's untimely death. But, in the interval, Mr. Gladstone had seized other opportunities

for writing verse. The *Eton Miscellany* was first issued on June 4th, 1827; and, in addition to his editorial labours and prose contributions—with one sentence in which these thoughts were commenced—Mr. Gladstone furnished to the earliest number a rhymed epilogue, addressed, of course, "Most courteous Public!" in which half doubtfully, half whimsically, he wrote:—

"Humble my wish, confined its scope,
Yet fear is mingled with my hope;

Will Fame assign to me a place
Beside the fathers of my race,

Or doom my melancholy ghost
To join the dark Tartarean host,
With many a luckless author more
To wander on the Stygian shore,
While housemaids tear my sacred strains
To light their fires and scrub their stains?"

The clever boy, in fact, more than half suspected that it was not in poetry he was born to shine. He introduced his translation of one portion of the "Hecuba" of Euripides with the remark, "You cannot be so unreasonable as to expect it should bear much resemblance to the original;" and to another appended the note, "It is particularly requested of my readers, that on the perusal of this Translation, they do not refer to the original; it will dispel the illusion, as the critics say." And more particularly was this shown when, having published a long poem on "Richard Coeur de Lion," he afterwards wrote to himself as editor—

"The Monarch of the Lion-heart
Hath perish'd by ignoble dart;
For thou hast kill'd him—or hast tried,
By badly singing how he died."

His poem, indeed, had illustrated the felicity with which a clever schoolboy could frame some 250 lines of sounding verse. It began sonorously with—

"Bright beamed the sun on England's smiling land,
Calm flowed the waves to kiss the silent strand;
St. George's banner floated high in air,
And many a gallant band was marshalled there;
And England's monarch England's children led
The pathless waste of Eastern shores to tread."

The young patriot, who went on to celebrate the "glories of the British oak," and who had already half anticipated his future greatest rival's oratorical flight concerning the planting of the banner of St. George upon the mountains of Rasselas, ended, as Disraeli would not have done, with a moral reflection—

"Pray to be spared thyself—thy fellows spare."

Contrary, indeed, to what might now be thought, it was not in serious verse that Mr. Gladstone was at his best. There was always an academic ring about his sorrow, a calculated cadence in the fall of his tear. In "The Shipwreck," where he tells of the young sailor who is drowned, and of his lover who dies at home from a broken heart, the scene is formal and the spirit is left untouched. It is the same in "The Ladder of the Law," an involved and somewhat gruesome warning against ambition; while "Guatimozin's Death Song," suggested naturally to an admirer of Canning's policy of calling in a New World to redress the balance of the Old, only sounds as if it should be affecting, and no great height is reached in the one religious "fragment," which asks—

"Say'st thou that human glory can endure?
That aught of earth affords foundation sure?
Say'st thou that empire, dignity, or fame,
Shall live for ever—flourish on the same?"

For the instances of Rome and Babylon are just as obvious as the answer—

"There is a city that shall be
Strong and unmoved to all eternity.
No sun illuminates that city bright—
No moon is there, to cheer dark dismal night—

No night is there—GOD is its beaming Sun,
Its Light the Lamb—the Holy Three in One.
What city thus shall cank'ring ago contemn?
No earthly work—the New Jerusalem."

As, in the circumstances, might have been expected, there is a truer ring in the seventy lines of "Reflections in Westminster Abbey, October, 1827," with the motto, "How are the mighty fallen!" and suggested by the death of Canning, with the conclusion—

"Oft in the sculptured aisle and swelling dome
The yawning grave hath giv'n the proud a home;
Yet never welcomed from his bright career
A mightier victim than it welcomed here;
Again the tomb may yawn—again may death
Claim the last forfeit of departing breath,
Yet ne'er enshrine, in slumber dark and deep,
A nobler, loftier, prey than where thine ashes sleep."

But Mr. Gladstone did best in a lighter vein, as is proved by his burlesque "Ode to the Shade of Wat Tyler," which opened—

"Shade of him, whose valiant tongue
On high the song of freedom sung;
Shade of him, whose mighty soul
Would pay no taxes on his poll;
Though, swift as lightning, civic sword
Descended on thy fated head,
The blood of England's boldest poured,
And numbered Tyler with the dead!

Still may thy spirit flap its wings,
At midnight, o'er the couch of kings;
And peer and prelate tremble too,
In dread of nightly interview!
With patriot gesture of command,
With eyes that like thy forges gleam,
Lest Tyler's voice and Tyler's hand,
Be heard and seen in nightly dream."

There are ten other verses, some of which have often been quoted—even to show that their author was a revolutionary at heart even in his Conservative youth—but one might give them all for this "Sonnet to a Rejected Sonnet," begotten of editorial experience :

"Poor child of sorrow! who didst boldly spring
Like sapient Pallas, from thy parent's brain,
All armed in mail of proof! and thou wouldest fain
Leap further yet, and, on exulting wing,
Rise to the summit of the Printer's Press!

But cruel hand hath nipped thy buds amain,
Hath fixed on thee the darkling, inky stain,
Hath soiled thy splendour, and defiled thy dress!
Where are thy 'full-orbed moon,' and 'sky' serene?
And where thy 'waving foam,' and 'foaming wave?'
All, all are blotted by the mard'rous pen,
And lie unhonoured in their papery grave!
Weep, gentle Sonnets! Sonneteers, deplore!
And vow—and keep the vow—you'll write no more!"

It is almost impossible, of course, to deal with any form of Mr. Gladstone's utterances, delivered at whatever period of his life, without asking whether aught in it can be construed in connection with present-day controversy; and there are points in his versified contributions to the *Eton Miscellany* which lend themselves even to that. He certainly had not the electoral capture of "gallant little Wales" in his eye when he recorded how to David Ap Rice, in a dream—

"Thalia brought the laurel, and Melpomene the bays,
And 'Sacred be to us,' they cried, 'O David Rice, your lays;
For we are Welch. In Wales, too, our Pegasus was bred;
And Jove is Welch, and Neptune Welch, and he that rules the dead;
And when old Chaos was, where now are fields and hills and dales,
They'd sun, and moon, and pedigrees, and toasted cheese in Wales!"

But he seems to have had a premonition even thus early that the Belfast Orangemen and himself would disagree, for Arthur Hallam having written a flamboyant poem, "The Battle of the Boyne," in celebration of "The Orange Standard's chivalry," the young Gladstone criticised it in the lines—

"Truth, if Orange standard be
Fair Britain's only 'panoply,'
Through silken armour many a dart
Will make poor Britain's sides to smart."

In later years Mr. Gladstone had other things to do than to write poetry, and things that he could do much better; but he did not cast off the habit with his Eton jacket. Thirty-five years after he left school he published, with his brother-in-law, the late Lord Lyttelton—"in memoriam dupicum nuptiarum VIII. Kal. Aug. MDCCCXXXIX."—a number of translations, executed at divers intervals in a busy life, from Greek, Latin, Italian, and German, with some from English into Latin. These ranged in date and subject from 1831, when, as a graduate of Oxford, he Latinised Milton's description of Rome, to 1861, when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he turned into English an extract from the much-loved "Iliad," and his old friend Manzoni's "Ode on the Death of Napoleon." An occasional translation has been executed since, but Mr. Gladstone's career as a poet may be said to have begun and to have ended at Eton. It formed a phase in his mental development which is worth study; and coming generations of Etonians will of a certainty be content to echo, with the single alteration of the name now to be made, the conclusion of their illustrious schoolfellow's earliest lines—

"Exalt thine head, Etona, and rejoice,
Glad in a nation's loud acclaining voice;
And 'mid the tumult, and the clamour wild,
Exult in Gladstone—say he was thy child."

A. F. R.

REVIEWS.

CHAPTERS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF ANCIENT AMERICA AND THE SPANISH CONQUEST. By John Fiske. Two vols. London : Macmillan & Co.

M R. JOHN FISKE is a soprolific writer, and handles so many subjects in a familiar way, that the temptation to set him down as superficial is a strong one. He reminds us in this respect of Dr. Mahaffy; and, indeed, the similarities in the easy and breezy confidence of the two writers are so great that though Dr. Mahaffy might perhaps object to being called a Fenian Fiske, one might not unfairly describe Mr. Fiske as a Massachusetts Mahaffy. In both cases, however, the suspicion of superficiality proves to be unfounded. If Dr. Mahaffy is not an absolutely universal genius, he is a vigorous, bright, suggestive writer. If Mr. Fiske's knowledge is not so widespread or minute as the subjects of his books might suggest, he is an unusually well-informed writer, who has the art of bringing his different sorts of knowledge into a helpful relation to one another, and whose hearty interest in what he writes about communicates itself to his readers. Those who care for geography and for primitive culture will doubtless find this "Discovery of America," as we have found it, one of the most agreeable and instructive books, in both those topics, that have appeared for a good many years. The variety of its contents, which some may blame as making it too loose and scattered, increases its interest to busy men who have no time to follow the progress of archaeological or historical research into the antiquities of America and the process of its conquest, but who desire to know the main conclusions to which that research is tending, and to have some of the choicest illustrative bits selected and presented to them in a lucid way. Mr. Fiske is always fresh and natural; indeed, he carries his naturalness into an almost excessive familiarity of style, and though his mind is well formed and scholarly, he is sometimes rather lax and heedless in small matters. For instance, in vol. i., p. 113, he considers the ceremony of anointing a king at his coronation to be "a survival of the ancient rite which invested a war chief with priestly attributes," whereas it is a priestly innovation due to Old Testament precedents. On p. 327 he forgets that the Greeks knew plenty of savage tribes, such, for instance, as those very low

savages (*e. g.*, the Atarantes) whom Herodotus describes as dwelling in Northern Libya. On p. 188 he similarly forgets, in remarking that the encounter of Thorfinn, the explorer of Vinland, with the Skraelings, natives of North America, was "probably the first meeting between civilised Europeans and any people below the upper status of barbarism," that the Norsemen had long known and had conflicts with the Lapps, who were certainly below that status. On p. 137 of vol. ii. he omits to refer to the passage in the *Iliad* (II., 461) where the name Asia first occurs, though only as the name of a particular district. Nor is he always happy in his references to other writers. Sir H. Maine, with all his admirable merits, had anything but that "profound knowledge of early Aryan law and custom" which Mr. Fiske attributes to him; and it is odd to find Mr. Herbert Spencer, who is nothing if not uncritical, credited with having given "the ablest critical survey of the whole field" of primitive kinship. All these, however, are small matters beside the solid value and interest of the book, which brings together a great deal of information hitherto accessible only in special treatises, and elucidates with care and judgment some of the most perplexing problems in the history of discovery.

Mr. Fiske begins pretty far back, with the Great Ice Age and the chipped flints of the Trenton gravel. After a discussion of the stages of savagery and barbarism in general, based on the suggestive classification of Morgan, he sketches the organisation and culture of the North American tribes, first of the northern groups, then of the Aztecs and the Mayas of Central America. An excellent chapter is devoted to the voyages to or towards America before Columbus, in which, while vindicating the authenticity of the Icelandic Saga relating to the discovery of Helluland and Vinland, he rightly observes that there is not a particle of evidence that Columbus ever heard of the Norse explorations, which took place nearly five centuries before his time, and had been almost wholly forgotten in Iceland itself. Two other chapters on the knowledge acquired of the East during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, especially by the marvellous journey of the Venetian Polo, and on the Portuguese search for the Indies by the eastward route round the south end of Africa, bring us to the enterprise of Columbus himself. The second volume pursues the course of discovery, touching first on the Cabots, then on the voyages of Amerigo Vespucci, then on the still more splendid exploit of Magellan; it then proceeds to describe briefly the conquest of Mexico, the condition of Peru under the Incas and its conquest by Pizarro; the career of Las Casas, and the later progress of discovery down to the crossing of the North American continent by Lewis and Cass in 1806. There are not a few digressions, and not a few expressions of opinion, on matters which (like the Spanish Inquisition) have no very direct connection with the exploration of America, but Mr. Fiske's discursiveness is one of the things that make the individuality of his manner, and may be pardoned for the sake of the good matter it enables him to bring in.

The sketches of the social and political state of Peru and Mexico are very well done, and the narratives of the voyages, especially of Magellan's, full of spirit. But perhaps the most valuable things in the book are the very careful examination of the geographical notions which filled the minds of Columbus and the other early discoverers, and the account of the explorations of Amerigo Vespucci. It is shown with great clearness how much interest these explorations excited, and the way in which the name of Amerigo (which seems to be Amalrich) came to be attached first to the new region whose existence he revealed in Eastern South America, thereafter, but by slow degrees, to the whole continent. We do not remember to have seen anywhere the view, which is the key to the whole history of Western discovery for forty years after 1492

—viz., that Columbus and his followers had no idea that they were in a new world at all, but only on the eastern coasts of Asia—worked out so thoroughly. It has, of course, been stated hundreds of times before, but Mr. Fiske has brought it home with a fresh force and clearness, and succeeded by means of it in explaining many riddles which had puzzled former inquirers. Few of us realise how slow has been the process by which our knowledge of the great Western continent has been acquired; and few realise how comparatively weak was the passion for discovery simply as discovery, especially among the Spanish adventurers. To acquire dominion for the Crown of Spain, to convert the natives, to establish trade, but above all, to win gold and enrich themselves by plundering the aborigines, were the main objects of the explorers; and the higher aims of men like Columbus and Magellan—to whom we may add notonly the Portuguese Prince Henry, but also, in respect of his wonderful southern voyage, the Florentine Vespucci—appear but rarely, and excite our admiration all the more.

THE COMTIST CALENDAR.

THE NEW CALENDAR OF GREAT MEN. London: Macmillan & Co. THIS volume is intended to fill up in detail what Comte's Positivist Calendar sets down in outline, to explain the Calendar as a whole and in its parts, to clothe its figures in their true human dress, and to exhibit them as living agents, entitled for very various reasons to the distinctive notice which has been given them. The purpose of the Calendar is to give a concrete view of what Comte terms the preparatory period of man's history. It shows us each stage of the movement which has brought humanity thus far, and the most important agents in each, and thus tells us who they are to whose past services our debt of gratitude is chiefly owing. The present volume carries out the plan of the Calendar. It explains precisely the character of the several stages commemorated in each year, the contribution which each stage has brought with it, and why certain names have been singled out as prominent in connection with each. This done, it completes the sketch by a record of the life and history of each one of the actors in the great drama, and thus puts the reader in full possession of the facts and theories most necessary to enable him to understand Comte's drift. It has been a work of enormous labour, carefully and accurately performed. It has instruction for all classes. The general reader will find in it a mass of interesting matter, which he would look for in vain elsewhere. To the more serious student, who wishes to understand the Positivist point of view, it offers just the thing of which he is in search; and this with the added advantage of a literary style and form which are somewhat markedly wanting in Comte's own writings. To the Positivist it is a *κτῆμα ἐς δεῖ*; an exposition and complement of his creed, containing, as it does, almost every fact of history which he much cares to know, and giving him a better and fuller insight into the scheme of life and thought which it is the great aim of the Positive Philosophy to inculcate.

Comte's choice in the construction of his Calendar has been essentially determined by his judgment about the past and future history of the human race. The present state of the world has been the product of many factors, each of which has its due place assigned to it in the Calendar. The outcome of all of them together has been what Comte terms the Western Republic, made up by the free cohesion of its five leading populations—the French, Italian, Spanish, British, and German. This is the order which Comte assigns to them. He gives the lead, of course, to his own country—to France—and the rest follow according to the greater or less degree in which they resemble the French type. This explains why so large a preponderance of names in the

Calendar are taken out of French history, or stand for persons who have done good service to France. It explains, too, why Catholic Spain has a higher place assigned to it than Protestant England. For the system of Positivism is addressed primarily to Catholics. Its founder did not believe that the Catholic system, which had been constructed by the prolonged efforts of the best minds of their age, was destined to pass away and disappear. He took it rather as a type for all time, subject necessarily to some important changes in its aims and in the objects of its devotion. In Spain the machinery of Catholicism has been preserved. In England it has been mutilated or lost. Spain, therefore, is the more hopeful subject for the Positivist propaganda. In England the new faith may make its individual converts. In Spain the conversion may be a national one, for there the religion of humanity has, so to say, its shrines waiting and ready for it, and a priestly order which has not yet lost its hold upon the popular mind, and which has proved itself pliant enough to deal fittingly with each new transformation, as the need for each has come.

In many instances the reason of Comte's choice of names for his Calendar is not obvious at first sight. We find included, for example, in the first month—"The Initial Theocracy"—no small number of mythical or semi-mythical personages : Prometheus, Hercules, Cadmus, Theseus, Ulysses, Romulus, Numa have their places there among the rest. Again, in the later months, we find the names of individuals whose deeds or writings do not seem very clearly to entitle them to be remembered for ever among the immortals. St. Geneviève of Paris, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, the half-crazed St. Catherine of Siena, and St. Luis of Granada, the gloomiest of religious authors, can hardly be described with truth as having made their mark on the world's thought or on the world's history by any signal merits of their own. In all these, and in other like cases, the same explanation will hold good—Comte took into account not only what these real or fictitious men and women were or were not, but what they were thought to be by others, and what place they filled accordingly in the minds of those who lived with them or came after them. Hercules, for instance, stands as a symbol of man's early triumph over the opposing forces of the animate and inanimate world; Prometheus and Cadmus are symbols of man's early acquisition of the arts and appliances most necessary for civilised life. Theseus, to the Athenian, was the founder of Attic nationality, just as Romulus was looked back to by the Roman as the founder of Rome, Numa as the first author of its system of religion and of law. So, too, the legend of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, though admittedly containing much childish and much positively repulsive matter, is claimed as a perpetual type of the power exerted by the noble women of feudalism in fusing chivalry with the spirit of Christian charity, and she has proved accordingly one of the most cherished figures in the art, the legend, and the poetry of Catholicism. Similar to this is the position assigned to St. Geneviève, the chief patron saint of Paris, whose legendary history is said to mark the first beginnings of Catholic chivalry, and whose name was for centuries an imaginary incentive to both heroism and pious tenderness. In all these, as in many other passages of his writings, Comte's system lends itself to easy ridicule; but, *risu inepto nihil ineptius*—it is not Comte whom it can degrade.

Comte was unquestionably right in assuming that his religious system was not likely to find ready acceptance with Englishmen. There is much in it to give offence to the English mind. More than all, perhaps, the need for it is not felt. A Protestant country, which has not ceased to believe in its old faith, can be no very hopeful subject for the teaching of a new creed, essentially anti-Protestant alike in its structure and in its aims, and demanding for its reception the surrender of no small part of what Englishmen most highly value in their national and

in their religious belief. But Comte's influence on English thought has none the less been immense. If his later writings have found favour only among the few, his earlier works have been much more widely spread, and their lessons have been caught up and appropriated by avowed converts, by others who refuse to refer them to their right origin, and by many more who are simply unaware of the quarter from which they have been derived. Many, too, who do not accept Comte's conclusions as a whole, are compelled to recognise his enormous intellectual force; his grasp of history, under which each successive period falls into its proper place, and is displayed in its just relation to what has preceded it and has come after it; his clear insight into the character and importance of each; his grand negligence of what commonly passes for history, and his separation throughout of the essential from the non-essential, of the grain from the chaff.

It has been by no short or easy stages that the point of progress has been reached at which mankind now stands. The past history of the world is shown by Comte as one continuous record of the long and laborious preparation for it. No attempt will be made here to give an adequate account of his analytical and constructive work. His Calendar will be the best clue to it, with the further help of the introductory remarks and running comment of illustration which this latest addition to the Positivist's library supplies. It has been a work of labour and of love. It gives, it will be seen, an appreciative view of Comte's system as a whole, a special notice of each one of the periods or subjects commemorated in the several months, and an account, drawn from original sources, of the men and women—nearly six hundred in all—whose names are set against each day of the year, of what they did, and of the environment amid which they worked. The chief contributors to the volume are Professor E. S. Beesly, Dr. J. H. Bridges, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and Mr. Vernon Lushington. The initials appended to each section of the book show the authorship of each. It is edited by Mr. Harrison. The work has been exceedingly well done. The introductory remarks are at once luminous and informing, and the single lives tell all that the reader need wish to know about their subjects and about the reasons which have led Comte to assign each of them a place, whether of supremacy or of some lower rank, of the second or of the third order. That a dogmatic tone pervades the whole book is only what we must expect to find. The writers speak not in their own names, but in the name and with the added authority of the master whose teaching they have accepted, and whose work they are completing and carrying forward.

MEDIÆVAL SCOTLAND.

EARLY TRAVELLERS IN SCOTLAND. Edited by P. Hume Brown. Edinburgh : David Douglas.

THIS instructive collection which Mr. Hume Brown, so favourably known by his Life of George Buchanan, has edited with learning and discrimination, enables us to trace the characteristics of Scotland and its natives which struck foreign observers from the thirteenth to the end of the seventeenth century. The writers included in this volume, with one or two exceptions, did not, however, penetrate into the Highlands. Taylor "the Water Poet," and Frank "the Contemplative Angler," who did, were ignorant of Gaelic, and tell us little except that north of the great Firths, in the country which Tacitus styled "almost a separate island," there lived a distinct race who spoke "nothing but Irish," wore a different garb, and retained savage customs. It was not till Captain Burt wrote his letters—in 1728; first published in 1754, so beyond the period of this volume—that any full account of the Highlands of the North was given to English readers. It was in fact the Lowlanders who formed the substratum of the Scottish nationality as known in mediæval history. The Gaelic

or Irish-speaking race were always, as it were, in the background, and almost as much foreigners to the Southern Scots as to the Southern English—as is proved by the allusions to them in Dunbar's poems and other early Scottish literature. The Scottish kings were descended, and the Scottish name was derived, from the Gael; but since Malcolm Canmore, the Anglo-Saxon and still more the Anglo-Norman element became predominant. It was, however, a distinct and notable variety of race which formed the population of the Lowlands of Scotland, and it well deserves separate study.

Froissart's description of the poverty of Scotland has often been quoted—the small size of the towns, the absence of permanent houses in the country (castles, of course, excepted), so that when invaded they practised good King Robert's precept, and burnt them, as they could easily be rebuilt; the want of necessaries, as iron and leather, which were imported from Flanders; their living on oatmeal, and their hardihood as soldiers. But what is still more worthy of note in the French Chronicle is the ill-will of the Scots towards their French allies, their demand for compensation when the French knights rode over their crops, and the high prices they exacted for all they sold. The contrast was great between the independent spirit of the Scottish peasantry and the servile condition of the French Jacquerie under their feudal lords. Although in Scotland, as in France, the "Third Estate" was not yet politically born, the love of freedom had descended from father to son since the deeds of Wallace and Bruce had been sung by Blind Harry and Barbour.

We are apt to forget that the alliance of France and Scotland was an alliance chiefly of kings and nobles—the gentry, as distinguished from the commons. A portion of the lower classes, even in the fourteenth century, would have preferred to side with England. But the English raids, and the memory of the War of Independence, barred the union which might otherwise have been accomplished. *Aeneas Sylvius*, in the reign of James I., mentions almost the same points. "The common people," he says, "are poor and destitute of all refinement. The towns have no walls, and the houses are built without lime. The roofs of the cottages in the country are of turf, and the doors of hides of oxen."

Sylvius regarded even the lowlanders of the borders as barbarians, and when he reached Newcastle remarked that he "once more beheld civilisation; for Scotland and the adjoining part of England bear no resemblance to Italy: are nothing but a wilderness unvisited by the sun." Here, as in all travels, the personal equation of the traveller requires to be kept in view. Scotland seemed barbarous and a wilderness compared with Italy or France, but it was otherwise if the standard of comparison was the smaller or remoter countries of Europe, as Denmark, the Low Countries, even Spain, which, though then one of the leading European Powers, was far from the centre of civilisation. The Spaniard Ayala is more flattering. The astute monarchs of Castile and Aragon desired to gain the alliance of the Scotch, while the ambassador himself, a man "who made friends wherever he went," had gained the special favour of James IV. It is unfortunate that his account has been transcribed by Scottish historians without sufficient allowance for the desire to flatter that king and his subjects. Thus the statements "that the houses (of the towns) are good, all built of hewn stone, and provided with excellent doors, glass windows, and a great number of chimneys. All the furniture used in Italy, Spain, and France is to be found in the dwellings. It has not been bought in modern times, but inherited from preceding ages" may be true of the castles of the nobles and the mansions of rich burghers, but can scarcely be accurate of the great bulk of the citizens' dwellings. It is noticeable that the Venetian Andrea Trevisano, who for the most part copies Ayala, confines his compliments to the houses of the

nobles. Ayala's praise, not only of the courtesy and beauty of the women, but of their independence—"They are absolute mistresses of their houses and even of their husbands, in all things concerning the administration of their property"—is singular, and must be explained by his coming from a country where the relation of the sexes had still an Eastern tinge. His explanation of the liking of the French by the Scots also deserves attention. "There is a good deal of French education in Scotland, and many speak French. For all the young gentlemen who have no property go to France and are well received, and therefore the French are liked."

Peder Swave the Dane, and Nicander Nucius the Greek, who visited Scotland in 1535 and 1545, add scarcely anything to our knowledge of the Scotch character. Jean de Beaugué, who came with the French Commander, André de Montalembert, to aid the Scots against the English in 1546, gives some interesting observations on particular places, the islands of the Forth and its seaboard, and narrates the campaign in which he took part; but except his description of the low estate to which the landlords had been brought by the raids of Hertford and Lord Grey, which he ascribes "to the judgment of God for their separate leagues and bonds," there is not anything novel in his work, which has been more than once reprinted. Estienne Perlin is a more original observer.

Fynes Morison's travels at the close of the same century were unfortunately cut short by his being summoned home after visiting only a small part of the Lowlands, for he was one of the most observant of travellers. He notes the absence of inns with signs, so common and pretty a sight in rural England; but the note of Mr. Brown shows that the Scotch kings had tried to provide accommodation, though the hosteries the laws compelled were no doubt chiefly the small ale-houses, whose keepers "entertain travellers upon acquaintance and entreaty." The houses of Edinburgh were still built "of unpolished stone, and had their outsides faced with wooden galleries built upon the second storey, which gave the owners a fair prospect when they sit or stand in the same." He states with some minuteness the foreign trade, chiefly with four places—Campvere in Zealand, Bordeaux, the Baltic, and England; and he gives a curious account of the entertainment he received at a knight's house, who had "many servants with their heads covered with blue caps, the table more than half furnished with great platters of porridge, each having a little piece of sodden meat." The servants sat with their masters, but below the salt, and the upper men had "a pullet with some prunes in the broth," a trace of the foreign cookery which the Scots borrowed.

The seventeenth century opens with the flattering but meagre narrative of the Huguenot Duc de Rohan, which concludes with a fine compliment. "If I found the kingdom niggard in producing what is necessary to human life, I also found it truly generous in the production of virtuous persons." Sir Anthony Weldon's sarcastic notice may be contrasted. "I do wonder that so brave a prince as King James should be born in so stinking a country as lousy Scotland"—which reminds us of Churchill's savage satire. English travellers were too apt to confine their observations to the birds of the Bass, the bare feet of the women and children, the rudeness of the houses, and the want of cleanliness in the streets. The art of travel is not easily acquired, and requires penetration as well as observation. "The eye sees," says the proverb, "only what it brings with itself—the power of seeing."

The later travellers call for few remarks. The most important were already well known. Tucker's valuable report as to the Excise and Customs to the Commissioners under the Protectorate was printed by the Bannatyne Club. Richard Franck's rambling "Northern Memoirs," originally published in 1694 (one of the few points as to his authors Mr. Brown has omitted to note), was

reprinted by Scott in 1821. Ray's "Itinerary" was included in his collected works. Brome and Kirke, two English gentlemen who visited Scotland in the end of the seventeenth century, are of minor account. Nor are we able to share Mr. Brown's opinion that Thomas More's Travels in 1689 stand "first in historic interest and value." Most of his remarks had been made by earlier visitors, and those which are original are not always accurate. His reflection on "the want of sufficient industry and care" in cultivating the land in so far as the absence of proper drainage and enclosures is concerned, seems scarcely consistent with his statement that "it is almost incredible how much of the mountains they plough." We doubt whether there is any authority for the statement that the Highlanders in case of their chiefs "possessing a small estate make an honourable contribution on their behalf." He certainly makes mistakes in asserting that there was ever a law "that no males were to use shoes till fourteen, that so they might be hardened for the wars," and that "the women claim no thirds, which is a consideration awes them a little, and makes them more obsequious to their husbands," for, in fact, terce of lands existed and the *jus relictæ* which gave the widow a third of the movable estate of the husband was the common law of Scotland. We fear he was also in error when he describes the High Street and Canongate as "commonly very clean."

Besides the travels printed, Mr. Brown has given in his introduction an interesting notice of famous men who came to Scotland but left no account of their impressions, or letters too fragmentary for his purpose. Georg von Ehingen, in the reign of James II.; Cardan, the physician of Milan, who was brought at a great cost to treat Archbishop Hamilton; the chronicler Brantôme, who accompanied Mary Stuart and the poet Du Bartas, who came on the invitation of her son; the younger Scaliger, and Ben Jonson, who left for a few months the "Mermaid" Tavern for the company of Drummond, in "classic Hawthornden." He has also given a useful account of early maps of Scotland, from the earliest in 1300 to the famous atlas of Bleau, and of the foreign artists from Maynard—employed by James IV.—to Sir John Medina, one of the last Scottish knights before the Parliamentary Union. Yet, with all the antiquarian information—the value of which, as now brought together for the first time, it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge—the final impression left on the reader is that Scotland was imperfectly known to England and the Continent prior to the eighteenth century. It was almost a virgin field for the antiquary when Gordon made his "Iter Septentrionale" in 1726, and, as he confined himself to Roman remains, a rich harvest was left for Pennant (1774) and Grose (1789). Its social characteristics were first really portrayed by Macky, Defoe, and Dr. Johnson, and its scenery by the poetic vision of Gray and Wordsworth and the artistic imagination of Turner. But, as was natural, the fullest revelation of Scotland has been due to the genius of one of her own sons. Scotland is, and will always remain to those who have not themselves visited it, the Scotland of Walter Scott. Nor could it wish for a more honest chronicler.

VON MOLTKE'S LETTERS.

LETTERS OF FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT HELMUTH VON MOLTKE TO HIS MOTHER AND HIS BROTHERS. Translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fischer. Two vols. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

THE well-known letters from Russia and from the East served to establish the great literary powers of Von Moltke. Their passages of vivid description, glimpses of fancy, and touches of tenderness and of quiet humour might alone have sufficed to prove that the popular estimate of the character of the great soldier was wholly false. The "great arithmetician" was something much more. That the man of whom

General Lewal writes, "*L'humanité semble n'avoir jamais eu accès dans le cœur de ce grand silencieux,*" was full of warm and unchanging affection, sensitive, simple, and thoughtful for others, these letters abundantly show. If the Stella correspondence had been lost, how differently must the world have judged Swift! What biographer, writing with a purpose, could reveal to us Von Moltke's character as do these unconscious letters to his mother and brothers, covering a period from 1823 to 1888, and written under widely different circumstances? The mere military calculating machine does not appear; military science is nowhere. Von Moltke was evidently a copious writer throughout his long life; but his profession did not engross his pen. He appears to have written much poetry, and even at the age of forty-two to have attempted translations of Byron. As "a secondary occupation," at an earlier period, he undertakes the stupendous task of translating Gibbon's twelve volumes, and seems to have nearly accomplished it with the help of his brother, although the work, for which he was to be paid about £100, never appeared. At twenty-eight he wrote a novelette, entitled "The Friends." He handles the brush, and achieves a copy of a Holy Family by Rubens, which "includes four heads life-size of the greatest beauty, not counting the head of the Dove . . . the largest thing I have yet done." He dabbles in architecture, and plans a cellar "on a most elegant design," as well as a "bath house." In 1831 he writes: "My greatest recreation is the French play"; and to music he was always devoted. Ordered to German Poland, he practises the mazurka with characteristic diligence, and we must picture him swinging with a pretty Polish girl. Yet even the earlier letters bear evidence of strong thought and sound judgment. At thirty-one he first enunciates the idea developed in his last work, that the danger of war now lies in the passions of the people rather than in the ambitions of monarchs.

There is a difference in the manner of these three sets of letters. To his mother, Von Moltke confides all his many money difficulties, and the little shifts to which he is driven to meet his debts. For her he has always words of thoughtful tenderness, bright bits of description, or touches of playful fancy.

"Your dear letter, which I have just received, transported me in an instant from all my maps, reports, examination papers . . . to your cloister-like home. I see the coffee machine sputtering on the table, the sisters stitching, Vips with a counting board and quinine powders, and you with a pair of fearfully ragged stockings . . . shaking your head as you settle your spectacles to repair the leak in this Danaides' sieve, and I can hear my friend the cow lowing for some fresh grass; and there is something stamping and shouting overhead—probably one of my respected brothers announcing his late *levée*. You are all so busy that you do not see that I, or my spirit—look round, Lena—am standing in your midst."

Thus wrote the man in whom we have been told to recognise "*Cette haine qui a fait le fond de son caractère.*" With Adolph, his third brother, a Schleswig-Holstein official, whom he once compares with Allan Fairford in "Red Gauntlet," Von Moltke discourses politics in some of the most interesting of these letters. The revolutionary movements of 1848 fill him with gloomy forebodings. He plans an emigration of the whole family to some remote estate, "where each of us should contribute in capital or in working power whatever he could," and he seems to have directed his thoughts to Adelaide. His firm belief in the future of Prussia, however, is everywhere apparent. "A strong Prussian Government, and then German unity can be achieved by Prussia." "Prussia will yet stand at the head of Germany," he writes in 1851. Of Louis Napoleon, Von Moltke formed a low opinion:—"His Empire assumes more and more the character of a magnificent swindle. . . . He can scarcely hold his position without some victories; and whether he is himself a general, and that on the pattern of his uncle, remains to be proved" (January 23rd, 1853). Of the attitude of Germany in 1854, Von Moltke expresses contempt:—"To me the German Powers seem to be playing a poor part. Any fresh increase of Russian power is to them evidently a serious peril, and

yet they are leaving to the Western Powers the task of snatching the chestnuts out of the fire." "Matters look badly at Sebastopol," he writes on March 5th, 1855; "I do not believe in its being taken by storm"; and, in common with other critics, he seems to think that the chances laid open by the victory of the Alma were thrown away by the Allies. He appears to have under-estimated the resources of the Northern States of America in 1861 as completely as did an influential party in this country, and refers to "the almost inevitable loss of the South." Of the Austrian war these letters tell us nothing; but the following is Von Moltke's view of the situation in May, 1866:—"Fifty years of peace have shown that union can never be achieved by means of a peaceful understanding. . . . We have no friends in Germany. . . . We ourselves have not desired this war, but we accept it with calm confidence." And in June, 1868, we seem to find the presage of the coming Franco-German struggle:—"I cannot believe that the democratic difficulties of France will ensure peace. . . . A better guarantee lies in the fact that France alone is too weak, and Austria is not ready." On the eve of the great campaign he writes:—"The political situation is favourable, for we have no second foe in our rear." The letters from Versailles are remarkable for the modesty and self-effacement of the man. No one reading them would guess that he was manœuvring armies over half France. Only from a little bit of anonymous doggerel begging him to hasten the bombardment of Paris would one guess that Von Moltke was the directing head of the German armies.

The letters to his fourth brother extend from 1828 to 1888. Ludwig seems to have been in close touch with Von Moltke's literary life. With his assistance the great translation of Gibbon was to be accomplished; with him poetry was exchanged. There is a warmer tone about these letters, less politics, and more fancy. Here is a little description of a Columbarium at Rome:—"From the roof a six-branched lamp hangs from a bronze chain, and all round there are little niches in the walls, in which stand urns, still containing the bones of the dead. Graceful altars, mosaics and sculpture are not wanting, and thus a man could collect the ashes of all those he loved, divested of all that is repulsive. . . . Then the god of the poppy wreath and the inverted torch was still extant, the graver brother of smiling sleep—not the skeleton with the seythe, and the fires of purgatory in the background." The last letter, written a year before Ludwig's death, gives a touching description of the late Emperor Frederick at Charlottenburg. "Then the Emperor came in, his tall, noble figure unbowed, greeting the company with a kindly smile. Only his eyes looked sunken, and his breathing was rapid and very painful. It is heartbreaking to see him struggling with inexhaustible patience and sweetness against his cruel fate."

The character which these letters lay bare cannot be mistaken. The greatest soldier of the age was a man of strong affections, simple and modest as well as wise and earnest. Success wholly failed to spoil him; militarism left him unscathed.

A SKETCH OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

A SHORT HISTORY OF GERMAN LITERATURE. By James K. Hosmer, Professor of English and German Literature in Washington University. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

"GOETHE," said Victor Hugo, with olympian omniscience, to Tourgeneff, "his best work is 'Wallenstein.'" "Pardon, dear master," was the answer, "'Wallenstein' is not by Goethe, it is by Schiller." "It doesn't matter," replied the poet; "I have not read either of them, but I know them better than those who have both by heart."

The injustice to the real author of "Wallenstein" contained in this remarkable instance of the imaginative intuition of genius, may be set against the feat of the bookbinder who, in Weimar itself, recently exhibited in his windows a specimen of his art, labelled "Schiller's 'Faust.' " If a great French

poet and an inhabitant of the town which Goethe and Schiller have, by their residence there, made renowned throughout Europe, were equally capable of inaccuracies of this sort, one may reasonably conclude that, in English-speaking lands, and despite what has been done by Coleridge and Carlyle, there is still room for a volume such as that of Mr. Hosmer's. The American professor has nothing new to tell us; he is, indeed, singularly economical of original ideas; but he gives, in a readable manner, a neat and conscientious summary of the leading books, personalities, and landmarks in the literary history with which he deals. Valuable for the beginner, Professor Hosmer's work may also, for those who know something of his subject, suggest various reflections as to German literature in general and the German mind.

One may note, for example, in regard to the first great period of Teutonic poetry—that of the Minnesingers—how all its more ethereal elements were borrowed from a foreign source. While the "Nibelungen Lied," a flower of pure German growth, has its ethical inspiration in the homely virtues of duty, stedfastness, troth; the tales of King Arthur and the Table Round, so popular in mediæval Germany, owed their origin to a more "finely-touched," if less sturdy, race, the Celts of Brittany, Ireland, and Wales; the wonderful love-legend of Tristram and Isult came from France, and was Teutonised by Gottfried of Strassburg; the ecstasy which gave birth to the "Holy Grail," whose fortunes so fascinated Wolfram von Eschenbach, had, it would seem, its sources in Spain, the home of Saint Theresa, and of the super-human ideals and inhuman practice of the Inquisition. All the solid qualities, in fine, which go to make a people puissant and effective, are to be found in germ in this early literature, indigenous to the German character and the German soil; the more spiritual and imaginative traits of feeling or fantasy come, for the most part, from abroad.

The mediæval period ended, for Germany, with Luther, who resumed in his character, as in his writings, all the specially Teutonic qualities manifested, scattered and simmering, throughout the vast amorphous literature of the Middle Ages. "He was," says Heine, "the most German man of our history." "Goethe," asserts Mr. Hosmer, "was more Greek than German, or perhaps too universal to be assigned to any one type." Coleridge, on being instructed that Klopstock was the German Milton, defined him as "a very German one." In like manner, though Goethe's Hellenism has become a commonplace of criticism, one may fairly say of Goethe that he was a very German Greek.

Take, for example, the conclusion of the work of his lifetime, "Faust." Exquisite canticles of prayer and rejoicing succeed each other as Faust is borne upward, saved, to where Margaret kneels, awaiting him beside the Virgin Mother; but when the consummation is reached, the drama closes with eight lines of post-Kantian metaphysic, the so-called "Chorus Mysticus," sung in unison by the choir of Heaven. The incense and the sounds of the "Gloria" have floated by, and one is dropped without warning into a University class-room. This conception of the courts of Heaven is neither Hellenic nor "universal": it is specifically Teutonic. It is as though one were to place upon the cross of the Strassburg Cathedral (beneath whose shadow "Faust" was planned, and to which it is sometimes compared), as crown of the architecture of the edifice, a pair of professorial blue spectacles.

Mr. Hosmer's estimate of Goethe's poetry, almost entirely based upon that of German biographers, is less a criticism than a paean of eulogy. But when he cites from Hermann Grimm the confession that "Goethe needed only to feel that he had vanquished a heart in order to consider that the end was reached and must be forsaken," we understand how Goethe, clearest-sighted among those who have proved real intellectual forces in literature, could not strike certain strings, and these perhaps the sweetest on

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the lyre of poetry, which were sounded by less broad-browed poets, such as Heine, Musset, Burns. A confession like this suffices also to explain Goethe's almost contemptuous opinion of Dante. The poet who regarded his loves merely as so many phases in the development of his culture was obviously, in regard to the emotions, the antipodes of the poet of the "Vita Nuova."

In his chapter on "The Modern Era," Mr. Hosmer, though he does not mention the name of Theodor Fontane, recognises the realistic tendencies of contemporary German literature. These tendencies are natural now that the intellect of Germany has left the banks of the Rhine and dreamy Swabian forests in order to encase itself within the hard camp of Berlin; they are also of course in part the effect of the influence of France, the yet undethroned mistress of modern nations in all that concerns fashions of art and intellectual impulse.

Professor Hosmer has visited Germany, and has given colour to his book by descriptions of its principal historic centres. These pictures form the liveliest part of a volume which, as a careful manual of facts, may be safely recommended to the tyro in German literature.

FICTION.

1. THE MAN WHO WAS GOOD. By Leonard Merrick. Two Vols. London: Chatto & Windus.
2. NADA THE LILY. By H. Rider Haggard. One Vol. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

IF "The Man who was Good" is not exactly a first-rate novel, it at least has the fascination which comes from some distinction and quality. Such distinction was hardly to be expected from the title of the book, which is reminiscent of another's manner. The story opens with a brilliant and, we should imagine, faithful picture of the life of a theatrical company on tour. The heroine is living with an actor, and has lived with him for three years; the actor has a wife living, a drunkard, from whom he is separated, and as soon as she is dead he is to marry the heroine. The wife dies, and he does not marry the heroine. He marries an amateur actress with money, by whose help he hopes to get to London; and the heroine is left *vis à vis de rien*. She has never been an actress; for some time we follow her struggles in London in search of an occupation. We are made to sympathise with the heroine. She has omitted a ceremony; she has trusted an emotion; in both respects she was quite wrong, but the troubles that she endures seem to give conviction to her innocence. As we follow the heroine's experiences in London, we meet with one character who demands especial mention; for he is a creation, and he is undoubtedly humorous. He is a Scotch commercial traveller, acting for a firm of wine and spirit merchants. While he is on business, he is loud in praise of his goods: "And Pilcher's best canna be beaten in the trade. I ha'e nae interest tae lie tae ye, ye ken, nor could I tak' ye in wi' the wines and speerits had I the mind. There's the advantage wi' the wines and speerits; ye canna deceive! Ye ha'e the sample, an' ye ha'e the figure—will I book the order or will I no'?" At home he is subject to continual fits of remorse as he meditates upon his work. "It's ma trade to praise the evil—tae tak' it into the world, spreadin' it broadcast for the destruction o' mankind. Eh, ma responsibleli is awfu' tae contemplate!" He rejects the consolations of his wife. "There's a still sma' voice ye canna silence wi' bacca; ye canna silence it wi' herbs nor wi' fine linen. It's wi' me noo, axin' queestions. It says, 'Macpherson, how dare ye glorefy the profeets o' th' airth above thy speeritual salvation, mon? Dae ye no ken that orphans are goin' dinnerless through thy eloquence, an' widows are prodigal wi' curses on a' thy samples an' thy ways?' I canna answer." It is through this traveller that the heroine attempts to get a living as a book agent. This fails, and she finds a better livelihood when she finds the hero. Of

the development of the story we will not speak; it would be a pity to spoil a novel so enjoyable as this, and so much above the average. That it has faults is a matter of course. There was one incident which particularly exasperated us, because we had suffered from it quite recently in a novel of less merit. In reviewing that novel, only a fortnight ago, we pointed out that the diphtheria of fiction is always accompanied by the noble act of self-sacrifice. Diphtheritic heroism has been shockingly prevalent in this year's fiction. Here we have it once more, accompanied by a great wealth of medical detail. But, as a whole, this seemed to us an unconventional novel, marked by rare fidelity to life.

There was a time when, thanks to the patient industry of one critic, we were constantly asked "Do you like Rider Haggard?" That time has passed. Many people still like Mr. Haggard's works, but they have ceased to be an absorbing topic. "Nada the Lily" is a sombre story, full of bloodshed and barbarity, perfectly reckless in its extravagance and profusion, but suffering much less than some of Mr. Haggard's previous work from the painful vice of fine writing. If we may judge from the last words of the preface, it has not fully satisfied the artistic desires of its author. "It only remains to the writer," he says, "to express his regret that this story is not more varied in its hue. It would have been desirable to introduce some gayer and more happy incidents." We think not. We remember that Mr. Haggard is not quite at his best when he is very gay. We believe that many of his readers will not be sorry that in this volume he resisted the temptation to introduce the comic eye-glass, or the amusing stammer, or the other materials that are supposed to increase the gaiety of nations. The whole of the story is supposed to be told by an aged Zulu. The result is a curious mixture of the natural and the supernatural. Mr. Rider Haggard is dealing to some extent with real incidents, and he claims that his novel is a fairly correct picture of the times; yet we read of men who become kings of ghost-wolves, and go out hunting with them. However, criticism matters very little to Mr. Rider Haggard; he has an adequate defence for his story in the personality of the character who is supposed to tell it. He also has his public; those who like the romantic school, who are fond of adventures, who like vain repetitions and unlimited bloodshed, will have no fault to find with "Nada the Lily."

MR. ROBINSON ELLIS ON MANILIUS.

NOCTES MANILIANE: SIVE DISSERTATIONES IN ASTROLOGICA MANILI. Accedit Conjectura in Germanici Aratea. Scripsit R. Ellis. Oxonii: e typographo Clarendoniano.

MR. ELLIS's little book has two purposes, the restoration of the text of Manilius—"poeta nec optimus nec inter abjectos"—and the demonstration of the supreme importance of attention to the age and quality of MSS., though even the worst MS. may be serviceable, as having accidentally preserved a true or, at least, a suggestive reading; but few are in general extremely valuable, and, in the case of an uncommon author like Manilius, very few indeed. There is generally some one of surpassing merit, the bell-wether of the flock. In the present instance this position is held by the Glemboux MS., now at Brussels, written about the beginning of the eleventh century, the very time when Sylvester, the mathematical Pope, commissioned a copy of Manilius for his own library. Unfortunately the scribe was no great clerk, and can have understood nothing of astronomy. The corruptions which he introduced or failed to correct are partly remedied by later and, in most respects, less valuable MSS., and the general drift of Mr. Ellis's criticism is to establish the extreme importance of the scientific use of manuscripts, giving each its due relative rank as a textual authority, and eliciting the true reading, where this is possible, from the hints afforded by a comparison of bewildering and apparently hopeless depravations. This cautious process, if less brilliant than the free handling of Bentley and his school, is more likely to result in the restoration of a good text. Mr. Ellis's acumen, it need not be said, rivals his discrimination; in many instances his emendations seem moral certainties, and everywhere the reader is conscious of sure ground, scientific method, and a sense of responsibility. The one defect in Mr. Ellis's equipment—candidly acknowledged by himself—is the unacquaintance with astrology which he probably shares with every classical scholar extant.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE publication of "The Resultant Greek Testament" in a cheap form calls for a few words of notice. The author's object, as the title-page tells us, is to exhibit the text in which the majority of modern critics are agreed, including Lachmann, Tregelles, Tischendorf, Alford, the Bâle edition of 1880, Westcott and Hort, and the Revision Committee. He also gives the readings of Bishop Lightfoot and Bishop Ellicott in such of St. Paul's Epistles as they have edited, and of Dr. Bernhard Weiss in St. Matthew. For the sake of comparison Dr. Weymouth adds the readings of Stephens's third edition, those of the English Authorised Version (so far as the Greek text underlying it can be confidently determined), and of the Elzevir edition of 1633, where they differ from Stephens, together with some other details. It will thus be seen that Dr. Weymouth does not base his work directly upon the primary authorities, but aims at producing a continuous text which shall represent the consensus of modern opinion, while carefully noting points on which that opinion is divided. The book will thus, we should think, be of great value for school use, since its text is necessarily a moderate one, and would not prejudice young scholars on disputed principles of textual criticism before they are able to judge of them fairly. Thus, in spite of his unqualified admiration for Westcott and Hort, Dr. Weymouth does not always follow them, even in such test passages as John i. 18, or Jude 23. Mark xvi. 9—20 is printed as a part of the Gospel, while the alternative conclusion is given in a note; John vii. 53, viii. 11, appears in its familiar place. The abbreviations for the names of editors are clear and easily distinguishable; but it is unfortunate that other signs than A and B were not chosen for Alford and the Bâle edition, since those letters inevitably suggest manuscripts. In the new edition the references to Lightfoot as "the Bishop of Durham" and to Burgon as "the Dean of Chichester" should have been altered, or an explanatory note added. So far as we can see, the Bishop of Worcester is perfectly justified in praising the conscientious care and the remarkable accuracy of Dr. Weymouth's work, and we feel sure that the book will be found useful in its new and very accessible form.

A beautiful edition of that great devotional classic, "De Imitatione Christi," has just been published, with the Latin text of Hirsche and an English translation based on that made by Bishop Challoner about the middle of last century. Wherever the reader opens the book he is able to compare, by glancing at the two pages before him, the English version with the original line by line, and this, of course, is an obvious advantage. We are glad to find that slavish adherence to Challoner's rendering has been avoided, and suggestions gleaned by comparison with other well-known English and foreign versions have been followed. This is, in short, a choice and scholarly edition of one of the most deeply spiritual books which the cloistered life of meditation has ever inspired.

The group of sermons entitled "In the Days of thy Youth," which Dr. Farrar preached to the Marlborough lads between the years 1871 and 1876, have been reprinted for the ninth time. These addresses are not concerned with the doctrinal truths of Christianity, nor were they suggested by the fasts and festivals of the Church; they are practical in tone, and deal, from a lofty standpoint, with such subjects as truthfulness and honesty, how to keep good resolutions, self-conquest, the objects of school-life, the right use of speech, school games, holiday advice, the peril of waste, and other themes which appeal to the hearts and consciences of boys, and touch their daily life in work and play. Dr. Farrar's sympathy and imagination stand him in good stead in such addresses, and the book may be fairly described as one which is calculated to deepen in young hearts the sense of responsibility, as well as to widen the moral outlook.

The art of small talk is what Mr. Arthur Brookfield endeavours to instil in a dainty little work of reference called "The Speaker's A B C." In spite of the title we have had no connection with the volume, nor, for the matter of that, has it been published by the authority of the presiding genius of the House of Commons. Mr. Brookfield makes a present of a few ideas and quite a number of conventional phrases to the bashful man who is forced by the exigencies of the social hour, or a sense of his own importance, to take the floor in order to address his

*THE RESULTANT GREEK TESTAMENT. By R. F. Weymouth, D.Lit. With an Introduction by the Bishop of Worcester. Cheap Edition. London: Elliot Stock, 1892.

OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. Four Books. Latin and English. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Crown 8vo.

IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH. Sermons on Practical Subjects. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

THE SPEAKER'S A B C. By Arthur Montagu Brookfield, M.P. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 12mo.

TWELVE MEN OF TO-DAY. By Edward Salmon. Portraits. London: Chapman & Hall. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAWING. By John Ruskin. With Illustrations by the Author. New Edition. Orpington and London: George Allen. Crown 8vo.

THE BIJOU BYRON. Volumes viii. and ix. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran & Co., Limited. 12mo. Paper covers. (1s. a volume, net.)

BATTING, BOWLING, AND FIELDING. By W. G. Grace. Portrait. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 12mo. (1s.)

fellow-mortals. The difficulty of such men on such occasions is to know what to say, how to say it, and when to stop. The people who know what to say often exhaust the patience of their hearers long before they have exhausted the subject; whilst, on the other hand, no infliction of its kind is more terrible than the vacuous complimentary commonplaces so dear to the heart and ready to the tongue of the self-satisfied talker with whom ideas are scarce. Then there is the man who beats the air and blurts out spasmodically sententious wisdom or ungrammatical folly, as the case may be, and both without the least regard to the progress which the clock—if not his speech—is making. It is a poor compliment to the general intelligence of the community for Mr. Brookfield to assure the student of this short cut to eloquence that the "most conventional speeches are not only always tolerated, but often preferred," and yet we know enough not to challenge the assertion. To "make a speech" is a somewhat vague and elastic term, and we are reminded in these pages that it may describe any form of oratorical effort, "from the party leader's manifesto lasting an hour and twenty minutes, down to the rural cricketer's 'few words' or 'suitable response' lasting seventy-five seconds." We are afraid that Mr. Brookfield—with admirable intentions, of course—has done his best to open the flood-gates of twaddle, and to increase the number of social bores.

A pen-and-ink portrait gallery of "Twelve Men of To-day" calls only for a moment's inspection. It is scarcely true to say that all sorts and conditions of men figure in it; we prefer to describe it as a dozen picked samples of various brands. The Gilded Chamber is represented by Lord Rosebery and Lord Roberts, and between them they worthily maintain the honours of the senate and the sword. Literature is hardly at its best with Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Sir Edwin Arnold, but art makes a brave show with a painter who most truly loves his fellow-men—Mr. Luke Fildes. The play sends Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, and politics Mr. John Morley; and since we have now reached the perfect number, and the other five scarcely interest us, we will stop, and content ourselves by commanding them to the tender mercies of the crowd. These studies in black and white are somewhat rough, slightly crude, and in one or two instances rather clever.

The three letters to beginners, on "The Elements of Drawing," which Mr. Ruskin wrote in the winter of 1856, have been reprinted from the text as it stood in 1859 in response to the desire of many students to possess the book in its old form. It was Mr. Ruskin's intention during his tenure of the Slade chair at Oxford to recast his teaching on art and to prepare a systematic manual for the use of his drawing school under the title of "The Laws of Fésole." The first volume of this work was published twelve years ago, but illness has since unhappily prevented Mr. Ruskin from completing his self-imposed but congenial task. For this reason, as well as for its permanent value as a manual of criticism on first practice, sketching from Nature, colour and composition, the appearance in a choice form and at a popular price of "The Elements of Drawing" is opportune and welcome. We are glad to find that the original illustrations, drawn by the author, have been retained in this edition, and that the book has been rendered of more service to students by the addition of a full and singularly careful index.

Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co.'s "Bijou Byron," a pretty edition in twelve pocket-volumes, is rapidly approaching completion. We have just received the eighth and ninth instalments of the work, and they contain "Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice," "Sardanapalus," "The Two Foscari," "Cain," and "The Deformed Transformed." Brief introductions are given by way of preface to each poem, and critical notes are appended.

It was a happy thought on Mr. Arrowsmith's part to reprint—just as the summer is dawning—the practical hints on "Batting, Bowling, and Fielding" of the most famous cricketer of the age. Doubtless, there are thousands of youthful admirers of Dr. W. G. Grace who will be glad to possess in this cheap and convenient form the special directions and advice which were first published a year ago or more in the champion's standard book on "Cricket." In less than a hundred pages Dr. Grace contrives to pack a great deal of shrewd and pointed advice—the outcome of his own brilliant and unique achievements with bat and ball.

NOTICE.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MINISTERS have not been able to resist the temptation to close their career in the present Parliament with a "dirty trick." Deliberately, and in defiance of the private understanding between themselves and the leaders of the Opposition, they have put off the Dissolution to a day which makes it impossible for any boroughs to be polled on a Saturday. Parliament was to have been, and ought to have been, dissolved yesterday; but in that case next Saturday would have been the polling-day in London, and since the recent County Council elections carried dismay into the hearts of the London Tories, there has been a wholesome dread on their part of Saturday as a polling-day in the metropolitan area. So on pretexts of the most unblushing kind the Dissolution is put off till Tuesday next, and the polling will in consequence not take place until the following week. We do not believe that this wretched dodge, of which even MR. BALFOUR must be in his heart ashamed, will do more to help the Government than did the forgeries and perjuries of PIGOTT, the "shadowing" used against priests and gentlemen throughout Ireland by the authorities of Dublin Castle, or the attempt of MR. BALFOUR to dress MR. O'BRIEN as a criminal. It is, however, thoroughly in harmony with the whole course of maladroit trickery pursued by Ministers since they first came into office; and it is just as well that they should have emphasised their real character at the moment when justice is about to be done upon them by the country.

THE *Daily News* of Monday last contained a valuable statement showing the list of candidates in all the constituencies of the United Kingdom and the party majorities at the two previous elections. The list is distinctly encouraging to Liberals, as showing that they are provided with candidates in almost every constituency which is not hopelessly given over to Toryism and Coercion. It might possibly have been still more satisfactory if it had shown that every constituency now represented by a Tory was to be contested, but even as it is we have sufficient proof of the fact that the party managers throughout the country have been preparing diligently for the contest, and that if it should fail to result in the return of a Liberal majority it will not be because of any lack of energy on the part either of the local Liberal Associations or of the agents at headquarters in London.

AMONG the speeches of the week we do not know that any is really more important than one delivered at Scarborough last Monday by MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN. It was the appeal of a great Irish representative to the electors of the United Kingdom on the eve of the election, and it would be a good thing if it could be placed in the hands of every voter. MR. O'BRIEN, a typical representative of the Catholic Home Ruler, boldly grappled with the religious question which LORD SALISBURY has not been ashamed to raise for the purpose of catching votes, and dealt with it in a fashion which ought to satisfy the most scrupulous of Protestants. Dealing with the suggestion of a possible persecution of Protestants by a Home Rule Parliament, he said:—"He would say readily that the Ulster Protestant would rebel and should rebel if

his religion were persecuted or his property invaded. Ulster, then, would fight, and Ulster would be right; but no Irish Catholic outside the walls of a lunatic asylum dreamed of attempting either the one or the other. If there was one thought and conviction that was burned into the minds of the Catholics of Ireland by long and bitter experience, it was an abhorrence of religious ascendancy in any shape or form; and it was his solemn conviction—and he knew the Catholics of Ireland—that even if the Protestants of Ireland stood alone, without the power of England at their backs—which they would have just as much as at this moment—they might trust the Catholics of Ireland to defend the liberties and property of their Protestant fellow-countrymen."

WE commend these words to the special notice of MR. LECKY, who, we regret to say, has penned a letter to the *Times* this week as full of violent misrepresentation and bitter partisan prejudice as anything that could have emanated from COLONEL SAUNDERSON himself. In his speech at Clapham, MR. GLADSTONE quoted certain words of MR. LECKY's regarding the religious difficulty in Ireland which gave that gentleman's views, as a historian, on the problem now raised by the Coercionists. MR. LECKY replied by declaring that the words were quoted from a book published thirty-one years ago, and that they had been suppressed in a subsequent edition; and he then gave an exposition of his present views which read amazingly like one of the rabid anti-Irish leaders in the *Times*. Unfortunately, there is a vast difference between MR. LECKY the historian and MR. LECKY the party politician; and when the latter talks of the "unspeakable infamy" of placing the government of Ireland in the hands of the chosen representatives of the Irish people, he affords melancholy proof of the fact that even the clearest intellect and the soundest judgment may be warped when the question to be dealt with is one into which personal prejudices and personal interests enter. We must wait for a LECKY of the future to do justice to the recent history of Ireland.

THE speeches of the week are overwhelming, both in number and material, and the barest enumeration of a few must suffice. MR. JOHN MORLEY at Accrington emphasised the Tory past—that side of it on which Unionists do not love to dwell—and disposed of the Ulster Convention with an effectiveness second only to MR. GLADSTONE'S comprehensive demolition at Clapham. LORD ROSEBERY at Edinburgh the same night narrowed down the real issues at the General Election to Home Rule and the Liberal policy in its broad outlines, whereupon the *Times*, MR. RITCHIE, and the leaders of the Liberal Unionists promulgated the astounding statement that the Liberals have no programme or have lost it. But as SIR WILLIAM HARcourt pointed out the next evening at an enormous and enthusiastic demonstration at Manchester, Home Rule entails all the other items of the Liberal programme, urban and rural, political and social alike. MR. CHAMBERLAIN at Birmingham and the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE at Bath on Wednesday made much of Ulster, and referred the electors to the past of the Unionists. We sincerely hope that a great many Liberal electors will verify that reference. The DUKE OF ARGYLL held forth on the same day at St. James's Hall, in sympathy with Ulster. However, even at the Convention the

truth was hinted at by one speaker which is set forth in our columns to-day—that the Ulster tenant-farmer cares much more about the compulsory application of the Land Purchase Act than about the maintenance of the Union. On Thursday the Dublin Unionists and the Ulster Home Rulers alike demonstrated: MR. GOSCHEN urged the respect in which LORD SALISBURY is held by Englishmen abroad; LORD ROSEBERY attacked MR. RITCHIE in his own constituency for his fear of the London County Council; MR. BALFOUR, at Northwich, with characteristic audacity, reasoned by analogy from Ireland under revolution to Ireland afterwards. Minor speeches and addresses of all degrees of importance are legion. Calm reigns only in the House of Lords. That august body devotes itself to its work for as much as three hours daily, except of course on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and has spent about an eighth of its valuable time this week in discussing the affairs of the EARL OF MAR.

NOBODY can pretend that a patient hearing has not been given to the case for Ulster. Both at Belfast and St. James's Hall the British public have listened attentively whilst all the self-appointed spokesmen of the Orange population of the North have protested their loyalty and claimed protection against the persecuting majority in their own country. That not one of them has been able to show that the majority means to persecute them, or will ever have the power of doing so, is a mere matter of detail beneath the notice of orators like DR. KANE. But as the special "loyalty" of the Orangeman has been dwelt upon at great length in the Belfast and Piccadilly orations, we venture to reprint a couple of resolutions passed by Orange meetings which may cast some light upon the precise quality of this same loyalty.

MEETING OF THE GRAND ORANGE LODGE, February, 1871.

Resolved—"That all statements and provisions in the Objects, Rules, and Formularies of the Orange Institution which impose any obligation upon its members to maintain the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland be expunged therefrom."—*Dublin Evening Mail*, February 2nd, 1871.

ORANGE MEETING AT NEWBLISS, June 30th, 1870.

Resolved—"That we, the Orangemen of the district of Dartrey, county Monaghan, denounce the despotic Processions Act of Mr. Chichester Fortescue as intolerable, inconsistent with the rights of freemen, and one to which we never shall submit; and that this, added to other innumerable acts of injustice and wrong towards Ireland, force upon us the conviction that England can no longer be permitted to legislate for this country, and we hereby declare our resolve that Irishmen shall not be slaves in their own land, and we call on all classes of our countrymen to assist us by every legal means to assert our freedom."—*Nation*, July 9th, 1870.

AT half-past two on Thursday morning the Chicago Democratic Convention nominated MR. CLEVELAND on the first ballot by the enormous majority (omitting fractions) of 617 votes against 294—that is, 115 for HILL, 103 for BOIES, and 73 which, in the language of American politics, may be described as "scattering." The platform, true to the historical principles of the Democratic party, reasserts the familiar principle of State Rights, condemns the Federal control of State elections embodied in the Force Bill, denounces the protective taxation and profligate expenditure of the Republican Government, and demands a tariff for revenue only—an amendment to the original programme which was carried after a sharp struggle by the satisfactory majority of 564 to 343. The "silver plank," which demands stability in the currency and hints at bimetallism, is hardly likely, now that MR. CLEVELAND is nominated, to leave much scope for the silver inflationists. The silver market has interpreted it accordingly. The result of both Conventions does great credit to the good sense of American politicians. The professional candidates on both sides have been decisively

eliminated, and the contest—for the first time for some twenty years—is a definite, intelligible struggle not only between well-known candidates, but between principles and programmes, Centralisation and State rights, Protection and Free Trade. Not unnaturally, MR. MCKINLEY has hastened to claim the moral support of LORD SALISBURY.

MR. CLEVELAND'S election will be a good thing for our Indian Empire in the long run. The burden of MR. CURZON'S statement on Monday was the "caprice of exchange." Still, with the exception of opium, the main heads of the revenue are either increasing or likely to increase; and provided blunders like those in connection with Manipur can be avoided and the frontier tribes will permit themselves to be let alone, it is hoped that there will be a slight surplus both for the year just closed, on final balance, and for the current year also. The dangers of famine are now all but averted. So at least the officials and the telegrams tell us.

THE Money Market is more lifeless than ever. It is difficult to lend on almost any terms, and bills are scarce, even at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. At the same time gold is coming to Europe from the United States, Australia, South Africa, and the far East. Speculation is paralysed, and legitimate business is very quiet. New loans and companies are still coming out, but not in as large numbers as was expected a little while ago, the elections having affected that as well as every other kind of enterprise. Early in the week rumours were circulated that one of the Eastern banks was in difficulties, but the rumours appear to have been originated for Stock Exchange purposes. As far as can be ascertained, the bank is thoroughly sound. Since then a small private bank of very little importance has failed, the liabilities being about £650,000. The failure had no influence in the Money Market; indeed, the institution was not what is properly meant by a bank at all. The price of silver has fallen to 40*d.* per oz. Apparently the great operators in New York are discouraged by the silver "planks" in both the Republican and the Democratic platforms, and for the time being the New York market governs the price. Trade in the far East, too, is everywhere very bad. But in spite of all this the City is satisfied that the Eastern banks generally are sound.

THE rumours respecting banks referred to above had more effect upon the Stock Markets than on the Money Market; it would seem, indeed, that they were set going rather for Stock Exchange purposes. The market is utterly stagnant, owing to the imminence of the elections chiefly, though, of course, it has not yet recovered from the effects of the crisis. Unscrupulous operators, therefore, who see no chance of putting up prices, seize every opportunity to create alarm in the hope of materially putting them down. In New York, too, business is very quiet. Apparently the beginning of the electoral campaign is warning all whom it may concern not to engage in new risks. On the other hand, the Paris market continues very strong. The Bank of France has in gold and silver over £115,000,000. It seems clear, therefore, that money will remain both abundant and cheap in Paris for a long time to come. Furthermore, it is understood that the conversion of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. is to be undertaken late this year or early next year, while it is now hoped that the harvest will be much better than seemed likely a little while ago. The great bankers and speculators, therefore, are becoming very active, and they are encouraged by a new hope that M. Tricoupi will succeed in tiding Greece over her financial difficulties.

MR. GLADSTONE'S ADDRESS.

THE usual outcry has been raised in the Tory press against Mr. Gladstone's address to his constituents. It "contains nothing new," say some; it is stale, flat, and unprofitable, cry others; whilst one critic—he of the *Times*, we need hardly say—asserts, with the regard for decency and good taste which is characteristic of that journal, that Mr. Gladstone's views "must be dismissed as the hallucinations of dotage." Mr. Gladstone will, we feel sure, be grateful to his clumsy antagonists for the high praise implied by their violent abuse of his electoral address. He never meant, we may be certain, to please the *Times*, or to give the *Standard* the kind of ammunition which it longs for. He certainly had no thought of diverting attention from the one great issue in this election by raising any of those minor and more or less irrelevant questions which are being so earnestly pressed upon his notice—by his enemies. At the close of the sixtieth year of his public life the greatest Englishman of his generation can hardly need to take lessons in political tactics from the unknown gentlemen who write dull articles in the Tory newspapers; and we can assure these ardent creatures that if they would reflect for a moment they would see that, after all, Mr. Gladstone is not without a good reason for the course which he has taken in laying his views before the country.

The present Ministers now stand at the bar upon their trial. The broken promises by means of which they lured the nation to support them six years ago, the complete and ignominious failure of the policy which they proclaimed so loudly when they first took office, and the unparalleled infamy of some of the steps to which they have been driven in order to meet the consequences of their own blunders (such, for example, as the treatment of Mr. Parnell in connection with the Pigott forgeries), all now rise up in judgment against them, and make their condemnation by the public certain. It is natural that they and their allies should wish to divert attention from these things, and to draw the electors off upon a false scent. But it is slightly ridiculous for them to affect surprise because the Liberal leader refuses to play their game, and stoutly maintains his position as the great accuser of the men who now stand upon their trial. "British honour" and "British interests" are now at stake, and Mr. Gladstone insists upon directing the attention of the public to the fact. The failure of the nation to seize the present moment for making the three countries "in reality, as well as by statute and in name, a United Kingdom," must be followed by the paralysis of Parliament and the complete obstruction of those measures of social reform for the success of which the Coercionist party are displaying so much anxiety. This is the fact which Mr. Gladstone insists once more on impressing upon the minds of the electors. This is the old, old story which he tells them again, and this time tells them, we are persuaded, not in vain. Of the other passages in his Address to the Midlothian electors, all that need be said is that they are instinct with that dignity of tone, and even of expression, which comes so naturally to Mr. Gladstone. The closing paragraph will touch many hearts, bringing us face to face, as it does, with the moment when this splendid light of the political firmament will disappear and the world be left the darker for its loss. There are not a few who will feel themselves called to fresh efforts on behalf of the great cause in which the honour and the interests of the nation are involved, by this reminder of the indisputable fact that Mr. Gladstone's share in the work is drawing to a close.

STAGE THUNDER.

THERE has been a distinct clearing of the air in the political world during the past week. Perhaps it is in part the result of the stage thunder of Belfast and St. James's Hall, but still more is it due to the determination of the Liberal leaders to concentrate public opinion upon the real meaning and purpose of the present fight. We spoke last week of the one great issue which is paramount in this contest, and we are glad to see that the chief members of the Liberal party have done their utmost to impress upon the country the fact that beside that issue all others are of secondary importance. Ministers—who for some unaccountable reason are professing just now a degree of jubilation which contrasts strangely with their recent dejection—seem to labour under the belief that they are the attacking instead of the defending parties. As a matter of fact, it is they and not the Liberal leaders who now stand at the bar awaiting the judgment of the public; and the more closely their career during their six years of office can be examined, the more decisively will the verdict of the nation be pronounced against them. Of the many side-issues by means of which they have sought to divert attention from their own misdoings, none is more preposterous than their attack upon Mr. Gladstone for not having produced the details of a Home Rule Bill. Mr. Morley dealt with this point in his speech at Newcastle last Saturday in a manner which must have satisfied every man of sense. The next Home Rule Bill, as he stated, must be the work of responsible men holding responsible office—in other words, of a Cabinet. It will not be the measure of any single Minister, however powerful or distinguished; it must represent the matured opinion of the body of men to whom the Government of the United Kingdom has been entrusted by the Queen in obedience to the demand of the nation. This fact every intelligent elector will recognise for himself, and it is absurd in these circumstances for the supporters of the present Government to waste their ammunition in attacks upon Mr. Gladstone for not doing that which he has neither the right nor the power to do.

But in the meantime the principles which will govern the authors of the Home Rule Bill when they undertake their great task are being daily made clearer to the country. The Ulster demonstration, a piece of stage-management which does credit to the ingenuity and the resources of Belgrave Square, has duly taken place, and nobody is a penny the worse for it, unless it be Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour. Strange to say, their threats of fire and slaughter were not echoed by the Orangemen and Protestants of Ulster when they met to register their views with regard to the coming election. Mr. Gladstone in his speech at the house of Mr. Guinness Rogers paid a well-merited tribute to the discretion which the Ulstermen thus displayed. It is only to be regretted that the orators at Belfast could not infuse a little of their own quality into the breasts of the Prime Minister and the First Lord of the Treasury; but these Ulster speeches, though made more powerful by the comparative moderation of the speakers, will hardly survive the examination to which they have been subjected by Mr. Gladstone and by other Liberals who are acquainted with the facts of the situation in Ireland. The notion that the Protestants of Ulster are a patient and helpless body whom the people of Great Britain are about selfishly to abandon to the cruel persecutions of their religious and political antagonists is one that can never have been credited by anyone acquainted with the truth about Ireland. Even if a Home Rule Parliament in

Dublin contained a majority of men anxious to relight the fires of religious intolerance and to subject their Protestant fellow-countrymen to the horrors and the tortures of persecution, it has been made abundantly clear that no section of the people of Great Britain would permit such a departure from justice and liberty. As Mr. Gladstone truly said, he and his fellow-members would be as resolutely opposed to such an outrage as any Orangeman in Ulster could be. But, happily, not a scintilla of evidence has been produced to support the feverish contention put forth, not by the men of Ulster themselves, but by those who are trying to use them for their own political purposes. On the contrary, abundant evidence has been forthcoming to prove that it is certainly not among the Home Rulers of Ireland that the spirit of religious intolerance prevails. These men have chosen Protestants as their representatives in Parliament, have elected and loyally followed Protestants as their leaders, have again and again given proof of the fact that they are independent of any attempt at dictation on the part of the Papal Court, and have shown that the ties which bind them to their priests are those of gratitude, of affection, and of a common interest in a common object—ties, in short, which are as far removed from the fetters of spiritual bondage as they well can be. Unfortunately, the record of the men of Ulster, on whose behalf this cry of religious persecution has been so strangely raised, is by no means so clean. It is in Belfast, not in Dublin or in Cork, that religious disabilities are applied to those whose faith is not that of the majority of the inhabitants. It is the Belfast Corporation which writes above its portals, "No Catholic need apply." It is in the Catholic districts of Ireland that men are selected for public offices without regard to their private beliefs.

All these facts are now, happily, known to the electors of Great Britain, and we cannot believe that with the truth in their possession the constituencies will listen to the unfounded alarms raised by the advocates of Coercion. But, after all, it is well that we should get to the very root of the question between Protestant Ulster and the rest of Ireland. The men who met in Belfast a week ago were clamouring, as Mr. Gladstone has rightly pointed out, for the continued ascendancy of the minority over the majority. It was in defence of their old privileges, of their exclusive rights, that they met in their thousands; and once more they showed that callous disregard for the rights and the interests of their neighbours which has so long discredited them. If the people of Great Britain are called upon to decide between that comparatively small portion of Ulster which is Protestant and anti-Nationalist and the rest of Ireland, they will be bound to judge by the ordinary standards of right and justice. If one section of the Irish people is to be placed in subjection to the other, it is surely the minority—the small minority—which must occupy that position. But, happily, as both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley have shown, there is no need for the electors of England and Scotland to trouble themselves with this question. No measure of Home Rule will be proposed by a Liberal Government, and none will be accepted by the Liberal party, which does not give equal rights and full security in the possession of their individual liberties to all classes throughout Ireland. Nor can anyone who knows the difference between Ulster and the rest of the country—a difference which is at once the reproach and the danger of Great Britain—fail to see that one of the drawbacks to a Parliament sitting at Dublin will be the fact that for years to come the ascendancy in that Parliament will belong rather to the men of

Ulster, upon whose souls the oppression of generations has not left its indelible mark, rather than to the Catholic minority, who have for centuries been deprived of any training in the science of self-government. It is well that Ulster should have spoken out, and that we should have learned all its mind; but no reasonable man in Ulster or anywhere else can expect that a party which has pledged itself to do full justice to the Irish nation as a whole will be prepared to admit that it can accomplish its task by subjecting the majority of that nation to the minority and by continuing in its most hateful form the old bane of a foreign supremacy in Ireland.

BACKBONE IN POLITICS.

MR. GLADSTONE has often in his great career rendered signal service to his fellow-countrymen without regard to party. But he probably never did more to raise the standard of public life and to establish a claim to the gratitude of all who are interested in maintaining the national honour than he did last week when he met the advocates of an Eight Hours Bill. Even his opponents have been constrained to admit the dignity and courage which he showed in his remarkable interview with Mr. Shipton and his colleagues. It must be remembered that the temptation to which he was exposed was no common one. On the eve of a great contest in which the crowning work of his own life must either be completed or destroyed, and in which every vote is of value, he found himself face to face with a number of men who unquestionably represent a large section of the electors in many constituencies, and who hardly concealed from him the fact that upon his response to their demands would depend their own action in the coming struggle. The temptation to say something which should bind these men and their followers to him and to the cause to which he has consecrated the remainder of his days must have been enormous. And it must have been all the greater because the deputation demanded so little of him personally. One or two of their number were, indeed, inclined to be aggressive; but the majority were studiously moderate, recognised the peculiarities of his position, and asked of him little more than the expression of a pious opinion in favour of the cause they advocated. And by giving such an opinion, even though he had so worded it as absolutely to guard his own freedom of action, he would have gained so much! Not the working men who advocate an Eight Hours Bill alone, but a large number of candidates for Parliament, of party organisers, of enthusiastic Liberals everywhere, would have hailed his surrender to the deputation with delight, feeling that it must make the coming victory far greater and more permanent in its effects than could otherwise be expected. It was hardly in human nature—as we know human nature among party politicians—to defy the temptation. Yet Mr. Gladstone defied it successfully, and sent the deputation away without the word of promise for which they had come to beg.

Whether men believe in the legal limitation of the hours of labour, or detest it as a pernicious interference with the rights of the individual and the laws of political economy, they ought to be equally thankful for the splendid example which Mr. Gladstone thus afforded to his fellow-countrymen of what may be called backbone in politics, the kind of moral fibre which keeps a man true to himself and his own conscience no matter what may be the temptations to which he is exposed. It is a great thing that on the eve of such a battle as that in which the country is now engaged the leader of one of the two contending

parties, the foremost man of his time, should thus show that no political advantage in his eyes will compensate him for anything like a paltering with the truth. And, unhappily, there never was a moment when such an example was more sorely needed. On both sides the disposition to convert the contest into a kind of Dutch auction, in which principles are recklessly given away in exchange for votes, has been lamentably conspicuous. There is no gainsaying this fact, which is made patent to anyone who cares to study the speeches of rival candidates in scores of different places. It is for the honour of both parties, and for the sake of the nation as a whole, that Mr. Gladstone has made this great stand against a temptation to which all are exposed, and his opponents as well as his friends must thank him for having done so. And his virtue it must be borne in mind is one that meets with no direct reward. We do not for a moment believe that his attitude on the Eight Hours Question will turn the scale against him in this election; though even if it were to do so, he would have done well in being true to himself. But it has unquestionably irritated many persons, and subjected him to criticism and misrepresentation of a specially injurious kind. Nor was he without full knowledge of what would be the consequence of his attitude towards the labour deputation. He has seen how one of his colleagues, who has refused to sacrifice his personal convictions to the pressure of a certain set of social theorists, has been treated. Mr. Morley's opponents may not be very powerful; but they are unquestionably very bitter and active, and they have lost no opportunity of treating a difference of opinion on a delicate and difficult economic question as though it were a crime on his part. Mr. Gladstone has now placed himself by Mr. Morley's side, and probably expects to share Mr. Morley's fate. For our part, we are grateful to both of these eminent men, not because they are unable to support an Eight Hours Bill, but because they have shown so clearly that principles are of more importance to them than votes, even in the height of a contested election.

Is it too much to hope that most of their fellow-Liberals will follow their example? Ardently as they must desire their approaching triumph, upon which depends the vindication of the national character and the restoration of the national unity, they cannot really wish to buy that triumph at the expense of their personal honour. Let us hope that one and all will stand fast by their own convictions, and refuse to sell the truth to serve the hour. Only by doing so can they ensure a real triumph for the cause which has the first place in their hearts. As to the advocates of the Eight Hours Day, who may feel that we are really arguing against their claims in applauding Mr. Gladstone's courage, it would be well to remind them of one fact. No truth has been more clearly established by the political experience of the past than the folly of attempting to force a subsidiary movement to the front by such measures as some of them are using on behalf of the Eight Hours Bill. Any attempt to make a test question of a proposal which does not hold the first place in the programme of a political party, and about which the members of that party are seriously divided in opinion, can only result in disaster to the cause which it is thus sought to promote. Let us suppose, for the argument's sake, that Mr. Gladstone and all the candidates who are standing in this election under his flag were, for the sake of winning votes, to give their adhesion to the Eight Hours Bill. The sole consequence would be the springing up of a new division in our ranks; for the mere voter, who is not subjected to the temptations of the candidate, who is no aspirant to

Parliamentary honours, and has nothing personal to gain or lose by the result of an election, would abide by his old opinions, and would make his influence duly felt in the ballot-box. The great blunder of those who seek to carry such measures as the Eight Hours Bill by "coercion"—it is their own word—is their neglect to remember that the coercion of a Parliamentary candidate does not imply the coercion of the constituency to which he is appealing, and that unless this constituency can be convinced by fair argument of the righteousness of a particular course, it does not matter a single straw whether the candidate does or does not yield to pressure. By all means let us have fair argument on the Eight Hours Question, and on every other which affects the welfare of the nation. Let the New Socialists do their best to convert their fellow-countrymen to their own views; but let nobody forget that the ballot-box is the ultimate arbiter on all these questions, and that the moment a Parliamentary candidate, for the sake of catching the votes of a particular section of his supporters, runs counter to the opinions of another section, he will have the hostility of the latter to face. We trust that this fact will be remembered both by agitators and candidates during the present contest; but in any case we are thankful that so fine an example of moral fibre and regard for personal conviction should have been offered to the nation, in this crisis of its fate, by the man who, more than any other, must have been exposed to the temptation to win votes no matter by what means he did so.

ROUND ELECTORAL LONDON.

II.—THE NORTH.

THREE is no kind of geographical or social unity in London north of the Thames any more than in the south. It does not, as a whole, possess the homogeneity of a portion, at least, of the East End. It includes the city of fashionable and cosmopolitan dwellers who play so small a part in the political and administrative life of London. Nested almost in the heart of the ostentatious comfort of the West are rookeries worse even than can be found in the East, where sheer and unrelieved poverty, streaked here and there with lawless vice, accounts for fully fifty per cent. of the population. Eastwards, the struggle for life, relieved by a certain picturesqueness of outline and breadth of colour, is perceptibly lightened as we travel north by Hackney and Islington, where the average social standard is, on the whole, that of very modest competence. Central London, which Mr. Booth has just described with the mixture of colour and closeness of observation in which he excels, presents another dark spot in London life and labour. The casual workers, the toilers in markets yielding huge profits to private adventure, dwell here, and produce a social state of great complexity and of sad and permanent depression.

In London north of the Thames there are, perhaps, not the same conclusive signs of large Liberal gains as exist south of the great river. There is an exception to this rule, however, and that is in the East End. Judging by all the outward signs of electioneering, the display of bills, the public meetings, the half-ascertained results of the canvas, the Tower Hamlets and the northern districts are going to repeat and emphasise the verdict of last March and sweep the board of the settlement of Tory members, which, thanks to the liquor interest, the apathy of the working man,

and a certain habit of petty subventions, has, for the moment, retained a light grip on East London. In more than one constituency the canvas has resulted in a majority of three to one for the Liberal candidate, counting all "doubtfuls" to the Conservatives. In St. George's in the East Mr. Ritchie has been unable to obtain a hearing, and a learned disquisition on foreign policy was interrupted by pertinent cries of "What about St. George's?" Poplar will, of course, retain Mr. Sydney Buxton, and Whitechapel Mr. Montagu, and a remarkable degree of enthusiasm has been aroused by the candidature of Mr. Murray Macdonald, who will probably replace the eccentric coercionist who placarded his constituency in 1886 with bills entreating the electors to vote for "Colomb and no Coercion." Central Hackney will almost certainly return to its older allegiance, though Sir Charles Russell, whose services to London Radicalism have been exemplary, will have a stiff fight against the assault of Mr. Robertson, a candidate who cultivates polities by the medium of smoking "at homes," in which the working men of Hackney are dazzled with apparitions of footmen that would have satisfied the earlier literary taste of Lord Beaconsfield. The seat can be retained, but only by hard and unremitting work. The Islingtons are more doubtful. Mr. Thomas Lough will probably relieve London of the embarrassed and rather futile figure of Mr. Richard Chamberlain, and the other Tory members, Mr. Bartley and Sir Albert Rollit, will have desperately close encounters. Mr. Percy Bunting represents the Nonconformist element, which is the main religious force in North London, and has now, save in some isolated instances, thrown off its Unionist contingent. The successor to Dr. Allon, for instance, is a Home Ruler and a Radical, and nearly every deacon of the church belongs to the Liberal associations of East or South Islington. In the St. Pancras divisions Mr. Lawson and Mr. Bolton are being vigorously attacked, with the probability that both will retain their seats. The chief interest in the fight here attaches to Mr. Beale's attempt to overthrow Sir Julian Goldsmid, who labours under the special disadvantage of an association with the most oppressive of London monopolies—that of the markets. Central London, with the exception of the Finsburys, offers perhaps an easy prey for the Conservatives. The great difficulty in London electioneering is the organisation of the poorest kind of voters. They are indifferent—and therefore easily open to the baser kind of Tory electioneering—and they slip like the impalpable air from the eye of the agent and registration officer. Here to-day, gone to-morrow—vanishing in the trackless plains of the great London desert in search of some small alleviation of their permanently depressed lot—they are at once the despair of civilisation and the prey of every kind of political influence but the right one. The working out of social reforms, the proclamation of great political principles hardly affects them—and it all sounds like the distant murmur of an unknown sea. Further west a very vigorous propaganda has been opened in the two divisions of Marylebone by men of marked speaking ability, and of exceptional knowledge of London problems. Fulham will almost certainly send Mr. Hayes Fisher into private life, and Mr. Costelloe's exceptionally brilliant campaign against Lord Cadogan, imperfectly masked as Mr. Whitmore, M.P., may not improbably place Chelsea once more in the line of the Radical tradition. Hammersmith is being fought on very advanced lines and with great spirit by Mr. Frank Smith. The attempt does not, in the face of it, look promising, but the

constituency, like every London electoral district, is widely changed since 1886. It is for that reason indeed that the London of 1892 is a political lottery from end to end. It has shifted its centre of gravity as completely as a quicksand. The working men have invaded whole neighbourhoods where they were almost unknown before, and before this conquering march the "classes" have withdrawn farther and farther out of the range of central or even suburban London life. Could there be a more striking object-lesson in the necessity of that unification of London government which every Liberal candidate has placed in the front rank of his appeal?

PORTEANTS OF VICTORY.

WE confess we are somewhat ashamed of a certain feature in the political situation at this moment. We refer to the strange spasm of doubt, almost of timidity, which seems to have attacked certain Liberal politicians in London. For some reason best known to themselves the Tory wire-pullers, who six weeks ago were in the very depths of despair, have seen fit within the last ten days to assume an air of cheerfulness, and even to indulge in prognostications, not of victory, but of something almost as bad for the Liberal party—a drawn battle. We do not, of course, blame our Tory friends for thus indulging in one of the best-known of all the devices of party warfare. But we are amazed to find that there are some Liberals, including even some Liberal journalists, who seem to have allowed the bounce of their opponents to affect them, and who since Easter have suffered from a perceptible loss of hopefulness and confidence as regards the result of the General Election. What possible reason can they show for any change of view on this point? What has happened within the last two months to outweigh the evidence furnished during the previous six years of a steadily growing reaction against the iniquitous policy of coercion and injustice represented by the present Government? It cannot be that the dramatic performance at Belfast last week, when the air was made to resound with most excellent stage thunder, has produced this general depression in certain Liberal circles; for it existed before Colonel Saunderson's army had been marshalled before the footlights. Possibly it is nothing more than the natural nervousness of men of experience on the eve of a struggle which they have long expected eagerly and which must be decisive in its results. More probably it is due to the curious fashion in which certain Liberal journals and Liberal speakers in London have been elaborating the merest trifles of political import, instead of sticking to the one real issue which is now before the electors. Nothing can be better calculated to produce discouragement at a moment like the present than the indulgence in priggish dissertations upon the minor planks in the Newcastle programme for example, or on such exotic questions as that of female suffrage. We can hardly wonder that the men who have been feebly moaning in the press over topics of this description are not showing any very strong stomach for the real fight to which they are now committed.

The consoling fact is that this curious and most unintelligible depression on the part of certain Liberals is confined to a very small section of the party, and to men who are quite out of touch with the body of the Liberal army. It is only in Pall Mall, and in the quarters which exist on the patronage of Pall Mall, that the existence of this

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wave of depression is felt. In the East end of London, in the Southern counties, in Wales, in Lancashire, in Yorkshire, and in Scotland, the members of the Liberal party are to-day in better spirits than they have known since the glorious spring of 1880. And then, as at present, whilst from Midlothian to Plymouth the fighters of the party were filled with the confidence of victory, there were certain people in London who wrote dubiously of the prospects in the country, and droned mournfully in their clubs over the strength and activity of their opponents. The recollection of that fact must dispel any uneasiness which may have been occasioned by the signs of uncertainty and hesitation which have been visible in some Liberal quarters in London of late. The men who suffer from this reaction are not the men who have to bear the burden of the fight, and their absence from the field would never affect the fortunes of the day. It is, of course, absurd, at the moment when the two armies after years of preparation are about to meet in the clash of battle, to indulge in anything in the nature of vainglorious boasting. Three weeks hence every man will know for a certainty the composition of the new House of Commons; and, bearing that fact in mind, it is only fools who will run the risk of making themselves ridiculous by giving precise form to what in the nature of things can only be speculative inferences.

But all the facts from which the Liberal leaders have hitherto deduced an almost certain victory in this election remain in force. In hardly a single case has it been shown by a bye-election that the strength of the Liberal party remains at the low level to which it fell in 1886. In scarcely one constituency where it has been possible to test the existing situation have we failed to find that the voters, whose absence from the poll turned the scale in favour of the Coercionist candidates six years ago, have now returned to their allegiance. The solid fact that, whereas the Tories have only gained two seats in the bye-elections, the Liberals have gained twenty-two, still dominates all speculations as to the result of the appeal to the country and points to one irresistible conclusion. Nor is the evidence in favour of a Liberal victory next month weakened by the general attitude of Ministers. Some of their agents may pretend that they are confident of success, but every individual member of the Government is now preparing for his almost immediate expulsion from office. Even the "dirty trick" as to the day of the dissolution bears eloquent testimony to the real terror with which the Tory leaders regard the future. For months past their conduct has been that of men who were beaten and who knew it. If any timid Liberal wishes to find something to fill him with confidence, and if he cannot afford a run into the exhilarating political atmosphere of the north—where men on both sides are fighting with their gloves off, and where nothing but the cheeriest predictions are heard in Liberal clubs and committee rooms—let him read the recent speeches of members of the Government, and note the unanimity with which they anticipate and seek to apologise for their impending defeat. Finally, if there is anybody who has lost nerve now that the roar of the heavy artillery on both sides is beginning to be heard, and the decisive moment is at hand, let him remember what the record of the present Ministry is—a record of broken pledges, of hypocritical pretences, of failure in action, of disgrace and almost of infamy in its alliances and modes of operation—and let him trust to the generous instincts and trained intelligence of the British electors to do justice in the great cause now submitted to them.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S CONSOLATIONS.

"I REPRESENT a chapter in the past which is closed for ever!" In these words Prince Bismarck showed how accurately he interpreted the sentiment which welcomed him at Dresden. The enthusiasm of the Saxons has no political significance. They do not expect to see the helm of German unity once more in the old Chancellor's hands. Elsewhere, we have the spectacle of a statesman, older even than Prince Bismarck, entering a great campaign with all the vigour of manhood, and ready to take up the burden of State affairs which the vast mass of his countrymen will gladly lay upon him. But Prince Bismarck knows that his days of active service are over, and that the homage of the people at Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna is a simple tribute to the achievements which re-created Germany. There is no national crisis which demands his energies. There is no section of the German people who need to be conciliated, and no enemy who must be overawed. Never was there a more signal proof of successful statesmanship than Prince Bismarck's popularity with the Southern Germans and in Austria. Sadowa has long been forgotten in the treaty of 1879 which cemented the two Powers who had carried their rivalry in the leadership of Germany to the arbitrament of battle. Prince Bismarck may reflect that the chapter which is closed for ever is the most brilliant and the most fruitful of solid benefit to the cause of German union in all the annals of his country. He has no reason to reproach the official world at Vienna for the circumspection with which they have treated his visit. Popular feeling has disregarded the cautious etiquette of diplomats, and the old statesman has found himself the idol of a democracy which has a keen perception of historical values. Since his fall Prince Bismarck has not always sustained the greatness of his fame. Instead of dignified seclusion he has sometimes sought the unfortunate eminence of impotent publicity. When effectual criticism was impossible he has exhausted himself in useless cavil. Like an actor who imagines that he is forgotten if he is not always in the public eye, Prince Bismarck has harassed himself and his friends with the activity of injured pique. If the people were as fickle as some superior sages have asserted, all this would have done much to obscure Prince Bismarck's great services to his countrymen. But ingratitude is no special failing of the democracy, however hasty may be its impulses. Though Prince Bismarck is identified with the policy of repression in domestic affairs, though he has never concealed his contempt for Parliamentary institutions and every form of popular government, though he is as foreign to the modern spirit of democratic organisation as a mediæval baron, he is acclaimed by the populace as the greatest figure in recent European history.

There used to be a theory that sentiment and sagacity have nothing in common, and the famous German Chancellor was constantly adduced as an example of the superior wisdom which was proof against the emotions of some statesmanship nearer home. A little knot of writers, who deduced from the experience of the world the curious idea of politics as an exact science into which no human impulse had any business to enter, found in Prince Bismarck their model Man of Iron. He, at all events, was above the sentimentalism which makes the popular orator, and amazes gods and men with the spectacle of a statesman who aspires to rule the Empire haranguing mobs at railway stations. It was well that to Europe was vouchsafed at least one man of superlative gifts, who recognised that force is the only machinery of sense, that the people are